June 26, 1963
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-

**BEST SELLER!**

**Titled deb scorns society men**

**3 page GUIDE to HOME SAFETY**

**AVA GARDNER'S NEW FILM**
See pages 10-11

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899447

# Why is this man welcome wherever he goes?

***Your daily life***
can be made easier and happier, and he can help to make it so.

***You can confidently***
open your door to your Friendly Electrolux Man and receive the utmost courtesy and consideration.

***Your interests***
were a prime concern in selecting your Friendly Electrolux Man. We chose and trained him because we knew that while carrying out his day-to-day duties, he would take a real interest in helping you.

***Your home***
the preservation of your possessions, your time, and even your family's health are the main considerations behind the service of your Friendly Electrolux Man.

***To serve you***
is the aim of your Friendly Electrolux Man. As a key member of a world-wide organisation founded in Sweden 44 years ago, he offers you the world's most advanced appliances.

***Welcome***
***Your Friendly***
***Electrolux Man***

**Electrolux Pty Ltd**

EL/30



The Australian
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JUNE 26, 1963 — Vol. 31, No. 4


## CONTENTS


***Special Features***

Coronet among the Weeds (part 1), *Charlotte Bingham* . . . 15
The Good Neighbor . . . 21
Home Safety Guide . . . 35 to 37

***Fiction***

Call Me Sandra, *Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger* . . . 23
Window on the Square (serial, part 4), *Phyllis A. Whitney* . . . 29
The Helpful Mother, *Mary Jane Waldo* . . . 31
Honeymoon Present, *Rachel Nichols* . . . 32

***Fashion***

Fashion Patterns . . . 34
Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* . . . 34
Fashion Frocks . . . 50

***Regular Features***

It Seems To Me, *Dorothy Drain* . . . 12
Worth Reporting . . . 14
Television, Films . . . 17
Social . . . 18, 19
Letter Box, Ross Campbell . . . 30
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 40
Stars . . . 40

***Home and Family***

Be Your Own Handyman . . . 38
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . . . 38
That Working-wife Debate . . . 39
Pancakes and Pikelets . . . 41
Home Hints, Prize Recipes . . . 44
Gardening Book . . . 45
Collectors' Corner . . . 46


# THE WEEKLY ROUND

**● The exclusive London social world whose headquarters are in Mayfair never guessed that there was a "spy" in their midst — and it was one of their own set.**

FOR years Charlotte Bingham, beautiful 20-year-old titled deb., has been taking note of the society world in which she was brought up.

Now she has written her story, "Coronet among the Weeds," which we begin on page 15.

A laugh from start to finish, "Coronet among the Weeds" is a best-seller.

★ ★ ★

WE'VE had a letter of congratulation from Mrs. I. Kobelt, of Salisbury, S.A., on the 50 slimming hints and the apple-and-pear diet of Toni Lamond in our June 5 issue.

Mrs. Kobelt wrote:

"I'm just an average housewife and the mother of six young children. For health reasons I was put on a similar diet.

"I never would have credited just how much difference it could make to health, figure, and general well-being.

"If you think you can't work all day on such a diet, I say, 'Really try it.'

"You'll find a good helping of cooked and raw vegetables and fruit, plus lean meat and the other necessary foods, will keep you going once you get used to it."

★ ★ ★

THE 1963 Daily Telegraph Sydney Homes Exhibition will be held at the Sydney Showground from June 21 to 29.

On show will be a comprehensive display of homes, building materials, furniture, and home equipment.

The exhibition will be open to the public from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day except Sunday. Admission is 4/- for adults, 1/- for children and pensioners.

Two of the exhibition's highlights are the revolutionary Century 21 home and the Eldorado Shereline house, which is first prize in a competition. (See page 65.)

A novel display is the Sterling house, built in miniature, with half-scale furniture.

## Our Cover

**● Ava Gardner, in costume for her role as a Russian baroness in "55 Days At Peking" (color pictures, pages 10, 11). To erect the film-set city of Peking 16 miles from Madrid, in Spain, 1000 men worked for five months. A smaller city of modern buildings, including a kitchen and dining-room to feed up to 1000 people at a sitting, was built near the set. A greenhouse and stables were also erected to house birds, camels, goats, cows, and a herd of Mongolian - type horses for this lavish film which re-enacts the Boxer Uprising of 1900.**


# RASPING SORE THROAT STOPS PLAY

# TAKE A DOSE OF WOODS' TO-DAY

Why let a sore throat rob you of your sport and leisure? One dose of Woods' Great Peppermint Compound will ease the pain, relieve the congestion and let you breathe more freely.

You'll be amazed how quickly you get relief. Strong enough to do a fast, effective job, Woods' contains no habit-forming or dangerous drugs.

As a remedy against colds, 'flu and bronchitis you can't do better than take Woods' Great Peppermint Compound.

***The Family Remedy.** Woods' Great Peppermint Compound is completely safe for all the family. Always keep a bottle in the house.

# WOODS'
GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

## Overweight?

Feeling less energetic, more easily tired these days? A gentle laxative may help. Clear your "out-of-order" system quickly, safely and effectively with PINKETTES, the perfect family laxative. Get back that trim, lively feeling—bright eyes, a clear complexion and spring in your step.

Take PINKETTES just when you need them. They're non-habit-forming. PINKETTES . . . at all chemists. DRW19.21





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899448

# Fashion and glamor around the world

PUBLIC LIBRARY
19 JUN 1963
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

● An imaginary jet-flight that begins at Melbourne and encircles the globe, in which four "model" passengers play the roles of a film star, top model, student, and housewife, is the theme chosen by a top American cosmetic company to launch their products on the local market. The passengers land at fascinating faraway places, wearing appropriate fashions and make-up. Pictured here are colorful fashions in silk and travel-happy synthetics from the collection — all made in Australia — that will be shown in fashion parades from June 25 to July 6 at Farmer & Co., Sydney.

*FLYING COLORS in a Little Boy suit that typifies the natty styling teenagers prefer for race-going anywhere. Lolly-pink lipstick adds a gay note.*

*TIME FLIES (left), and Mascot's international airport provides a suitable travel background for this sleek, black-and-white-trimmed jersey dress topped with a stitched red felt hat.*

*ABOVE: Take-off from Melbourne in top-fashion black-and-white check capecoat and dress ensemble worn with sheer velvet make-up, flamboyant lips, nails. SHOPPING in Tokyo (above right) in weatherwise yellow-rose seersucker with matching organza hat and pretty, youthful make-up for the occasion.*

*RIGHT: Pure pink chiffon evening dress with carte blanche chic for an international occasion. Make-up is clearly, really pink, a fitting complement.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899449

● *Beware those cream-cake teas. Worry more about flabbiness than what the scales say. Swim, play tennis; best of all—*

# Walk off your weight

*— says Dr. Jean Mayer, head of the Nutrition Department, Harvard School of Public Health.*

*By WINIFRED MUNDAY*

EXERCISE won't replace diet to get the pounds off, but it will help. And it will counteract the flabbiness which sometimes accompanies weight loss, says French-born Dr. Jean Mayer, a naturalised American, who is head of the Nutrition Department of Harvard University's School of Public Health.

Dr. Mayer has been visiting Australia to lecture in connection with the jubilee of the Royal College of Physicians and to take his 16-year-old son to see something of the Northern Territory.

**He says that walking — now a lost habit — is the safest and easiest exercise, especially for the middle-aged.**

"A hundred calories a day too many will put on 10lb. in a year. But those extra hundred calories can be walked off in a half hour," he said.

"Those old saws about needing to walk four miles to use up the calories in a slice of bread or 'when you exercise you eat more' are nonsense.

"The more inactive sedentary people are, the more they tend to eat and put on more weight."

Dr. Mayer warns against sudden violent exercise when a person—particularly in middle age—hasn't exercised for years.

"It can be downright dangerous to decide suddenly on a weekly visit to a gymnasium or a hectic game of squash," he said.

"That's why walking is so valuable. It is not violent exercise, it can be controlled as to distance and speed, and it can be pleasant.

"Best plan is to start walking—at your own pace—for half an hour a day. Over a few weeks increase the time to 1 hour, then to 1½ hours if you can."

Dr. Mayer also advocates team games.

"It's difficult for adults to keep on sport after leaving college in the States, because there are practically no public swimming-pools or tennis courts.

"But you lucky Australians have all those facilities.

"Swimming and tennis are two of the best sports to stop flabbiness. They're worth about 700 calories an hour."

Dr. Mayer practises what he preaches.

"I ski a lot, swim, play tennis, and like boating. At the moment, though, I'm about 10lb. overweight."

Dr. Mayer warned about confusing activities which were mentally tiring with those requiring physical energy.

"A woman who feels worn out at the end of a day coping with three children may not have expended as much energy as someone who has spent the day just walking."

"Mothers shouldn't deceive themselves that looking after children is all the exercise they need.'

He said that even when people were not fat, exercise could help prevent heart disease and diabetes in the middle-aged.

"An experiment carried out in London on bus conductors and drivers showed that drivers died of heart failure more often than conductors, who run up and down stairs of the double-deckers," he explained.

"When it was pointed out that the drivers were under more tension than conductors, a similar survey was taken of post-office workers. There was more heart disease among indoor mail workers than among postmen."

**Dr. Mayer deplores the effect of the fashion-model ideal on teenagers.**

"The editor of one top glossy fashion magazine told me that the average model they used was 5ft. 8in. tall and weighed between 7½ and 8 stone," he said.

"The number of women who can reach those proportions and stay healthy is infinitesimal. Only the smallest number can hope to achieve them, anyway.

### Venus on a diet

"But the effect of such examples on the teenage population is worrying.

"About 97 out of every hundred girls who come into the American adolescent clinics are on some kind of diet — often for no conceivable reason. It's a tragedy when the young are made to feel ashamed of their figures.

"Last time I was in France I took another look at the Venus de Milo (33-26-38; 5ft. 4in.)

"The old girl still looks good to me. The only thing missing is her arms. Yet any girl with her measurements puts herself on a diet."

**His specific diet advice was not to try to lose more than 2lb. a week on a diet — other than under strict medical orders; and 1lb. a week was much more sensible and likely to be lasting.**

"Cut down food intake by 500 calories a day and you'll lose 1lb. a week," he said. "If you reckon that 1lb. of fat is equal to 3500 calories, you should be able to work out an individual diet for yourself on a calorie-counting basis.

"For instance, a manual worker who eats 3500 calories a day may lose 2lb. a week on a 2500-calorie diet, but a sedentary worker would probably need to cut down much more to lose 2lb. a week."

Dr. Mayer warned of the danger of high-fat diets. Avoid fried foods, he advised; have them only as a rare indulgence. Adults should never eat chocolates by the boxful.

His final warning was about feminine tea-parties — not the chatter, the food.

"It's their own funerals if they go along armed with their favorite chocolate cake or meringue in an effort to outdo the other guests with their cooking," he said.

# GOODBYE,

*By ROBIN ADAIR*

● **"I pray for the youth of this country, and wait in quiet faith for the day when, the circle of life completed, by grace I shall pass through the gateway of faith into the life of immortality."**

FRAIL old Charles Crispin Bottomley, of Sydney, said this in 1949.

Mr. Bottomley died recently, aged 89, and his words 14 years earlier could well be the epitaph to a strange and wonderful "second" life he led.

From an age when many men are, or at least feel, finished with life, for 20 years Mr. Bottomley did indeed pray—and offer practical help—for Australian youth.

His faith was quiet, though it inspired several generations in a traditionally tough industrial area to take him to their hearts and see him as a saintly man.

And, in this sense, Charles Bottomley is an "immortal" figure in his area—fading, factory-filled Newtown.

The results of Mr. Bottomley's later life are tangible — a flourishing little church he revived — and intangible — the affection of hundreds of people.

The beginnings of his productive second career are, however, more obscure.

**The story starts, perhaps, with a personal tragedy, a garden of weeds, ten doves, a predatory cat, the curiosity of children, and a seven-year-old girl's request.**

Mr. Bottomley was born in Yorkshire, England, on February 11, 1874.

He followed the printing trade in New Zealand, Britain, South Africa, and finally Australia.

Mr. Bottomley fell on hard times about 1935, when his first wife died and he became ill.

He sold his home and spent all his savings to cover the bills.

He roamed around Sydney, sleeping in cheap rooms when he had enough money. Most of the time he camped in nearby bush.

In 1943 a Methodist minister, the late Rev. S. W. McKibbin, found Mr. Bottomley and other old-age pensioners living in miserable Newtown cellars.

*MRS. PHYLLIS WALLACE, who wrote a letter in praise of old Mr. Bottomley's work.*

The minister soon found better accommodation for all but one man — Mr. Bottomley.

The problem was solved, however, when Mr. McKibbin thought of the abandoned 60-year-old Camdenville Methodist Church in Laura Street, Newtown. (Camdenville seems to be a place-name swallowed up by Newtown.)

He offered Mr. Bottomley rooms at the rear of the little church.

The patch of weeds and flock of doves then played their parts.

Bored and quite active (despite World War I injuries — trench feet, shrapnel, and a bullet in his right leg), Mr. Bottomley began to remake the church garden.

Always a bird-lover, he also fed and gradually tamed ten doves.

**And the children, from nearby houses and the public school along the street, began to visit the old man who had brought flowers and birds to the peeling, dead church.**

One day a cat killed a dove and frightened the others away.

Every day the children returned to see if the birds would come back. They did. And the children, in turn, never abandoned the gentle old man.

This friendship between Mr. Bottomley and the children took a new form after a seven-year-old neighbor, Merle Fletcher, asked him one day: "Can I come to Sunday school here?"

### Four pupils

Mr. Bottomley, who had been a Methodist lay-preacher many years earlier, said he "might" start a Sunday school if Merle could persuade other children to come.

The next Sunday Merle brought three other children. The next week there were six.

Soon — and for 15 years, until Mr. Bottomley retired from active work there — more than a hundred children attended.

And the interest of their parents and other adults

## Some of "his" hundreds

*AT LEFT: "Mr. Bot" with two of his small friends. The girl on his right hand, Beverley Wallace, became the bride (ABOVE) whom he is seen congratulating after her wedding four years ago.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899450

# "Mr. BOT"

## *A gentle old man found a "family" and a second life*

brought about the reopening of the Laura Street church for full services.

With no disrespect, the children had always called their friend "Mr. Bot."

And when he became their spiritual as well as temporal adviser the nickname stuck. Mr. Bottomley called them his "children," no matter how old they grew.

I talked the other day to Merle Fletcher—now a pretty 26-year-old—at her Laura Street home.

"I can't say exactly why I asked Mr. Bot to start the Sunday school," she said. "But I'm glad I did. The years there were perhaps the most wonderful of my childhood."

After she finished at the school as a pupil Merle taught until she moved to Melbourne.

If she stays in Laura Street, she says she might teach there again.

Mrs. Phyllis Wallace, of nearby Smidmore Street, Marrickville, started something when she wrote a letter of tribute to a Sydney newspaper after Mr. Bottomley's death.

**She has received many letters from the old teacher's former pupils and friends scattered throughout Australia.**

Mrs. Wallace's daughter, Beverley—now 25, married, and mother of three children—was a pupil at the Sunday school, later a teacher and organist.

Mr. Bottomley's successor at the Sunday school is an "old boy," Mr. Esdras Giddy.

Mr. Giddy, N.S.W. manager of the Australian Religious Film Society, was choir conductor at the school until he took over as superintendent about five years ago, when Mr. Bottomley's health allowed him to come only to reunions.

Mr. Giddy met his wife through the school. So, too, did Mr. Bottomley.

In 1949 Miss Norah Hewlett, of Waitara, a Sydney northern suburb, read about Mr. Bottomley's work and sent him a toy for his "children." They married not long after this.

As her husband was, Mrs. Bottomley is undeterred by age and infirmity.

### *Simple stories*

She is crippled and lives alone, but, helped by many friends (including some of Mr. Bottomley's grown-up "children"), cheerfully keeps her little home neat and comfortable.

She says her marriage was "13 years of happiness," and only regrets that she could not take an active part in the Sunday school work.

Everywhere I heard simple, charming anecdotes about "Mr. Bot."

. . . From his meagre pension he would buy presents for his "children"—at Christmas, on their birthdays, especially when they were sick. He would often "shout" ice-cream on picnics.

. . . In his nightly prayers he would mention his hundreds of "children" and friends by name.

. . . He was nonplussed by a little girl who said to him when he was ill in the 1940s, "Never mind, Mr. Bot. You'll live a long time yet. Only the good die young."

On May 13 Mr. Bottomley's "circle of life" was completed.

***WIDOWED Mrs. Bottomley, who lives alone, crippled but still cheerful.***

He was buried from the Rev. Len Thompson's big Newtown Methodist Church.

**For the first time the little church in Laura Street wasn't up to the task set by Mr. Bottomley.**

It just wasn't big enough to accommodate the 100 and more "children" (some in their thirties) who came to say, "Goodbye, Mr. Bot."

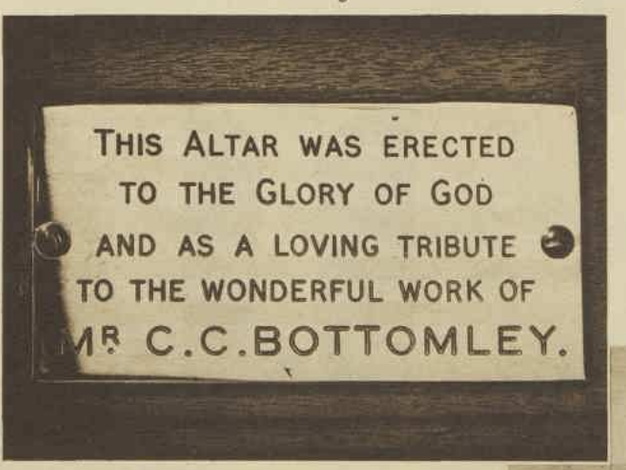
The church doesn't, however, forget its champion.

A plate on the altar rail reads: ". . . to the glory of God and as a loving tribute to the wonderful work of Mr. C. C. Bottomley."

A newer, less formal inscription in crayon on the church's outside wall might please Mr. Bottomley even more. It says: "CAT SAT PAT MAT."

"Mr. Bot" would probably like to know there were still children at his little church.

***CHARLES BOTTOMLEY, who died recently at the age of 89. Once himself in need of help, living in a derelict church in Sydney's crowded inner suburb of Newtown, he became a great influence for good among the local children and, through them, the community.***




***INSCRIPTION at left is now in the Laura Street Methodist Church, the little church which for a time became Mr. Bottomley's only home. His work for the neighborhood children helped revive it for Sunday school and, later, for full services. In the picture (BELOW) of the interior, the small plate carrying the inscription may be seen at the centre of the altar rail.***

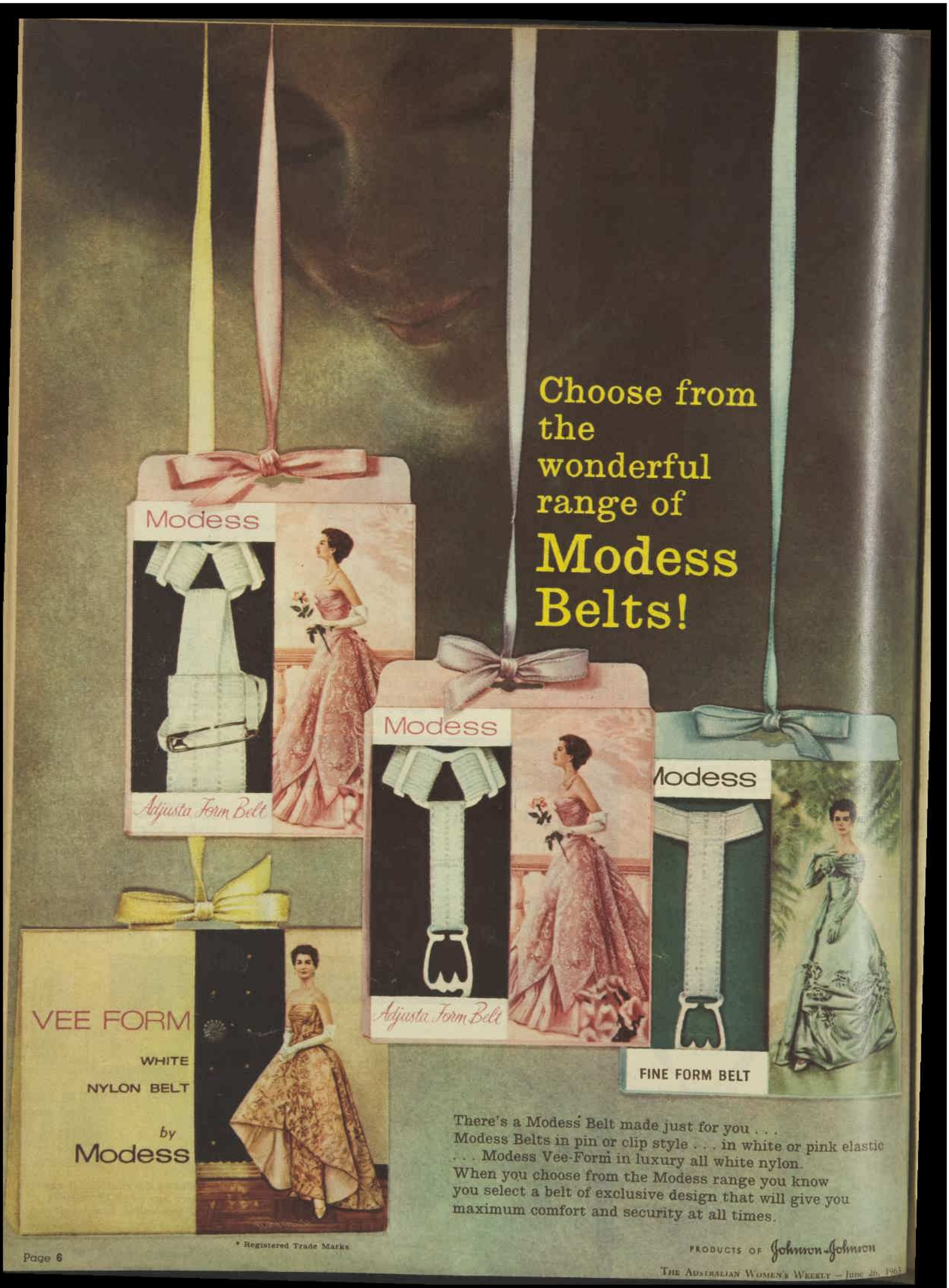
## of children

***AT LEFT: Merle Fletcher, the little girl who inspired "Mr. Bot" to start a Sunday school. ABOVE: As she is today.***

***AT LEFT: The front of the church. It was built about 80 years ago when the district, now in Newtown, was called Camdenville.***



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899451






National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899452

# Public scandal . . . private heartbreak

**● One Government threatened; one man gaoled for seven years and another awaiting trial on a morals charge; one man's career ruined. But the weight of personal disaster falls heaviest on one wife, Mrs. John Profumo.**

UNTIL last March, John Profumo and his wife were an image of a perfect marriage.

They had been married nine years. He was in full flight of a brilliant career — charming, able, full of drive. She was serene and happy, infinitely better-looking at 47 than when she was a young film star.

But in March, John Profumo's name was associated with that of red-haired model Christine Keeler, who failed to appear as a witness in the trial of a West Indian jazzman accused of firing shots into the door of her flat. The Minister, it was suggested, had helped her leave England.

On March 22, in the Commons, Mr. Profumo denied improper relationship.

Valerie, his wife, heard his speech sitting alone in the Speaker's Gallery. Then they went to the races as the Queen Mother's guests, and that evening attended the Conservative Party dinner.

On June 5, suddenly, John Profumo resigned from Cabinet and Parliament. His letter to the Prime Minister admitted that he had lied in his earlier denial of impropriety.

He had wanted, he said, to protect his wife and family.

Although he has lost a £5000-a-year Cabinet post, John Profumo is independently well-off.

He was born on January 15, 1915, went to Harrow and Oxford.

(On his father's death he inherited the Italian title Baron Profumo, but has never used it. His sister married Lord Balfour.)

In 1940, aged 25, he was an M.P., and he ended World War II as a brigadier. Since July, 1960, he had been Secretary for War.

On New Year's Eve, 1954, when he was already a key figure in the Conservative Party, he married Valerie Hobson, who was then starring in "The King and I."

Daughter of Commander R. G. Hobson, R.N., Valerie was born at Larne, Ireland. Tall, and no more than girlishly pretty, she had studied dancing, and at 20 played opposite Raymond Massey in Korda's "The Drum."

**In 1939 she married film-maker Anthony Havelock-Allan, 34 (son of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan), producer of "This Happy Breed" and "In Which We Serve." They were divorced in 1952.**

As Mrs. Profumo, the actress blossomed into one of Britain's leading and loveliest hostesses.

Almost overnight she lost everything — her husband's career (it had become hers), social position, prestige, his good name.

Together, they disappeared from London.

*MARRIAGE, December 31, 1954. The groom, 39, was high in the Transport and Civil Aviation Ministry; the bride, 38, a stage star. She wore grey, was five minutes late at Scottish National Church, London.*

*SON BORN. In November, 1955, the happy parents leave the nursing home where their only child, David John, was born. Valerie had custody of two sons by her marriage to film producer Anthony Havelock-Allan.*

*MOTHER AND SON. David's naughty-boy expression was caught by the photographer during a party in June, 1961, at Grosvenor House Hotel, London, for "300 top tots."*

*APRIL, 1961. The Profumos at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition in London. The same summer they met Christine Keeler, 19, at Lord Astor's house. Soon, he was meeting her secretly.*

*MARCH, 1963. At the Conservative Party dinner dance. That morning he denied in Parliament impropriety with Miss Keeler. In the afternoon the Profumos attended the races with the Queen Mother.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899453

meal-with-a
-difference

# Raisin baked pork chops

Delightfully different, Raisin-baked Pork Chops is a new dish to please your family. Just imagine, tender pork chops baked in a sauce of sun-rich Raisins and served with creamy mashed potato. The sun-sweet goodness of Raisins gives the pork a subtle new flavour. Enjoy it tonight. It's never too soon to try something really wonderful — especially when its easy and economical too. Raisin-baked pork chops — another of the many good things you can make with Dried Fruits.

*Sun Fruits make the dish!*

Sue Murray

Sue Murray, Home Economist of the Australian Dried Fruits Association, suggests you try this exciting new recipe.

## RAISIN BAKED PORK CHOPS

**Here's what you need:**

½ cup Raisins
6 pork chops
½ teaspoon of salt
½ teaspoon of dried herbs (optional)
3 cooking apples — cored and sliced
¼ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons plain flour
gravy browning
1 cup hot water
1 tablespoon vinegar

*NOTE: All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.*

**Here's what you do:**

**Step 1.** Make several incisions in the fat edge of each chop, to prevent curling. Brown the chops in a little hot fat. Remove from the frying pan, drain and arrange in an ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with the salt and dried herbs.

**Step 2.** Add flour to the fat in the frying pan and blend. Add the vinegar and water, and gravy browning if necessary. Stir the mixture until it boils and thickens. Add the Raisins and pour the mixture over the chops.

**Step 3.** Place the apple slices on top of the chops and sprinkle with the brown sugar.

**Step 4.** Bake the chops, uncovered, in a moderate oven for about one hour.

Serve with fluffy mashed potatoes or boiled rice.

AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899454

*WHITE layette (right) was sent to Mrs. John Kennedy (above) by Kalgoorlie woolgrowers.*

# Layette for Jackie

**● A hand-knitted layette, gift of the Eastern and Northern Goldfields Pastoralists' Association, has been sent to America for the new baby expected by Jacqueline Kennedy in August.**

THE gift, which marked the Association's Wool Festival, was arranged by the Festival organiser, Mr. Alec Cranston, and Mr. Charles Prideaux.

Mr. Prideaux, who is officer-in-charge of the Royal Flying Doctor Base at Kalgoorlie, is a member of the Festival committee, which is headed by Mr. W. J. Maund, of Edjudina Station, Kalgoorlie.

"Charlie thought up this very bright idea and left me to carry it out," Mr. Cranston said.

The white layette was knitted by Mrs. J. M. Dwyer, of Kalgoorlie.

Mr. Cranston and Mr. Prideaux wrapped the garments in transparent paper, arranged them on two marigold-dyed kicking rugs, packed them in a lemon-yellow box, and drove to Perth to present them to the U.S. Consul, Mr. Thomas Mayfield.

Mr. Mayfield air-freighted them to Sir Howard Beale, Australian Ambassador in Washington, for presentation to the President's wife.

The Eastern and Northern Goldfields Pastoralists' Association won the National Championship for the most effective wool promotion in the first Wool Festival Competition, conducted by the Australian Wool Bureau in 1961.

As 1961 winner, the Association was not eligible to compete last year, but it has high hopes of another success this year with its bright 1963 Festival programme.

A sheep race was held at Kalgoorlie Race Club last month at a special meeting in aid of the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

Twenty publicans wearing jockeys' silks and fancy dress each "raced" a sheep on a lead. It wrecked the schedule of the horseracing.

Ten minutes had been allotted for the event, but the sheep proved fractious at the starting-post and it was more than 10 minutes before they were off.

One publican, who dressed a goat in sheep's clothing, was spotted as a fraud and deregistered. Penalty—he is not allowed to race a sheep for five years.

**Other Festival plans include an aerial raid on Wangaratta, Victoria, which is considered the Goldfields' biggest rival in the competition.**

Weather permitting, three committee members dressed as Wild Colonial Boys aim to fly across to Wangaratta and "bomb" the town with pamphlets, samples of Goldfields wool, and messages of goodwill for Wangaratta's Wool Festival.

*MR. CRANSTON (left) and Mr. Prideaux.*

**NEXT WEEK:**

## Mother of four lost 3st. on TV girl's diet

**Mrs. Patricia Hancock, a South Australian mother of four, lost over 3st. in four months on the diet of Melbourne's TV personality Jill Warwick, which we published in February.**

Next week Mrs. Hancock tells the story of her successful diet effort, which enabled her to fit once again into her 12-year-old wedding dress.

She previously weighed 14st. 7lb. Now her weight is 11st. 11lb. With Mrs. Hancock's story we will reprint Jill's diet — she lost 5st. in 11 months — and Jill's suggestions for a maintenance diet.

## ● Art — by amateurs

**Noel Coward, TV star Tommy Hanlon, and champion golfer Peter Thomson are among amateur artists who have done paintings and drawings for a Melbourne charity show.**

You can see their work in color in our next issue. Other well-known people whose work will be on display include Mrs. Harold Holt, Lady Casey, and TV's Bob Dyer.

## ● A sentimental journey

**Two descendants of pioneer Patrick Leslie, who established the first sheep station in Queensland, made a sentimental journey to see the old family home, Canning Downs, near Warwick.**

They had planned a quiet tour, but were given a red-carpet welcome to the district.

The story of the Leslie family—now part of Australian history—and the welcome given their descendants is illustrated with glowing color pictures.

## ● Ski masks for chilly cheeks

**Knit yourself a ski mask (shown at right), the latest snow fashion.**

**The mask idea originated in Peru. It's now the rage in Europe, and you can set the fashion in Australia.**

**An easy-to-follow pattern to knit a mask is in Teenagers' Weekly.**

# 3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

**1,025 PRIZES WORTH £11,050**
**5 FORD FALCONS TO BE WON PLUS**
**£1,000 CASH FOR NATIONAL WINNER**

Win your very own Ford Falcon De-Luxe Sedan . . . plus £1,000 cash and the coveted crown of Australia's Baking Queen. This and any of over 1,000 other valuable prizes could be yours for sending in your favourite recipe.
DO IT NOW—to qualify for valuable weekly prizes; Weekly winners announced in Women's Weekly from issue dated 3rd July.

EASY TO ENTER

1. Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with MARVILLE Margarine to: 3rd Marville National Baking Quest, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney.
2. Detach entry form below, fill it in and attach to your recipe. Extra entry forms available from your grocer.
3. Attach a MARVILLE Margarine wrapper to your entry (except where this contravenes State Law). Weekly and princess prizes (see prizes panel) will be awarded on recipe alone. State Bake-off finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in the State capitals.

Winners of the State Bake-offs will compete in the National Bake-off at Sydney, and the winner of this will be 1963 Marville Baking Queen.

Competitors in State Bake-offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State capital. National finalists will be flown to Sydney via Ansett-ANA and accommodated at the Carlton-Rex Hotel.

**Conditions:** Judge's decision is final. Employees of MARVILLE Margarine Company, or their associated companies (and their families), Home Economists, Chefs and Bakers may not enter. All recipes submitted become the property of the makers of MARVILLE Margarine.

ENTRY FORM

I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 3rd Marville National Baking Quest as advertised.

NAME _____ (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS _____

SIGNED _____

Name of store where MARVILLE purchased _____

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES: 2nd August, 1963.
Tick here if a school student (under 18) ☐ MM124




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899455

# "FIFTY-FIVE DAYS AT PEKING"

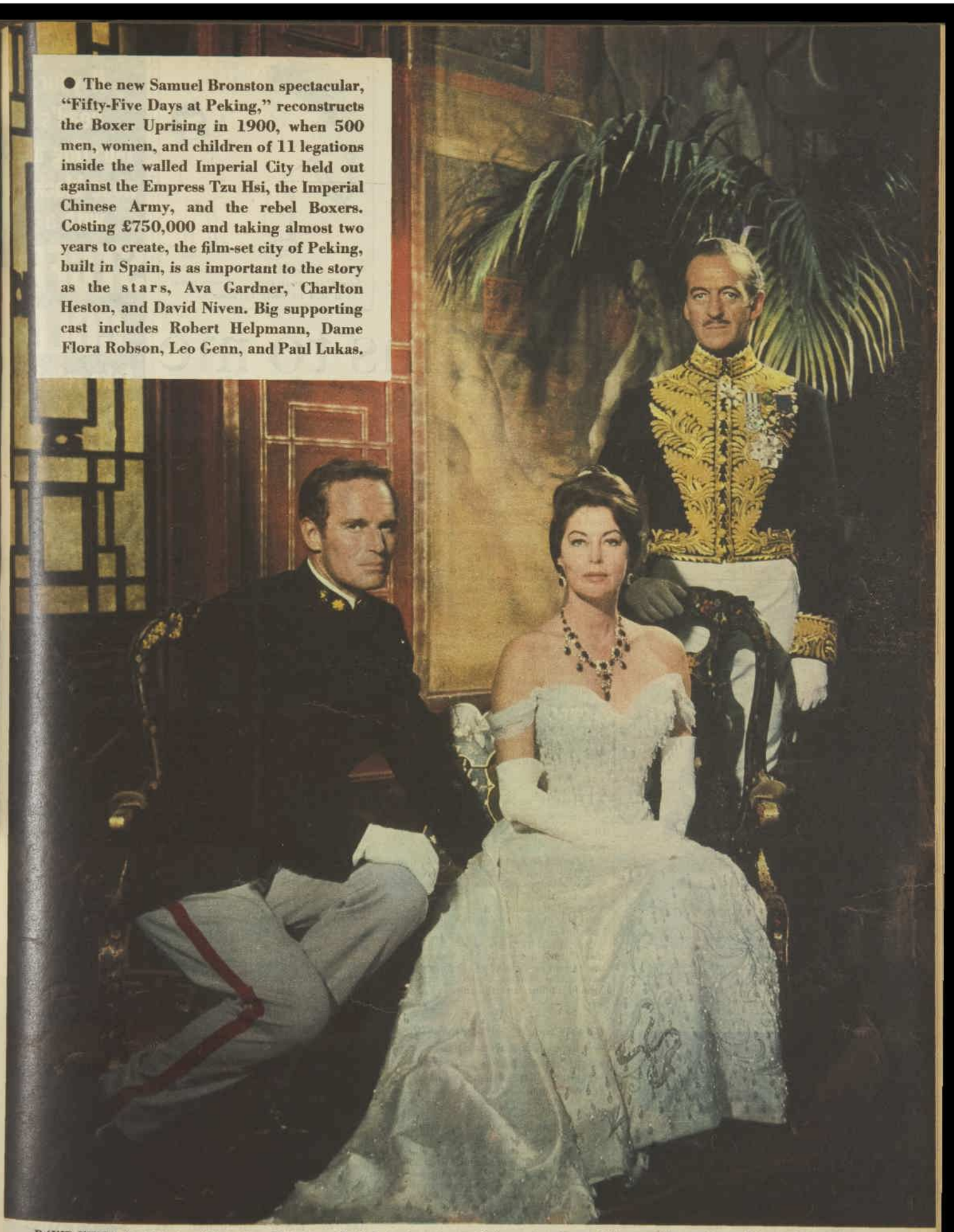
*PRINCE TUAN (Robert Helpmann) listens to reports on Boxer activities being given to the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi (Dame Flora Robson) in her garden in the Forbidden Palace within Peking's walls. The Prince wishes the Empress to allow her armies to join forces with the rebel Boxers and incites her to do this.*

*AVA GARDNER is Natalie, widowed baroness caught in the uprising. A volunteer nurse (above), she works tirelessly with Dr. Steinfeldt (Paul Lukas). She falls in love with Major Lewis, U.S. Marines.*

*DOWAGER EMPRESS Tzu Hsi (Dame Flora Robson, right) hesitates, then supports the rebel armies.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899456



● The new Samuel Bronston spectacular, "Fifty-Five Days at Peking," reconstructs the Boxer Uprising in 1900, when 500 men, women, and children of 11 legations inside the walled Imperial City held out against the Empress Tzu Hsi, the Imperial Chinese Army, and the rebel Boxers. Costing £750,000 and taking almost two years to create, the film-set city of Peking, built in Spain, is as important to the story as the stars, Ava Gardner, Charlton Heston, and David Niven. Big supporting cast includes Robert Helpmann, Dame Flora Robson, Leo Genn, and Paul Lukas.

*DAVID NIVEN (right) plays Sir Arthur Robertson, British Ambassador to China, who gives a ball to celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday. He meets the Baroness Ivanoff (Ava Gardner) and Major Lewis (Charlton Heston) and promises to help the baroness get away from Peking. At the climax of the film the costly set is blown up when the besieged fighters in the legation compound and the Chinese soldiers battle with gunpowder, dynamite, and kerosene. As history records, the Boxer Uprising brought 55 days of siege, hunger, and death to the staffs and families of the embassies before they were relieved by Allied troops. (A British Empire Films Production. Australian release date, July 5.)*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899457

COVER VEIL
will bring out your natural beauty

Identify the genuine imported Cover Veil by the rosette seal on the compact lid. Cover Veil a face powder that's silken, satin-soft and stays and stays. Set your heart at rest with Cover Veil. Six sensitive shades to choose from.

In compact with mirror
4'11
A PRODUCT OF SELMAN REEVES LTD., N.Z.

Distributed in Australia by
THEO H. LEVY PTY. LTD. MELBOURNE SYDNEY BRISBANE ADELAIDE PERTH

"ATHENA", by "Intercoiffure" reproduced by courtesy Rene Henri Salons, Sydney

**Lovelier Healthier Hair**

Now is the time to deal with those hair problems created by over-exposure to summer sun, wind and surf. You can put shining, flashing beauty into your hair in just one minute with Vitapointe.

It's the cream beautifier and conditioner you can use any time and your hair stays shining, healthy and manageable the whole day through.

For that finished look—for the perfect coiffure—use Vitapointe regularly at home.

*Get Vitapointe today and see the shining difference. A 7/6 tube lasts two months.*

Vitapointe
CREAM BEAUTIFIER
and CONDITIONER FOR THE HAIR

58



THE IDEAL GIFT!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

| Rates | ½ Year | 1 Year |
|---|---|---|
| Aust. | £1/14/6 | £3/9/- |
| N. Guinea | £2/3/6 | £4/7/- |
| New Zealand & Fiji | £2/12/- | £5/4/- |
| Brit. Dom. | £2/12/6 | £5/4/- |
| Foreign | £3/5/6 | £6/11/- |

THE IDEAL GIFT!



Nervy?
Tired? Can't eat?

Undernourished nerves cause depression, headache, loss of appetite. Heed nature's warning! Replenish your blood stream with iron and vitamins. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS are a scientific compound of iron, manganese and copper with Vitamin $B_1$. A proven tonic for iron-starved nerve sufferers. Get rid of that listless, fagged-out feeling with DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. At all chemists and stores.


FATHER

"Do it yourself?"

MOTHER

"Just as well I DIDN'T take that horrible medicine . . . Look what it did to your cyclamen."

# It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

THE other day I was in full flight describing the appearance of a sick friend. "She was as yellow as a guinea," I said.

"You'd better not say that in your column," said a listener. "Your younger readers won't know what you mean."

"Well, I never saw a guinea," I answered, turning to the dictionary for proof, to find that a guinea was last coined in 1813. "I never saw a millpond, either. I just accept that it's calm."

As a coin, the guinea has been dead a long time. It survived as a term for 21/-, but decimal currency will lay its ghost for ever.

The dictionary describes it as "used in stating professional fees, amount of subscriptions, and prices of pictures, horses, estates, etc."

In fact it has been used wherever sellers tried to soften the blow of pounds. When I bought my television set its price was stated in guineas. The amount in pounds was quite a shock.

★ ★ ★

WHICH reminds me, some shoe shops have taken to ticketing their wares in shillings instead of pounds.

I don't know what makes them think that 217/- is less frightening than £10/17/-. That's another trick that will disappear with decimals.

There will, however, be new versions of such old devices as pricing an item at 19/11 instead of £1.

One royal 95 cents will sound much cheaper than two royals. Or a storekeeper could confuse customers thoroughly by marking the item at 1 royal, 1 crown, 1 florin, 1 shilling, and 15 cents.

★ ★ ★

HOW would you like to be President Kennedy and have your weight announced on your birthday?

The recent official announcement on the President's health included the information that he had a small blemish on one cheek and weighed 12st. 6lb.

This seems to be putting more meaning into the words "public life" than is really necessary.

But perhaps the President doesn't mind. He is keen on fitness, has encouraged the novel fashion for walking as exercise, which recently spread from Washington to other parts of the United States, and probably takes justifiable pride in his boyish figure.

The practice, however, could lead to interesting developments in presidential elections. Candidates could be required to weigh in. And when the poll is declared it could be followed by the announcement: "Weight's right."

ZASU PITTS, who died this month in Hollywood, is affectionately remembered by millions of film-goers of the 'thirties and 'forties.

Her performances stay in the memory when those of many a glamor-girl are forgotten.

With her comic voice and wistful expression she achieved a status of her own. When you saw her name on a list of credits you knew that whatever else was wrong with the film Zasu would provide a laugh.

Her father is said to have chosen her name by combining the last syllable of Eliza with the first of Susan, those being the names of her two sisters. No doubt the neighbors said, "Fancy saddling a child with that!"

It must have been a horror for her in schooldays, but it surely proved an asset to her on stage. It was a name nobody could ever forget.

★ ★ ★

SIGN on a lift: "Preventive maintenance in progress."

Someone with an interest in psychology must have devised that one.

He probably thought that the familiar "Lift Stopped for Repairs" raised the nasty doubt that the thing wasn't in first-class condition.

Whichever way you phrase it, it still means that you have to walk.

★ ★ ★

DISCUSSING the current interest in sunken treasure, a member of the Underwater Research Group of N.S.W. said: "The area close to the coastline has already been thoroughly explored for wrecks. Sometimes there are so many divers down there it looks like Central Station."

*Down in the depths of the ocean*
*There used to be plenty of room,*
*With never a problem in traffic,*
*Just silence and cavernous gloom.*
*But now in their searches for treasure*
*The divers flip hither and yon,*
*Though to say it's like Central Station*
*Does seem to be bunging it on.*
*Yet, looking for points of resemblance,*
*Now that the smile's framed,*
*You could think of the sea as a cloakroom*
*For masses of luggage, unclaimed.*
*And the tempo gets quicker and quicker*
*In the world that lies under the waves,*
*With gropers like sellers of tickets*
*Peering blankly out of their caves.*


If your head's bursting and nose blocked with a STUFFY COLD take reliable Bethal TABLETS for quick relief!

Bethal TABLETS

have built their reputation over many years as the tried and proven way of getting fast relief from Head Colds. Bethal acts simply and to the point . . . they break up heavy congestion and bring back e-a-s-y breathing. Follow the lead of thankful thousands who have gained quick Bethal relief. Get Bethal Tablets from your family chemist today . . . 2/9, 6/3 or 19/6.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899458

# Spray on Mr. Sheen–wipe over for a mirror shine

## *dust, wax and polish your furniture all at once!*

Mr. Sheen takes the hard work out of dusting, waxing and polishing. Mr. Sheen gives your furniture a mirror shine as you dust. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen and wipe over for a long-lasting shine.✱Mr. Sheen waxes and protects furniture, plastic counters and other surfaces that need polishing. Mr. Sheen removes smears and stains—you clean your furniture as you polish.✱For an instant mirror sheen to the furniture you clean, wax and polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen. Instant wax it—Mr. Sheen it!

**1. SPRAY ON!**

Spray Mr. Sheen lightly over the table or the furniture you wish to polish.

**2. WIPE OVER!**

Take a soft, clean cloth and wipe over the sprayed surface with your usual dusting action.

**RESULT: MIRROR SHINE!**

Your smile reflects the result! A shining, long-lasting wax finish that protects and beautifies your furniture.

**Only 6/6**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899459

"Bond had no idea who these men were . . . 'Position your hands behind your neck,' the voice said. The girl said nothing. Now she was standing with her back to the group, looking out to sea..."

IAN FLEMING'S JAMES BOND

great new novel starts exclusively in "Everybody's" Magazine tomorrow

"ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE"

*For the first time a magazine publishes an entirely new James Bond novel at the same time as its book release! Read it now . . . The James Bond book with a twist — in this one "007" Bond gets married — but there's another special twist in the last chapter! Don't miss it tomorrow*

ON SALE TOMORROW, 1/6

Everybody's MAGAZINE

# Worth Reporting

"FRENCH cuisine is not complicated and elaborate," says Michel Oliver. "The best things are so easy that even a child can manage them."

**Monsieur Oliver is half-way to proving it by writing a children's cookery book.**

The seventh generation of a family of cooks and restaurateurs, he was taught to cook as a boy by his grandfather. Today he is a director of the family's four-star restaurant in Paris.

"If you show children how to cook simple things like potatoes or rice pudding really well, they will soon acquire a palate and some standards of quality," he says.

**Monsieur Oliver's cookery book for children will have 50 recipes from the restaurant. They include onion soup, crab fritters, chicken in garlic, chocolate souffle.**

His own children, Dorine, 8, and Bruno, 7, are already budding chefs.

Some of Monsieur Oliver's tips for developing culinary skill in children are:

- Let them do what they want, even if you know it is not very good.
- Never talk about weight in pounds and ounces. Talk in teaspoons, tablespoons and cups.
- Don't be too critical when asked to taste the results. Each dish has its own personality—the personality of the cook.
- Don't be afraid to leave them alone. Put out the instruments and leave. If they want you, they'll call.

Being dubious about parental reaction to the last piece of advice, we asked the National Safety Council of Australia how many accidents occurred in cooking and cooking preparation.

We learned that a nation-wide survey in 1962 showed that burns and scalds were the second most frequent type of home accident, followed very closely by cuts. Together they accounted for well over one-third of home casualties.

"I certainly feel that children should not be left to use stoves and other appliances without supervision until they are perhaps 10—or old enough to have a sense of responsibility," said a Council spokesman.

*FRENCH CHEF Michel Oliver with his daughter Dorine, 8, and son Bruno, 7.*

## His bellbirds still sing

AMONG the items sent in answer to an appeal for historic relics by Brisbane Water Historical Society, Gosford, N.S.W., are an 1872 sewing-machine and an anchor.

The relics are being displayed in Henry Kendall Cottage at West Gosford, which the society is restoring as a national museum and shrine in the poet's honor.

"The anchor—it belonged to the wrecked Lord Ashley — was found by members of the Brisbane Water Aqualung Club," Kendall Cottage committee member Mrs. H. McNeill told us.

**In 1874-5 Henry Kendall lived in the cottage and wrote many poems, including "The Bellbirds."**

The cottage is open to the public at weekends and most weekdays.

"There's no admission charge—but of course we're happy to receive donations," Mrs. McNeill said.

The society plans a park of native trees and shrubs in the two-acre grounds.

Kendall admirers will be able to lunch there and listen for "the notes of the bellbirds . . . running and ringing." You can hear them most times in those parts.

*POET Henry Kendall (inset above) and Kendall Cottage, Gosford, N.S.W., where he wrote "The Bellbirds."*

*FOR girls who wear glasses, putting on eye make-up is a tricky operation. You can't do it with your glasses on — and you can't see to do it with them off.*

*So we know there'll be whoops of joy about some make-up frames which were dreamed up in Paris.*

*They have hinged lenses which can be flicked upward separately, so that while one eye is bared for putting on mascara and eye-shadow, you can see that you're doing a smear-free job through the lens on the other eye.*

*A prominent Australian firm of spectacle makers told us the frames would probably be imported shortly, that women who wanted them now could get them hand-made.*

*All in favor say eye.*

## Tips that save labor

**DID you know that you can clean chromium - plated fittings with a rag soaked in vinegar?**

**That you can make artificial "logs" with old newspaper — "logs" you can use for a barbecue?**

**That a pencil eraser will clean kid gloves, and cuticle remover will clean nicotine stains from your fingers?**

**Every week you'll find useful tips like these in "Hints from Heloise," in the Sunday Telegraph.**

**Make sure you read the labor-saving "Hints from Heloise" this Sunday and every week in The Sunday Telegraph.**

*A MAN who inquired whether dogs were accepted at a certain British hotel received this reply from the proprietor:*

*"I've been in this business for 30 years. Never have I had to eject a disorderly dog. Never has a dog set fire to a bed with a cigarette. Never has a dog stolen a hotel towel or blanket. Your dog is very welcome. If he will vouch for you, you can come along, too!"*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899460

**BEGINNING a hilarious book by a beautiful English blue-blood girl who became a beatnik, then a debutante, and couldn't stand the "weeds" (young men) in her upper-crust set. Charlotte Bingham, now 20, daughter of Lord Clanmorris, writes of a hunt ball, Paris, love, Chelsea beatniks, debs, and, of course, "weeds."**

*CHARLOTTE—A coronet with a wink.*

# CORONET among the WEEDS

## By Charlotte Bingham

● *"My father's a corny old lord, but I don't let that ruin my life."*

● *"The weediest weed you've ever seen once asked me to a hunt ball."*

*HAVING a ball . . .*

(FIRST INSTALMENT)

**● I was thinking in bed the other night I must have been out with nearly three hundred men, and I still haven't found a superman. I don't know what a superman is, but I know there must be one somewhere.**

SO does Migo. Migo's my girl-friend, she's a good sort. She's not soppy, but she agrees with me that somewhere there must be a superman.

Actually I think most girls believe in a superman. I mean they don't really believe all the phony stuff you hear them jazzing on about.

You know, like girls who look you dead pan in the face drawing nervously on a cigarette and come out with that corny line about men only wanting "one thing."

That's when they're about seventeen and when you meet them a couple of years later they're still dragging nervously at their cigarettes, but carrying on about their careers.

Actually I think what a Frenchman once said to me is true. He said all little girls were born women. And when I think, I can remember flirting with a boy-friend of my aunt's when I was four. I think he had something really.

But most girls don't get around to really thinking about a superman till they're about thirteen.

That's when I started playing the "other woman" role—when I was about thirteen and we lived in the country.

### Grandma's dogs

We had a Swedish maid. Honestly you wouldn't have known she was Swedish, she was like a huge Spanish woman.

She had black hair and a huge body, and she had this boy-friend called Mess.

Yes, honestly, he was called Mess. He said it was short for a Persian name. He was Persian.

Anyway, he spoke English with an American accent and wore denim jeans, and my grandmother set the dogs on him every time she saw him hanging around our gate. She doesn't like foreigners.

Actually she doesn't like many people. She's always going on about "all those filthy disgusting people," and it's no good telling her she's one of them because she won't believe you.

Anyway, this Mess: our Swede was mad about him. She used to lie around on our lawn in a broderie anglaise bikini hoping he'd get by the dogs and my grandmother.

My mother used to make her take me to Brighton for the day, and Mess used to meet us off the train and we'd go and have coffee with him.

**I used to have an awful time keeping him from seeing my profile. I had a complex about not having a chin.**

It was maddening because this Swede had one. I used to get a stiff neck trying not to turn my head, but, anyway, it was quite fun.

And then I read if you tied a scarf under your chin at night it helped, and honestly I think it made a difference because it's not too bad now.

Also I used to tie my hands on to the rail above my head so all the blood drained from them and they looked dead-white and aristocratic.

It was quite a business getting into bed.

Anyway, Mess used to walk to the bus stop with us, and then he and this Swede would start kissing. Honestly, you've never seen anything like it.

I timed them once, two and a half minutes for one kiss. I don't know if that's a record, but it's not bad.

The thing is, I didn't particularly think he was attractive, but I wanted to see if I could win him from that Swede and her chin.

Only for fun, to sort of see if I could do it. It wasn't malicious or anything.

So, anyhow, she used to go and see him sometimes during the week, and she always asked me what she should wear and how she should do her hair and everything.

So one day I got a bit bored and I told her she looked wonderful with her hair all flat, and wearing this thick black dress.

So she went like that. Honestly, I don't think she could have been very intelligent.

### Fat and spotty

'Course Mess told her she looked awful, and sent her back.

Actually it wasn't much fun after that because the Swede went back to Sweden, and the whole thing lost its point, but, anyway, it was quite interesting.

Just before we moved back to London I went to my first dance. It was hell, honestly.

When we moved we stopped having maids because the London house was too small, and I spent most of the time at the movies with my cousin.

I was fat and she had spots so we had plenty to talk about.

Then my mother said I should go to dancing classes. They were hell, too, no kidding.

All these boys looking at you, and this man banging away on the piano and this woman pushing you in and out of gightsome reels and things.

**Then you had a whole lot of boys of fifteen sneering at you. They had awful faces.**

And they were either terribly tall or absolutely tiny. So you spent the whole time walking backwards talking to the bottom button on a jacket, or the top of a small greasy head.

Honestly, it was murder.

Then we all arranged to go to a movie one day.

There was this boy who'd been my partner at a charity dance the night before and stayed the night with us because he lived in Surrey.

He ate up all the trifles from the night before for breakfast. My mother was awfully pleased, and she thought he had nice manners.

**I liked him, too, but he didn't make me swoon.**

It was this other girl's partner I liked. We all did actually. He had one of those boy-next-door faces.

He was there when we went to the movies, but this girl sat next to him until the elastic in her knickers went and she had to go to the ladies' and find a safety-pin.

Then I moved up and sat next to him. We were both laughing because it was quite funny, and he said, "Are you going to the rugger match tomorrow?" and I said, "No."

I didn't see him again after that until the Easter holidays when me and this girl got asked to a dance by the daughter of a friend of my mother.

### Couldn't dance

We had to take our own partners, so she brought this boy-next-door type.

I didn't have a partner so I had to dance with this boy called George. Honestly, it was terrible. He had glasses and his hair came up to my chin; he was much worse than anything I'd met at the dancing classes.

And he just couldn't dance. I mean, he couldn't even do a straight walk in time to the music, and we had to do this shuffle up and down because he couldn't manage the corners.

And this other girl was having a fabulous time with her old boy-next-door type, whirling by because he danced absolutely marvellously, and they kept on smiling at me so I had to pretend George was my dream come true.

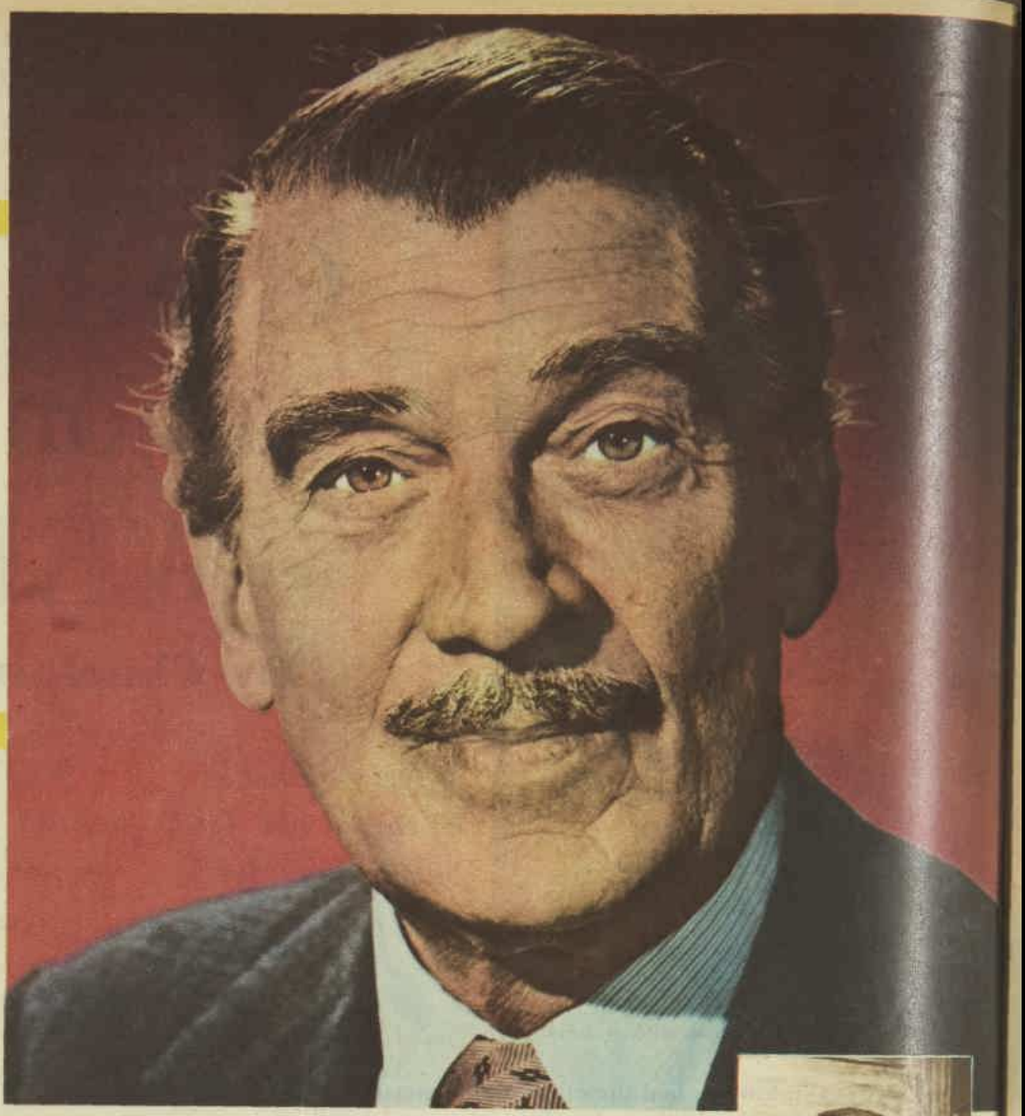
*To page 60*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899461

Television

# LAWYERS FOR A DAY



● Walter Pidgeon and Hugh O'Brian stood-in for the invincible lawyer Perry Mason when star Raymond Burr's illness forced him to miss some episodes of his popular TV series. Now fit again, Burr is detecting and defending his clients as ably as usual.

*WALTER PIDGEON makes one of his infrequent TV appearances in the "Perry Mason" series. He stars as a corporation lawyer who defends a scatter-brained heiress (Joyce Bulifant, at right) accused of murdering her uncle in "The Case of the Surplus Suitor." All the "Perry Mason" regulars—Barbara Hale, William Hopper, William Talman, and Ray Collins — appeared in the episode as usual.*

*HUGH O'BRIAN (at left, on a dinner-date with talented young actress-singer Ann-Margret) is used to the law, of course, having been TV's Wyatt Earp. Now he's lawyer instead of lawman in the "Perry Mason" show "The Case of the Two-faced Turnabout."*

● Capital city screening times for the "Perry Mason" episodes starring Hugh O'Brian and Walter Pidgeon: SYDNEY: "The Case of the Two-faced Turnabout" —TCN9, Tuesday, June 25; "The Case of the Surplus Suitor"—TCN9, Tuesday, July 2. MELBOURNE: Both episodes were shown by HSV7 earlier this month. BRISBANE and ADELAIDE: Still unscheduled.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899462

*Jacqueline Kennedy*

# Close-up of America's First Lady

**● An hour-long documentary describing "The World of Jacqueline Kennedy" will be screened by TCN9 this Friday, June 21, at 7.30 p.m.**

**Television**

IN "The World of Jacqueline Kennedy" the N.B.C. Special Projects division presents a close look at America's First Lady — the most photographed, most talked about, most imitated woman in the United States, whose pared-down fashion elegance has influenced women everywhere.

Exploring the times and places and events in Mrs. Kennedy's world, N.B.C. assembled a vast collection of movie film clips and still photographs.

Producer Eugene S. Jones was given access to the Kennedy family's personal picture albums. With this collection of warm and lively photographs, the film follows Mrs. Kennedy from babyhood to the time she was dated by the eligible young Senator from Massachusetts.

### Working day

It shows her marriage, her years as a Senator's wife, the 1960 Presidential campaign, and, finally, life in the White House.

There, filmed sequences detail the everyday activities of the woman who runs America's busiest and most demanding household . . . the woman described by one political commentator as "Cleopatra of the Potomac" and by another as possessing "a joy in living, a model of delight and vivacity."

# COMEDY—BUT FEW LAUGHS

*By DAWN JAMES*

**● "The Jackie Gleason Show" and its portly star waddled on to Sydney TV last week. And I came to the conclusion that a sense of humor is a capricious thing.**

BECAUSE my sense of humor apparently went on holidays last week. (For example, after giggling happily through TCN9's first "Red Skelton Hour" I sat through the second show admiring Mr. Skelton's comic skill but merely smiling occasionally at his antics.)

The malady was still there when ATN premiered its comedy hour with Jackie Gleason (Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.).

I glumly endured the whole hour—and I did laugh several times. But this was in "The Honeymooners" sketch, and I was amused by Art Carney. Not Mr. Gleason.

The show seemed jerky. Unlike Skelton's smoothly flowing hour of entertainment, the Gleason "American scene magazine" is a jumble of girls, girls, comedy (for want of a better word), and song.

So it's hard, isn't it? Is it Gleason or my gloomy state of mind? I suspect it's Mr. G.—and that his show does not promise to be a glea-ful addition to the week's viewing.

★ ★ ★

*THE time may come when you are called on to help save a human life. It's a sobering thought, because practical knowledge in artificial respiration is not as widespread as it should be.*

*And half an hour is not an impossible price to pay for knowledge that could be desperately necessary one day . . .*

*On Sunday, June 23, at 3 p.m., TCN9 will rescreen "Pulse of Life"—and seeing this documentary is a must for every responsible Australian.*

*Narrated by Raymond Massey, the film gives detailed and easy-to-follow instructions in the latest methods of artificial respiration.*

*These include mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and external heart compression.*

### They call him Slamming Sam

THERE are times when I am bewildered by Sam Snead's weekly advice-to-golfers segment in "Sports Cavalcade" (ABN2, Mondays, 8.30 p.m.).

Last week, for example, he talked about Topping the Ball. It was a poignantly familiar subject, since my own golf is the once-seen-better-forgotten variety.

But — and this is written with a despairing wail (and a typewriter)—I shall never be able to follow Mr. Snead's advice.

"Strike the ball on the downswing *with every stick in the bag,*" he said.

I can't. I've tried. The sticks go everywhere. And I still top the ball.

*Jackie Gleason*

★ ★ ★

*THE new series of "Hawaiian Eye" (TCN, Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.) is the same mixture as before.*

*Only one ingredient has been changed in the brave little band of private eyes who see that nothing's rotten in the State of Hawaii . . .*

*When Anthony Eisley (Tracy Steele) left the cast for the presumably greener pastures on Broadway, his place was taken by Troy Donahue, of the late unlamented "Surfside 6."*

*I found Mr. Donahue distractingly tedious in "Surfside 6." This was partly due to the unforgettable way Margarita Sierra (Cha Cha O'Brien) described him when she visited Sydney late last year.*

*"Troy ees a wolf," she said, and added explicitly, "he peenches!"*

*Now I am happy to report that—as Phil Barton, a hotel Director of Special Events in "Hawaiian Eye"—he-who-pinches seems to have matured into a reasonably competent actor.*

*The rest of the old familiar Hawaiian faces are still with us, Eyes and all, notably Cricket (Connie Stevens) whisper-singing and mad-hatted as usual.*

*Conclusion: If you liked "Hawaiian Eye" before you'll like it again. And the Hawaiian scenery is so pretty, too.*

### Hick humor, but pleasant

YOU might not consider giving your parents a septic tank for an anniversary present.

Who would? Barney Fife, that's who.

Barney is the daffy deputy to Sheriff Andy Taylor (Andy Griffith) in "The Andy Griffith Show" (ATN7, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.).

Last week he told Andy all about his remarkably imaginative present. Barney's parents were "awful hard to buy for," he said.

"They were really thrilled. It had two tons of concrete in it, all steel reinforced."

"You're a fine son," remarked the Sheriff, deadpan.

This was fairly typical of the throw-away gags that characterise "The Andy Griffith Show." It might be classified as sophisticated hick humor, and it's a pleasant every-now-and-then change from TV town-type comedies.

★ ★ ★

*FROM Lucille Ball to Vivian Vance in TCN9's "The Lucy Show" (Wednesdays, 7 p.m.), some sterling advice for dieters:*

*"O.K., eat your macaroni and cheese. But remember how your new knit suit will look from the rear!"*

● *Flintstones Baby Contest. Entry Form — Page 19.*

# TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

*Tommy Hanlon*

*Momma once said: "Have you noticed hardly anybody ever bakes at home any more?" And it sort of reminded me of coming home on baking day — what wonderful aromas from the kitchen. Do you remember? The smell of fresh-baked bread and the taste—hot from the oven, a thick slice and a big slab of butter melting into it with a cold glass of milk. That was my favorite treat. Doesn't it make you drool just to think about it? I don't think bread from the bakery could ever match it. But I guess that's progress.*

*Momma's moral . . . Nowadays, when mother's bread doesn't rise, she knows there's something wrong with the toaster . . .*

# REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

*With WINIFRED MUNDAY*

### ★★★ BILLY BUDD

Exciting production of Herman Melville's famous novel about the young sailor, Billy Budd, who is court martialled and hanged through accidentally killing a sadistic master-at-arms, superbly played by Robert Ryan.

Terence Stamp is a screen find as the simple, illiterate Billy who can see nothing but good in anyone. Peter Ustinov, as captain of the R.N. vessel fighting the French, gives a sensitive performance, especially at the court-martial, when his conscience battles with his duty. —**Prince Edward, Sydney.**

***In a word . . . IMPRESSIVE.***

### ★ PORTRAIT OF A MOBSTER

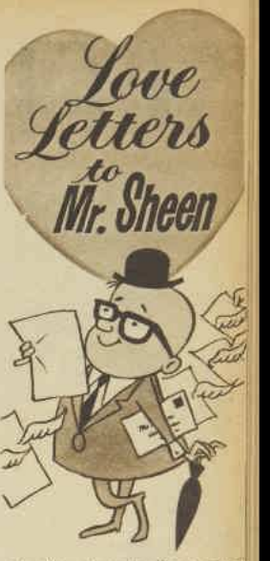
Run-of-the-mill story of New York gangsters in the prohibition era, this tells of the rise and fall of Dutch Schultz, the notorious mobster. Vic Morrow is adequate as Dutch, but Leslie Parrish as his alcoholic moll is not very convincing. — **Esquire, Sydney.**

***In a word . . . TRITE.***

### NAKED IN THE NIGHT

A plodding German film with dubbed English voices, this is a sleazy story of the call-girl racket in Berlin. Eva Bartok, as one of the girls, is wooden and unconvincing.—**Victory, Sydney.**

***In a word . . . UNLIKELY.***

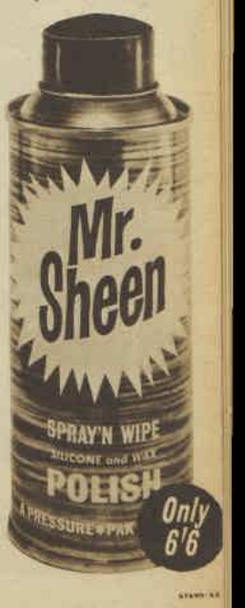




*Mr. Sheen Spray 'n Wipe Polish is waxing so popular, my mailbag is full of letters of praise! With the permission of their writers, I will publish some of them from time to time in this column.*

**Mrs. Monica Kenny, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.:**
Just a few lines to let you know I have tried your Mr. Sheen polish and I must say it is wonderful, it is a wonderful labour-saver and the results after dusting are wonderful. I have told all my friends about it and they are all using it now. I couldn't speak too highly about it. I have had my furniture for 20 years and it has made a big difference. I can tell you I enjoy my dusting now, so I thank you for having such a good product.

**Mrs. Rhonda Benke, Randwick, N.S.W.:**
I must congratulate and thank you for putting out the wonderful product "Mr. Sheen". I can honestly say I just don't know what I would do without it. All my friends remark how everything shines in my home. I use your "Mr. Sheen" on almost everything. My mirrors and windows have never looked brighter. Once again thank you for this marvellous product. I would never be without a tin.

**Mrs. McGuiness, Haberfield, N.S.W.**
I have just had my "Mr. Sheen" about a fortnight now and I can't speak too highly of it! I think it is a housewife's dream. I just couldn't imagine polishing could be so easy. I have bought a couple more cans for aged Aunts and I think it's really the goods.
Bouquets to Pressure ✱ Pak Co. and tops to your Mr. Sheen.





READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899463

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Ita Buttrose

*HAPPY smiles from Mr. John Vandenberg, of Edgecliff, and his bride, formerly Miss Carolyn Miles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Miles, of Vaucluse, after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Pictured with the bridal couple are attendants (from left) Mrs. Laurie Miles, Mrs. Donald Miles, and Miss Lorraine Miles.*

*GAY TRIO. Miss Jenny Cameron-Smith, of Killara, with Mr. Robert Cadwallader, of Killara, and his fiancee, Miss Diane McDonald, of Killara, who were guests of honor at a pre-wedding dinner party which Miss Cameron-Smith gave at her home. Miss McDonald and Mr. Cadwallader will marry at Shore College Chapel on June 25.*

*ART SHOW. Miss Christine Herman, of Woollahra, and Mr. Elwyn Lynn, of Double Bay, were among first-day viewers at an exhibition by Arthur Boyd at the Terry Clune Galleries, Potts Point.*

*CHATTING at the cocktail party which the Consul-General for Poland, Mr. Benedykt Polak, gave at his Bellevue Hill home are Miss Joan Cummings, of Woollahra (left), and Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Kucharzewski, of Elizabeth Bay. The Commercial Consul for Poland, Mr. A. Grosszewski, and Mrs. Grosszewski were guests of honor.*

*GUESTS at Miss Jenny Cameron-Smith's pre-wedding dinner party for Miss Diane McDonald and Mr. Robert Cadwallader included (from left) Mr. Denis Langley, of Killara, Mrs. Russell Lander, of Killara, Miss Elizabeth Pixley, of Woollahra, and Mr. Tim Lowe, of Pymble. Miss Cameron-Smith welcomed more than thirty guests to the dinner party.*

*MORNING COFFEE was enjoyed by (from left) Mrs. Bill Wolfenden, of Bellevue Hill, Mrs. Martin Marshall, of Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. John Allsopp, of Rose Bay, at a party which was held at the home of Mrs. T. S. Cree, of Bellevue Hill, last week, to aid the Forest Lodge Day Nursery. At the function Mr. Ted Moloney gave a demonstration of "Cooking with a Chafing Dish."*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899464

*TWIN SISTERS Miss Barbara Henry and Miss Judy Henry (at right) with their escorts, Mr. Chris Sheppard (on the left) and Mr. Jerry Coombs, at the Legacy Ball which was held at the Trocadero. The girls were among 22 debutantes who were presented to the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward. The president of Sydney Legacy, Mr. A. S. Chapman, and Mrs. Chapman welcomed more than 500 guests.*

***ONE of the loveliest weddings of the year will take place at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on the afternoon of July 23, when pretty Sally Fairfax marries young Australian diplomat Geoffrey White.***

On the following day Sally and Geoffrey, who is Second Secretary at the Australian High Commission at Ottawa, Canada, will fly straight to Ottawa, where they will live for the next two years.

Sally is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, who after the ceremony will entertain 250 guests at a reception at their waterfront home, "Elaine," Double Bay.

Two of Sally's six bridesmaids will fly to Sydney from overseas for the wedding. They are Margaret Boazman, of Roma, Queensland, who's currently holidaying in London, and 13-year-old Louise Tolmie, who'll travel here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Tolmie, of Ottawa, Canada.

The other attendants will be Sally's teenage sister, Ruth, Penelope White, of Double Bay, and youngsters Sarah Cant, of Newcastle, and Julie Sherriff, of Braidwood, who are the grandchildren of Sally's godmother, Mrs. Edward Chauvel, of Bellevue Hill.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Gus and Margaret Grayson, of Bellevue Hill, are calling their new infant son and heir Phillip Sidney—to perpetuate the names of his grandfathers, Mr. Sidney Whitaine, of Orient Point, and the late Mr. Phillip Grayson.

★ ★ ★

OVERSEAS tourists: Simone Dekyvere, of Mosman, is leaving Rome for a tour of Venice and Geneva by car before going on to London, where she'll share a flat with Robyn Ragg, of Darling Point. Denise Miller, of Bellevue Hill, is back in London after a tour of Scotland and will be leaving shortly for Canada, where she will work at a ski school at Mont Treblant. Denise will fly to Canada with Margot Thatcher, of Bellevue Hill, who'll work as an occupational therapist at Calgary.

★ ★ ★

*A GAY round of farewell parties will begin shortly for the Consul-General for the Netherlands, Mr. Alex Laboyrie, and his wife, who'll be returning to The Hague for home leave in September before taking up a new appointment. It will be their first trip home in five years.*

★ ★ ★

POPULAR Australian conductor Charles Mackerras and his wife are on their way home to London after a five-month trip to Sydney. Travelling with them is Dr. Marie Hill, of Edgecliff, and together they'll visit Hong Kong, India, and Germany, where they plan to stop at Frankfurt to say hello to the newly appointed musical director of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Dean Dixon. The Mackerras' will arrive in London just in time to be hosts at the wedding of Mr. Mackerras' younger brother Colin, who'll marry country girl Alyce Brazier, of Orange, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Southgate, on June 29. Mr. and Mrs. Mackerras' daughters Fiona and Catherine will be bridesmaids at the wedding and after the ceremony will help their parents entertain guests at a reception at their Georgian home at Southgate.

A ROMANCE which started at Cambridge University, in England, has blossomed into marriage plans for Marianne Hake, of Parramatta, and Dr. John Lions, of Haberfield. Marianne, who has been in England for two years and is secretary to the principal of the Women's College, Cambridge, met John when he was studying for his philosophy degree. John is now working in Toronto, Canada, and the young couple will make their home there after the wedding in August. Marianne's mother, Mrs. Denys Hake, has flown to London to help her daughter prepare her trousseau.

★ ★ ★

*MR. and Mrs. Frank Wade, of Woollahra, are in Canberra this week saying "au revoir" to their son Charles and his wife, Ann, before setting off on July 3 for a six-month world trip.*

★ ★ ★

IT should be lots of fun at Nanook on June 23 when Stewart Griffin, of Bellevue Hill, and Nick Allen, of Edgecliff, give a buffet dinner for fifty of their friends. It'll be a welcome-home party for Stewart, who's just back from eighteen months overseas, and a birthday party for Nick. Incidentally Nick's mother, Mrs. Dick Allen, who is in London for the season, including racegoing at Royal Ascot, will leave later this month for a wonderful holiday in Spain, where she has rented a villa for four weeks. Party guests toasting Stewart and Nick will include Ann van Bochove and her fiance, Max Brunninghausen, Virginia Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Middleton, Kerry Henderson, and John and Ian Campbell.

*TAHITIAN NIGHT. Miss Jane Langton and Mr. Peter Lamble, who were among more than 600 guests at the Pied Piper ball at the Chevron Hilton Hotel. The ball committee president, Mrs. Denis Rowe, welcomed guests to the ball, which will aid The Spastic Centre, Mosman.*

FLINTSTONES BABY CONTEST

# Win a sea trip to England

WHAT will the Flintstones' baby weigh? The right answer can win you a trip to England by Sitmar, plus £250 spending money.

"The Flintstones," of course, are that popular Stone Age couple who appear on TV with their weekly cartoon commentary on current Paleolithic affairs (TCN9, Mondays, 7 p.m.).

After Wilma Flintstone told her husband, Fred, that she was expecting a baby, The Australian Women's Weekly — in association with TCN Channel 9 — announced THE FLINTSTONES BABY COMPETITION last week.

All you have to do is decide on a birthweight for the baby and tell us—in 25 words or less—just why you like "The Flintstones" programme.

Fill in the coupon on this page, send it to "The Flintstones Baby Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, and you could win—

**A round trip to England for two (valued at £1060) by Sitmar luxury liner, plus £250 spending money.**

There is no entry fee. You may send in as many entries as you like, but each must be on a separate coupon.

This is the second week of the competition. We will publish coupons for the next two weeks, before the competition closes on Friday, July 5.

Then, after all entries are received, TCN will invite a celebrity guest to appear during "The Flintstones" programme.

The guest will select the winning birthweight by drawing it from hundreds of different weights in a barrel.

## TO ENTER

1. All entries for "The Flintstones Baby Contest" must be received by 6 p.m. on Friday, July 5.

2. Entries should be addressed: "The Flintstones Baby Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

3. Each entry must be written on a coupon cut from The Australian Women's Weekly.

4. Entries must give an estimated birthweight for the baby and state, in 25 words or less, "Why I like 'The Flintstones.'"

5. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate coupon. There is no entry fee.

6. The Sitmar prize will be awarded to the entry with a birthweight the same as, or nearest to, the winning weight selected by TCN's celebrity guest.

7. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the tied entry which, in the opinion of the judges, gives the best "Why I like 'The Flintstones'" reason.

● This competition is governed by the rules as published in The Australian Women's Weekly issue dated June 19.

**ENTRY COUPON**

THE FLINTSTONES BABY CONTEST

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"Why I like 'The Flintstones'" (use 25 words or less):

.....

.....

.....

.....

BABY'S ESTIMATED BIRTHWEIGHT .....lb. .....oz.


Venoruton P4
brings fast proven relief to
Varicose Sufferers

Aching legs
Swollen ankles
Heaviness
Enlarged veins
are danger signs! *

* Why suffer needlessly? Don't delay—start right in on a Venoruton P4 course now and avoid later serious and painful varicose conditions. Venoruton P4 can help you whether you are in the "pre-varicose state" or a long-standing sufferer from varicose veins. Regain now your priceless health and vitality. See your family chemist today!

Venoruton P4

● relieves pain quickly—reduces swelling
● is easily taken in water with handy dropper bottle
● is completely safe for both men and women of all ages

SUSTAINED TREATMENT IS VITAL FOR LASTING BENEFITS
(take regularly 3 times a day before meals)

Available in a handy purse size for use anywhere (e.g., your mid-day meal in town). Also in larger economy sizes for home use.

From the Medical Research Laboratories of Zyma, Switzerland. Distributor for Australia, Sera Pty. Limited. Note: Veramaid and Venoruton P4 are the registered trade marks of Zyma, Switzerland.

VEN 1949A





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899465

KEENS MUSTARD MAKES THE MEAL

# open! scoop! dab!

The English mustard you scoop from Keen's new table pots needs no fixing.
We've pre-mixed it ready for dabbing. Your taste buds pay no penalty for all this convenience.
It's stung through with the unmistakable English character of the dry Keen's you mix yourself.
Keen's Ready-mixed is lusty, bitey, smooth-spun, creamy and pot-fresh - to the last scoop!
So why mix, stir, wait - when you can open, scoop, dab!
Come on. Do it easy. With Keen's new Ready-mixed English mustard.

# Keens ready-mixed English mustard

WE'VE 2 OTHER FLAVOURS:
A new *green-label French* with a mellow mildness and subtle continental flavour. And a *yellow-label American* with a flavour between French and English - not too strong, not too mild.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899466

# Mr. K. has transformed his corner from THIS

*FIVE YEARS ago this became the Kirkwoods' home at Seaforth, by Middle Harbor, Sydney.*

# into THIS

**● Just over five years ago Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kirkwood moved into a home at Seaforth, Sydney, and decided they must have a garden.**

# The GOOD NEIGHBOR

*MAIN GARDEN and the footpath strip now make one area of beauty. Right: Mr. Kirkwood — he hewed and placed every rock, filled every terraced plot with soil.*

IN that time they have transformed a hillside. They not only made a garden on their own land but also cultivated council land down one side and at the back of their property.

Through every flowering season now thousands of people stop to admire the glorious display of color.

Mr. Kirkwood's block of land is 196ft. by 62ft., but the garden, including footpaths, is 325ft. by 100ft.

"As the garden has no paling fences every passerby can enjoy it," he told me.

**"I'm often asked whether anyone picks flowers or does any damage. I can truthfully say no one has ever done anything to mar the beauty of the garden.**

"The only worry is from dogs, but in such a big garden the damage is never noticed when they scratch to bury a bone."

As the land is steep in places, every bed had to be terraced.

Mr. Kirkwood quarried most of the rock for the main garden from stony ridges on the property. Manly Council gave him old kerbing and building stone from demolition jobs, which he cut to size to enclose beds in the footpath.

*By* **Joyce Bowden**

"I have never employed labor to lay out my garden. I have put every stone in position and cemented every joint to prevent slugs and snails making their home in the crevices," he said.

"I have laid at least 2500 stones of all sizes, averaging about 15 inches deep by six inches thick.

"Then I've had to fill the beds with soil. I must have wheeled about 200 tons.

"It was only bush soil, very poor, but free from weeds. Nothing would grow until we added lime and manure and then got some necessary trace elements.

"We sprinkled this over each bed like pepper and salt on a dinner plate, gave it a dressing of blood, bone, and superphosphate, and the plants did wonderfully well.

"As the garden grew I planted about a hundred roses, 30 azaleas, and some hardy shrubs.

"For last spring we had about 10,000 plants—stocks, calendulas, violas, cinerarias, English daisies, nemesias, ranunculi, anemones, alyssum, primulas, livingstone daisies, gladioli, Iceland poppies.

**"My wife raised most of the plants from seed and has helped me in spraying and other jobs."**

One handicap the Kirkwoods can't overcome: the garden gets the full blast of southerly storms.

"Not many shrubs will stand up to these conditions," said Mr. Kirkwood, "and I've had to run out in the wind and rain to cut a hibiscus in half to prevent it being flattened."

*BEHIND THE HOUSE the Kirkwoods are still beautifying a stretch of council land for their own and their neighbors' enjoyment. This was a rock wasteland before Mr. Kirkwood began shifting soil for the lawn and laying out the terrace plots. His wife raises most of the plants from seed and also lends a hand with some of the other work.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899467

# Every Bushells Flavor-Bud is a drop of perfectly-brewed coffee

These are the Flavor–Buds in Bushells Instant Coffee. There are thousands in every spoonful.

Bushells Flavor–Buds change to drops of perfectly-brewed coffee the instant you add boiling water.

You know you're drinking coffee when it's Bushells. Bushells Instant Coffee is pure, roaster-fresh coffee expertly percolated . . . . sealed in tiny Flavor Buds.

The moment you add boiling water Bushells Flavor-Buds burst into life...and become drops of perfectly-brewed coffee. Enjoy Bushells... the Instant that IS coffee.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899468

# Call me Sandra

*She had always been a gay one, but now the time had come when they thought she should settle down . . . an enchanting story*

**By Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger**

KATHY had come home from her Thursday Discussion Group with a renewed sense of gratitude toward her husband, which she tried to express over their evening cocktail.

"It was terrifically serious today. The topic was older people and how we can help them. And, darling, the more I listened to other people's problems — Mary Witfield's mother has just been widowed, and another member has an elderly father with arthritis — well, the more certain I was that you were right!"

"You mean you've stopped being uneasy about Sandra?" Mark smiled, but one eyebrow rose in the ironic expression she recognised.

"Not quite, perhaps, but it did seem the only sensible solution. And besides, it's working out, isn't it, Mark? She's settling down in the job?"

"I only see her as I come in or go out, but she looks the part — quiet and dignified in her black dress . . ." Mark's eyes wavered slightly. "She has a good voice on the phone, too. Her stage training shows there."

"I've asked her out for the last three weekends, but she's made excuses. We left it that she'll come the first time she's free. She sounded — subdued."

"A regular nine-to-five job isn't very exciting," Mark said firmly, "but it's better than haunting theatrical agencies . . ."

"And so futilely," Kathy agreed, with an ache at her heart. "If it weren't for her annuity, she'd have had to give up long ago."

"That annuity is a help to her now. An untrained receptionist doesn't make much, you know." Mark's voice lowered. "You know I'd have given her money, Kathy, if she'd been willing to take it."

"I know. But getting her a job was the kindest thing you could have done."

She thought of the courage it had taken for Mark to risk embarrassment in his firm. Most advertising agencies wanted young girls at their reception desks; it wasn't easy to persuade them that a middle-aged woman was a better choice. But both she and Mark had felt that her mother could handle the job, if she could be persuaded to try it. Convincing her had taken long, patient argument. Even with Mark's tactful insistence, the situation had seemed nearly hopeless. Then, abruptly, Sandra had changed.

"I'll try," Sandra had said, her cheeks suddenly pale. "I'll go in Monday. Who do I see?" She corrected herself with a flash of her old gamin grin: "I mean whom?"

That was the last time Kathy had seen her mother, a month ago in this very room. It was hard to visualise Sandra in a quiet little black dress with scarcely any make-up.

"If she visits us next weekend, there's only one thing," Mark said uncomfortably. "We couldn't very well take her to the Richardsons with us Saturday night. It isn't as though it were just a party — it's their wedding anniversary, and the Old Man is sure to be there."

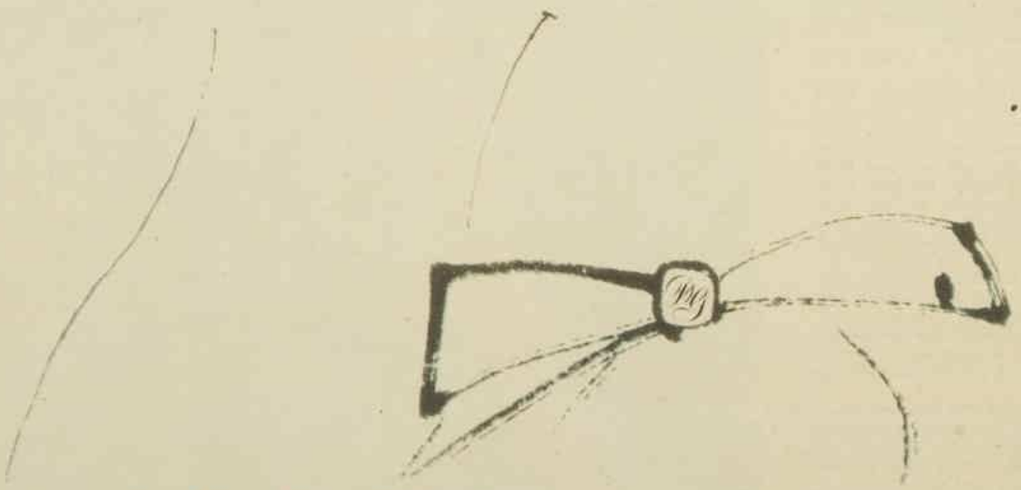
Kathy knew he didn't want to hurt her feelings, but the party was important to him. After all, Gerald Richardson, Senior, was the head of the agency, and Mark's boss.

*To page 26*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899469

# NOW IN AUSTRALIA!



# FROM THE U.S.A!



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899470

# DOROTHY GRAY

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

*for beauty the modern way*

## THE NEW LOOK IN BEAUTY!
## FABULOUS, ADVANCED FORMULA COSMETICS!

As from today, the world renowned Dorothy Gray advanced-formula beauty aids and skin care preparations are available in Australia. All of them newer, more exciting, more effective than anything ever offered to you before. On this page are some of these fabulous products that keep the world's most beautiful women beautiful. The modern way.

*The entire Dorothy Gray range can now be seen at selected chemists and all department stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899471

## Continuing . . . CALL ME SANDRA

from page 23

"You needn't worry. If she does come, I'll explain." She tried to stem the stiff defensiveness that seemed to creep into her voice and manner when something like this came up about Sandra. She and Mark were adults; they ought to be able to face problems realistically, without emotional involvement. Fresh from her afternoon of discussing geriatrics, Kathy said sharply, "It isn't as if Mother were really old!"

"No," Mark agreed, "but fifty-eightish is no chicken, either." He laughed indulgently. "Not that she'd admit to any age over thirty, but we've added up on her. Anyway, Kathy, disregarding age, Sandra's welfare is our responsibility. We not only love her—we want to do the best we can for her."

"Even if it doesn't include taking her to the Richardsons' party," Kathy said with a note of sadness.

"I'm sorry, Kath, but I know you understand."

She was in his arms with a rush. "Darling, I keep making it harder for you whenever I'm worried about her—and it's not fair, because no one could be kinder than you!"

"Stop worrying. Sandra's fine." He gave her shoulders a gentle shake. "Don't you suppose I'd feel it if anything were wrong, when I see her every day?"

The children's shrill voices called Kathy to the kitchen then. Chris spilled his milk on Timmy's plate, and Timmy's roar of rage might wake the baby if she didn't quieten things down. As she and Mark slipped into their parent roles and worked as a team to get the boys settled in bed, she tucked her concern for Sandra into a corner of her mind.

The next time she heard her mother's voice it was rushed, slightly breathless.

"I can make it this weekend if you still want me, dear."

"Wonderful! Of course we do."

With a surge of pleasure Kathy bustled over her Friday-night dinner, making a special dessert, arranging flowers in a low bowl. Yet even in the midst of her preparations she found herself wondering how, without hurting Sandra's feelings, she could manage to tell her that she and Mark would have to leave her alone the following night to go to a "command" business party.

Sandra adored the children, so if she were asked to pinch-hit for a suddenly sick sitter . . . But Kathy knew instantly that that would sound odd. They never counted on her mother as a sitter because her comings and goings were too unpredictable. And, much as Sandra loved the children, she indulged them shamefully, letting discipline go by the board.

Mark called late that afternoon, his voice low and guarded.

"I'm getting a ride out from town, honey. Mr. Richardson is driving me on his way to Gerry and Jill's. He'll stop by for a drink with us—says he'd love to see you."

She frowned. "You haven't forgotten Mother's coming? She'll be on the five-oh-five."

"I haven't forgotten. See you soon."

She knew that he couldn't talk further; slowly she hung up the phone.

She had wondered if she would even know her mother in the quiet role of office receptionist. But the Sandra who came breezing in from her taxi a short while later wasn't a stranger after all, but herself, just as Kathy had seen her but. With unexpected relief Kathy rushed to hug the small figure in the too-short skirt.

Sandra Madden didn't look like Kathy's — or anybody's — mother. Perhaps because she had been happiest in the late 1920s, when her hopes were at their high point, she had somehow managed through the years to hang on to the flapper look, no matter how fashions shifted.

HER short, hennaed hair; her mascara-thick eyelashes; her bright, Cupid's-bow mouth—all these gave the curious effect of a hoydenish girl of the 'twenties. Old girl, Kathy thought with an ache, for neither the short skirts nor the slight figure nor the quick, nervous energy could make Sandra young again.

Kathy made a little face to hide her sudden emotion. "I thought I was going to see you in your Mrs.-Madden-at-the-desk part! Mark says you play it to perfection."

"I'm not bad," Sandra said with her quick, urchin grin, "but I need to escape it for a couple of days so I won't go stale."

The little boys rushed in, shrieking their welcome. "Sandra, Sandra, did you bring us a present?"

"Sure thing, lover boys!" And Sandra handed them her worn purse to rummage through. It was crammed with small, plastic cowboys and Indians.

A long time ago when Chris, now five, was just learning to talk, Kathy had tried in vain to teach him to say "Grandmother." But from her mother's first giggle, her first automatic "Call me Sandra," Kathy had lost out forever. The children adored her, but she was more playmate than grandmother.

"Mother, Mark phoned to say he's riding out with Mr. Richardson. They'll be here soon for a drink."

"Whoops, the great man himself!" Sandra said gleefully. "I must run up and fix my face. Come on, lover boys, bring up the fighting men."

If only she'd leave her face alone, Kathy thought helplessly, and put on the black dress and the quiet personality . . .

But Sandra came down with her mouth brighter, her lashes darker and thicker, and calling over her shoulder, "Tune it down, boys. Company's coming."

The man Mark brought into the living-room was tall and austere,

To page 27

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899472

with mixed black-and-grey hair, frosty-cool grey eyes, and a clipped moustache — a fine-looking man, Kathy decided, but the conservative (she tried not to think "stuffy") type.

As she started to introduce her mother Mr. Richardson said affably, "Mrs. Madden and I already know each other from the office." But Kathy could see the first flash of surprise in his eyes. How different Sandra must look to him!

As she went to the kitchen to get ice she was aware of Sandra's defencelessness against this man's whims and judgments, and a faint resentment of Mr. Richardson rose in her.

"It's all right, Kathy," Mark whispered from behind her. "I told him on the way that she'd be here."

But not how she really is outside of her make-believe role of receptionist, Kathy reflected. The real Sandra Madden might not even be comprehensible to a man like Gerald Richardson, who'd had wealth, success, everything he wanted from life. How could he be expected to understand Sandra's foolish little gallantries, the tenacity with which she clung to the frayed glamor of a theatrical has-been?

But whether or not Mr. Richardson approved of his receptionist in her natural state didn't really matter, Kathy decided. For, though Sandra wouldn't let Mark down by quitting her job, she would doubtless bow out of the agency if she were told her services were no longer wanted.

IN the living-room Sandra was prattling away to Mr. Richardson as though she'd known him all her life.

"You see, I've always been an actress," she bubbled confidentially over her barely tasted drink. "I was practically born in a trunk in a theatrical boardinghouse. I all but live in one now! But, of course, I wanted more than that for Kathy, with her brains and ability. She didn't get them from me, you can bet, but from her father . . ."

"It's easy to see where Kathy got her good looks, though, Mrs. Madden," said Mr. Richardson in his calm, even voice. His eyes were fixed on Sandra's face and his lips wore an amused smile.

In a way she must seem like a creature from another planet to him, Kathy thought. For Sandra was real, and Mr. Richardson must be used to the over-fed dowagers of the world he moved in.

"She has her father's height" — Sandra gave a loving look at her tall daughter — "and she's dark like him. Like Mark, too. They make a handsome couple, don't you think, Mr. Richardson?"

"Indeed they do."

Kathy saw that Mr. Richardson seemed to be enjoying himself and was apparently in no hurry to leave, and she felt compelled to issue a dinner invitation. It might remind him that his son and daughter-in-law were waiting.

To her surprise, he accepted at once.

"Gerry and Jill aren't expecting me at any definite time, so I'm free to stay if you'll put up with me."

"How nice, Mr. Richardson!" Sandra bubbled happily. "Especially for me. I'm usually extra and I'll enjoy not being for a change."

Kathy's cheeks flushed at her mother's artless acceptance of the austere Mr. Richardson as a "date" for her, but he only smiled. He ought to play British colonels in the movies, Kathy thought.

Then an uneasy thought occurred to her as she looked at Mark and noticed his worried frown. Could Mr. Richardson possibly be leading Sandra on? If Mark felt that he'd be furious. For, though her mother might be a problem, Kathy knew — and this was a warm bond between them — that Mark loved her deeply, far too much to stand by and watch her being hurt or ridiculed. He would be quite capable of telling Mr. Richardson off and tossing over his job . . .

The baby had been put to bed long ago, but now it was time to chase down Chris and Timmy. As if in answer to her unspoken

## Continuing . . . CALL ME SANDRA

from page 26

thought, her mother calmly invited Mr. Richardson to go upstairs and help her put the boys to bed.

"Oh, Mother, I'm sure Mr. Richardson is tired — he's had a long day."

"Not at all. I'd like to meet your sons. They sound — lively." His smile, which now looked ironic to her, was still on his lips.

Kathy had been too distraught to hear the crashes and bangs above, but Timmy's sudden shriek, "He is too dead! My guys scalped him and burned him up!" penetrated her ears.

Sandra, followed by Mr. Richardson, went immediately upstairs. Kathy heard her mother's voice in the distance: "No, I don't sing them lullabies — unless you count 'Melancholy Baby.'"

She and Mark faced each other with a kind of numb despair. He said, "So help me, if he leads her on just for a laugh and hurts her pride, I'll . . ."

"Mark, so far he's been simply polite."

"Oh, scrupulously polite — with his tongue making a big lump in his cheek! Kath, I've never seen this side of him. I wouldn't have thought him capable of meanness. He's a stickler for office protocol and he can be sarcastic, but —"

"Help me get this dinner served, darling," she said. "The sooner it's over, the sooner he'll leave. But we've got to keep our heads up and the conversation going. Can you chill a bottle of wine in time?"

She was too busy to more than glance at Mark when the husky voice upstairs slipped into the tune familiar from her childhood: "Come to me, my melancholy baby . . ."

"She sings it well, you know," Mark said doggedly.

Kathy nodded wordlessly, her throat tight.

When the baby-sitters came down the candles were lighted and the first course was on the table.

"Shrimp cocktail — yummy," Sandra said happily. "It's my favorite — I guess because it's always an extra in restaurants. Mark, dear, I told Mr. Richardson about that new record album you have — tunes of the 'twenties. Can we have it for our dinner music?"

Kathy remembered Mark telling her once that Mr. Richardson was a member of the Philharmonic committee and that he's had a box at the opera for years. Never mind, she thought. Perhaps a little boop-boop-a-doop would be a change for him!

Mr. Richardson pronounced the dinner excellent. "I'll never know how she learned to cook like this," Sandra said proudly. "Not from me. I always meant to make a nice home for Kathy — the kind with a big, cosy kitchen and cookies in a jar — but somehow I never made it. She had a hand-to-mouth childhood — we were rather like gipsies . . ."

To page 28

Mrs. Blair uses Persil in her washing machine.

Mrs. Johnstone uses Persil in her copper.

# BOTH!

## Only New Formula Persil gives "boiling whiteness" in all washing machines!

New Formula Persil is the only washing powder made specially to wash whiter by washing machine as well as by boiling. In fact, it actually works like boiling because of the bubbling action of its unique oxygen-charged lather. Try New Formula Persil — it's the only washing powder made to give you "boiling whiteness" in all washing machines!

LKP/W634D

Persil washes whiter and it shows (good for coloureds too)




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899473

## Continuing . . . CALL ME SANDRA

from page 27

The wistful look on her mother's face tore at Kathy, and she burst out hotly, "I don't think a house or a cookie jar mattered! You worked hard, you took parts you didn't like —anything that came along — just so you could give me an education. The best."

Mark looked startled at her outburst. He said quietly, "Of course she did, honey. And you were a good student—you were worth it."

Kathy was ashamed that her resentment of Mr. Richardson had provoked her into losing her self-control. She felt a blush mounting to her cheeks as he sat there quietly observing her.

Finally, Mr. Richardson began his leave-taking after his second cup of coffee. "I'm greatly indebted," he said with a little bow toward Kathy. "And I shall look forward to having you and Mark dine with me in town some time very soon."

Kathy acknowledged the nebulous invitation with a surge of relief that it needn't be really soon —or, in fact, ever. The important thing was: they were standing in the hall and he was leaving.

"You won't mind if I borrow this young lady for a short while?"

To Kathy's horror, her mother was reaching for her coat in the closet.

"I'd like to take her over to Gerry and Jill's."

"Don't wait up, darlings. Nighty-night," said Sandra gaily.

Kathy's voice was only a gulp, but somehow as the door closed behind them she was aware that she and Mr. Richardson were engaged in a private war of wills. Their eyes —his frosty and determined, her own darkly beseeching — had already clashed in a mute skirmish.

Kathy turned to Mark with her anxiety. "Could we have stopped them?"

"Wouldn't we have looked foolish if we'd tried?" he countered. He frowned. "Kath — we could be wrong, you know."

"They have nothing in common. Evidently she amuses him. He probably thinks he's found a character, somehow deliciously offbeat, to take home and show his children. Oh, Mark, I don't want to think that, but . . ."

He caught her hands in his. "Remember, Kathy, what a lonely old guy he is, living all by himself in that mausoleum of a town house ever since his wife died. At the office he has to be the big boss—even Gerry is stiff and respectful. And the way I've heard it, Jill has a problem being the cordial little daughter-in-law, she's so crazy for him to step down and make room for Gerry."

"Even a misunderstood president or a lonely old man—or whatever you want to call him—has no right to use my mother as a sort of free entertainer!"

"Don't think I'd let him. I'd chuck my job first."

"I know you would. Oh, darling, why did he have to come tonight?"

Later she woke sharply to the rattling of the key in the front door. Though she could barely hear the deep sound of the man's voice as he said goodnight, her mother's special laugh pierced her consciousness. "Oh, no, no," her mother was saying. "Call me Sandra!"

No use getting up and meeting her in the upstairs hall, Kathy thought. That would seem too absurdly like a parent checking on a tardy child. She lay quiet and cold in her bed, trying to will herself back to sleep.

The morning was so crisply beautiful, with a chill in the air and the maples in the woods blazing with color, that Kathy almost forgot to be concerned over the matter of Gerry and Jill's party that night. When breakfast was over she bathed the baby and put him out in his playpen in the sun.

"Good morning, kitten," said her mother, so close behind her that Kathy jumped. "Isn't it a heavenly day?"

Sandra was a small, gay figure in her bright plaid shirt and rolled-up blue jeans, carrying a basket of hair curlers and a bottle of iridescent nail polish.

"What do you think—I've been invited to the young Richardsons' anniversary party! Isn't it lucky I brought my red lace sheath? Or I could wear the beige. Which do you like best?"

HIDING her dismay, Kathy was about to manage a reply when Mark came zooming up the drive in the station waggon. He unloaded a large box of bulbs.

"Are those the things that make daffodils in the spring?"

"Daffodils and others," Mark explained with a laugh.

"That's wonderful," Sandra said approvingly. "Growing your own must save florists' bills."

"It's one of the best things about living in the country." Kathy gave her a quick squeeze. "Mark, Gerry and Jill have asked Mother to the party, too—isn't that nice? So now we can take her with us."

"You won't have to. Mr. Richardson is calling for me." There was a tinge of bravado in Sandra's smile.

Kathy followed Mark inside as her mother settled herself under a tree to do her nails.

"Calling for her!" she said when they were out of earshot. "What possible reason could he have, the old——"

"Goat?" Mark said with a frown. "There's never been a breath of that sort of thing about him in the office, Kathy."

"I was afraid they'd ask her to the party," Kathy said slowly. "And now I'm afraid she won't have a good time. Mark, maybe if I developed a sudden fever and couldn't go, she'd stay at home with me."

He shook his head. "We can't run away. All we can do is stick close to her at the Richardsons'. I promise you I'll be watching, and I won't let Sandra be hurt."

They had to watch Sandra drive away early with Mr. Richardson, and just as his car left the driveway Kathy saw her mother look up at her bedroom window and wave. Again she sensed the little flash of bravado in Sandra's smile.

Why, she's scared! Kathy thought with a pang. There was something about this party, or going there with Mr. Richardson, that had made her nervous and afraid. But it would never have occurred to her to beg off. Kathy had known ever since she was a little girl that when her mother was afraid, she merely smiled more and talked faster. She was like a doughty little ship sailing into rough waters with all her flags flying.

"Let's go early," she said urgently to Mark. "I don't care if we're the first arrivals. The invitation said six."

"You really believe she'll need us?" Mark said.

Kathy wrote down the Richardsons' phone number for the sitter. "Let's say I'm afraid she already

To page 30

then you need SCOTTIES FACIAL TISSUES

New! * Magic Oval *
Scotties. Now you can take one Scottie, and another floats up. Or take a handful, already neatly folded for you, in pink, lilac, yellow and white.

another fine product by Bowater-Scott

MOBS 53PC




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899474

# Window on the Square

***Fear and suspicion are rife . . . fourth instalment of our serial***

***By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY***

**WHEN 22-year-old MEGAN KINCAID is employed by BRANDON REID to look after JEREMY, nine-year-old son of his wife, LESLIE, and her first husband, Brandon's brother, DWIGHT, who had died tragically two years ago, she senses an undercurrent of mystery in the Reid household. She attributes this to the fact that Jeremy had accidentally shot his father and now suffers from a guilt complex. In contrast to their affection for his eight-year-old sister, SELINA, neither his mother nor their governess, THORA GARTH, cares for the boy. Their tutor, ANDREW BEACH, is friendly with Megan, but warns her to watch out for the unpredictable Jeremy.**

**In an effort to distract Jeremy from his moodiness, Megan and the children go skating. Brandon surprisingly insists on accompanying them. It is a gay, happy outing and Megan realises that beneath Brandon's stern exterior is a kind and light-hearted nature. She finds herself increasingly attracted to him. After the Reids and their daughter leave for a visit to Leslie's mother, Jeremy and Miss Garth have a violent row and Miss Garth refuses to stay in the house that night. Megan arranges for Jeremy and herself to have a dinner party. While they are sitting in gracious state at the table, Brandon unexpectedly returns and joins them. After dinner he dances with Megan, but a blight is put on the party when Thora Garth arrives back at the house and sees them together. She loses no time in recounting the evening's happenings to Leslie, who tells Megan she must leave the house.**

**But Brandon intervenes and insists that she stay and care for Jeremy. When he and Megan are alone, with a gesture of despair he admits he is mortally afraid. NOW READ ON:**

*"Was that a shot?" Megan timidly asked Miss Garth and Leslie Reid.*

IT is fortunate, perhaps, that we cannot live at a continued high pitch of emotion. The matters of everyday living intervene. The nerves, the very muscles that are braced for disaster inevitably relax their tension when the battle is not joined. The mind turns to lesser problems.

In spite of telling myself that this was only a respite I had been given and that sooner or later Mrs. Reid, with Garth behind her, would have her way—when nothing happened I began to behave as though I would stay here for ever.

Christmas approached us swiftly, and, in spite of the dismal mood which lay upon master and mistress, a flurry of activity gripped the household.

If angry words had been shouted concerning my presence in the house, and an edict had been set down, then countermanded, everyone pretended an unawareness of the fact.

If Andrew knew what had occurred after he left the house that day, he did not mention the fact, and though I was aware that he watched me openly I held him at arm's length and encouraged no friendship between us.

It was after her return from the visit to her grandmother's that Selina began to annoy us all with a foolish song.

"Selina's - got - a - secret! Selina's-got-a-secret!" she would chant in a singsong that soon began to get on my nerves.

"Of course you have a secret," I told her. "Christmas is coming and we all have secrets."

She wrinkled her nose at me saucily. "It's not that kind of secret. I know something you don't know. And Jeremy doesn't know it, either. But I won't tell you what it is, because if I did someone would spank me."

From below stairs these days the odors of baking drifted up to us, pervading all the house. A huge Christmas tree had been brought home by Fuller and set up in the drawing-room to be decorated later. The arrival of the tree was an occasion for excitement in itself.

The mistress roused herself and began a round of unusual social engagements and plans. I know Garth disapproved and felt these efforts taxed her strength, but Leslie seemed nervously keyed to activity, though without any true core of happiness in her busy coming and going. Brandon remained indifferent to all that went on about him.

Two days before Christmas Jeremy came to me with a plea. Selina was snooping. He had caught her at it twice.

"She snoops in your room, too," he warned me. "I saw her coming out of it yesterday when you were downstairs. So let's fool her, Miss Megan. Let's hide our presents."

"Where do you suggest?" I asked.

Jeremy held out his hand and dropped something into my palm. I felt the cold touch of metal and knew what he intended. My first impulse was to reject the idea of hiding our gifts in his father's room. Yet I had a reason for not refusing.

If I'd had my way I would long since have opened that room, swept everything out, furnished it anew, given it a character that would have nothing to do with the past. As it was, locked and secret, with all mention of it avoided and forbidden, it seemed to hold an unhealthy fascination for Jeremy. While the boy had not returned to the room alone, as far as I knew, its locked silence still drew his attention, and this was something I wanted to lessen. I made a quick decision.

"Why not?" I said. "Bring your packages here and put them with mine. When no one is about we'll find a chance to hide them where Selina will never look."

Jeremy seemed pleased, but not over-excited and I congratulated myself on making the right decision. We waited until evening, when she was safely in bed, before we carried out our plan.

Jeremy did not go to bed at his usual time, but slipped into my room to help me carry the gifts downstairs. It was then I suggested a change in plans.

"Why not leave your packages with mine for now, Jeremy? Selina won't come here again. Tomorrow night is Christmas Eve, and we can put them under the tree."

The boy shook his head reproachfully. "You promised, Miss Megan, Selina is sure to snoop a lot tomorrow."

I was tempted to ask the real reason behind his insistence, but I did not dare. If I went back on my agreement now, he might shut me out and not confide in me again. Surely there was nothing that could happen if I went with him to his father's room. The plan seemed simple enough and harmless, and I wished I could dismiss my inner misgivings.

"Now is the time," Jeremy persisted. "Do come along, Miss Megan. Mama and Uncle Brandon will be having dinner, and all the servants are downstairs. Miss Garth has a headache and she has gone to bed. Selina's asleep."

I emptied a sewing-basket and let Jeremy pile his gifts into it. Then, with a few of my own larger packages in my hands, I started down the stairs with Jeremy beside me. We must not be caught, he whispered, and threw a look of exaggerated apprehension behind him and over the stair rail.

In one sense his behaviour reassured me. How little of normal young excitement, how little of make-believe he had in his life. He was starved for the sort of play most children indulge in endlessly without question.

When we reached the room, he opened the door with his key and pushed me hastily inside. Unexpectedly, I found myself abandoned there in the dark with my arms full and the contents of Jeremy's basket dumped upon the carpet at my feet. Before I could object, he had shut the door upon me and darted off, leaving me there in the gloom of that room.

My eyes could see nothing in the gloom, and I stumbled over one of Jeremy's packages as I tried to fumble my way toward the bureau and a candle I knew was there.

I moved gropingly and, as my breathing quickened, I caught a scent that was not the usual chill mustiness of the room. I held my breath, not daring to stir as the perfume of violets closed in around me. In sharpened realisation, I knew I was not alone. I could hear the sound of someone who breathed as lightly, as softly as I. But someone who had the advantage of being here first, with eyes accustomed to the gloom.

Some sixth sense warned me not to speak, not to challenge, not to remain for a moment shut into this dreadful darkness with the woman whose faintest movement wafted a scent of violets through the air.

But where was the door in this pitchy gloom? And where was Jeremy?

She was so close now that as I put up my hand in a quick gesture of defence, my fingers brushed her gown, and a voice whispered suddenly in my ear.

"Be still!" it warned me in a whisper so hoarse that all identity was lost. Fingers, chill and somehow deadly, touched my face, my throat. I put my hands up wildly to thrust them away, and twisted from her grasp. She fell back for an instant, perhaps startled by my sudden movement, and I felt the tearing of cloth in my hands. The deadly whisper came again, from behind me now.

. . . . . *To page 32*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899475

*Continuing . . .*

# CALL ME SANDRA

from page 28

feels she may be a misfit at the party," she said.

On the way over, Kathy felt that somehow she and Mark must find the right niche in life for the small, special person who was her mother. The receptionist's desk in Mr. Richardson's outer office couldn't be it. A square peg could not suddenly file itself down to fit a round hole, but couldn't some pleasant, comfortable hole be found to accommodate the peg?

EXCEPT for Mr. Richardson's car, Gerry and Jill's sweeping, circular driveway was still empty, so they were the first. Uncaring, Kathy marched quickly up the flagged path, Mark at her heels. Gerry and Jill were just behind the maid who admitted them. In a glance Kathy absorbed Jill's designer cocktail dress, the anniversary present, diamond earrings in her ears, and the strange, half-bewildered pleasure in her face. Gerry greeted them with an extra heartiness.

"Come in, come in! There's nothing worse than waiting for a party to begin. You are just the ones we hoped would be first."

"Is my mother here?" Kathy made a futile effort to keep the anxiety out of her voice.

"Sure thing. In the study with Dad. Sandra!" Gerry called. "Your ewe lamb is here checking."

The double mahogany doors opened and Kathy thought she would never, as long as she lived, forget the sight of her mother's small figure framed in the doorway, with Mr Richardson looming tall, like a backdrop, behind her. Sandra was trying to smile, but there were tears in her eyes and her cheeks were wet.

"Oh, Mother!" Kathy ran to her. "You've been crying!"

Sandra put out her arms and hugged her tight.

"Hush, baby, hush! Don't you cry, too, or I'll bust out all over again!" She looked from Kathy to Mark and back to Kathy. "I'm just so happy it makes me cry," she said. "Funny. I can't remember being this happy in my whole life—except maybe the morning you were born. Please forgive me for not telling you until now, Kathy, but I wasn't sure myself . . ." She looked up at Mr Richardson with a diffident pride. "Was I, Gerald?"

Mr Richardson's frosty blue eyes held Kathy's. But now they seemed no longer coolly amused, but wise and tender, the eyes of a man no longer alone on the outskirts of life.

"Your mother has done me the honor of accepting me as her husband, Kathy," he said gently. "When I first asked her, about two weeks ago, she refused. She said she'd have to think about it."

"Only because it was that quiet little Mrs Madden at the front desk you'd been taking out to dinner and sending flowers to," Sandra said quietly. "It wasn't me, because you hadn't even met me yet!"

Gerry and Jill had edged tactfully away. With a decisive gesture Mr Richardson drew Kathy and Mark into the quiet room and shut the doors. Then he said, smiling, "Somehow you two seem like the parents at this moment and Sandra the daughter. I have the odd feeling I should have consulted you first . . . As I'm sure you're aware, Mark, I'm considerably older than she is, but I'll do my best to make her happy."

"Yes, sir, I know that," Mark managed to say.

"And as a first step I'm retiring from active duty in the agency. Gerry will take over. There's so much Sandra and I want to do—travel, for one thing. We're selling the house in town. We both find a bright, modern apartment appeals to us . . ." Looking from Sandra's tear-wet face to Kathy's, he said quietly, "Your mother is giving me back my youth, Kathy—or at least my Indian summer." He touched Mark's arm and the two men left the room together.

"Baby, baby," Sandra said in a small, shaking voice when they were alone. "I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't till I knew. And I was scared, so scared. Suppose when he saw the real me — not that prissy-prim, genteel receptionist—he wouldn't want me any more!"

"Yet you gave him the chance to look," Kathy thought, with a secret wonder, that Sandra had, in fact, almost overplayed herself.

"It wasn't enough to tell him I'd been a small-part actress all my life. Don't you see, Kathy, the only honest thing was to give him a good performance of myself—so he wouldn't be buying a ticket to the wrong show. He had to know I'm not the stately kind. I like to laugh and clown it up and, oh, Kathy" — her breath caught — "he liked me, the real me. He wasn't bored. He said he'd never had much fun — he'd put most of his time into building up the company. His first wife was an invalid for years before she died."

She looked up anxiously into Kathy's face. "Please don't imagine I'm marrying him for money. That's grand to have, but Gerald and I will have so much more."

"I don't think it," said Kathy. "Besides, you always managed—even on a tiny salary and that annuity."

Sandra's urchin grin flashed again. "What annuity? But you believed it, didn't you? So it was a good performance! Kathy, I never had any annuity."

"Mother, why?" Kathy asked helplessly. "Why couldn't you have told us?"

"Because you'd have made me take a steady job all the sooner. Not that you and Mark weren't right," she added.

Perhaps, Kathy thought, but it wasn't their rightness that had slid Sandra into her perfect niche in life. For the first time in years, Kathy felt herself suddenly a child again as she looked down into her mother's green-shadowed eyes.

"It's just what my horoscope said," Sandra went on happily. "That when things looked worst, there'd be a tall, handsome stranger . . . And you know what? He's an Aries man!"

(Copyright)

## FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."***

***— James 4:17.***

# LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

## The nicest things

THIS is my list of six of the nicest things in our everyday world:

- A baby's smile.
- Children's laughter.
- A crackling fire on a winter's night.
- The smell of the earth after rain.
- Moonrise over the ocean.
- The sound of one's own dear mate calling as he comes in the gate each night after work, "I'm home."

**£1/1/- to Mrs. Scott Beattie, Kimbriki, N.S.W.**

## Her wedding-ring smile

WHEN my wedding-ring became too tight and I had to have it sawn off, I hated parting with the symbol of 25 years of very happy married life. So I kept it. When I visited the dentist two months later I learned I would have to have expensive gold fillings in three teeth. "Well," said I, "could you use the gold from my 18-carat wedding-ring?" Now I proudly show people my wedding-ring in my three front teeth.

**£1/1/- to "It's True" (name supplied), Townsville, Qld.**

## She's left with the instalments

ARE there many husbands like mine? If we are shopping together and I see a dress I like he will grandly say, "Put it on the lay-by and I will pay it off for you as your Christmas box." He usually pays a couple of instalments and I have to finish paying the rest. But if someone remarks how nice it is he proudly says, "I gave it to her for Christmas."

**£1/1/- to "Still Love Him" (name supplied), Murrumbeena, Vic.**

## Vintage sewing-machine

MY old treadle sewing-machine, still reliable and in perfect condition, was originally owned by my great-grandmother. Although in continual use, no part has been replaced except the needles.

**£1/1/- to Mrs. Sandra Wade, Rosanna, Vic.**

## Papaw fact or fable?

WE have heard that papaw trees should not be allowed to grow near a bedroom window because they sap the vitality of sleepers. Is there any truth in this?

**£1/1/- to John and Kay Ewings, Newmarket, Qld.**

## Postie and weather-watcher

TO help balance our budget, when the youngest of our five children was only two weeks old I undertook to look after a small far-west Queensland post office. In addition to the postal work I do three-hourly weather reports. This is no trouble in the summer, but I dread the winter. The worst time is 3 a.m., when I must read the instruments in the weather-box—situated in the windiest spot in the yard. Brr-rr! Do any other mothers have the same occupation?

**£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Murphy, Urandangie, Qld.**

# BOOKWORMS

"READER" (Ballarat East, Vic.) says she reads four magazines a week, an English monthly magazine, a condensed volume of four books every three months, a non-fiction book a month, and two daily papers. She also has seven children. But I note she doesn't add who does the housework, minding, and sewing.

**£1/1/- to "Meden Agan" (name supplied), Rosalie, Qld.**

* * *

I HAVE kept a record of books read since I was a teenager in 1933 and now, 30 years later, I get enjoyment looking over the list, which to date totals 740, and pondering on the fluctuations in quality and quantity of books read from year to year. Some authors, like P. G. Wodehouse and Baroness Orczy, I tired of, while others, such as Andre Maurois, Hesketh Pearson, and the English classic essayists, have become great friends.

**£1/1/- to "Another Reader" (name supplied), St. Ives, N.S.W.**

* * *

I READ five Australian magazines a week, two English weeklies, two English monthly magazines, four library books a week, the daily papers, and two Sunday papers. I also read four library books and comics to my two younger children. Most of my reading is done at night.

**£1/1/- to "Enjoy Reading" (name supplied), Barcaldine, Qld.**

* * *

DO I beat "Reader?" We have seven daily papers a week, two local papers, one rural weekly, two women's magazines a week, one monthly magazine, and my library card shows six or seven books a week, with a few paperbacks to fill in. This is just an average week. I am a widow. I keep house for two sons, do my own cleaning, washing, and ironing, and cook on a wood stove. Listening to the wireless, I spend the time knitting.

**£1/1/- to "Gran" (name supplied), Western Australia.**

* * *

IN addition to daily and weekend papers and The Australian Women's Weekly, my husband and I always have four books twice a week from the local library. We prefer the saga type and at the moment two of the books we are reading have at least 700 pages in them. I never read until after the tea-things have been attended to at night, and I always read, knit, and listen to the radio at the same time.

**£1/1/- to "Another Bookworm" (name supplied), Cunderdin, W.A.**

# Ross Campbell writes...

## FOOL STEPS IN

WELL-MEANING is a thing I don't like being called, because it makes you sound incompetent.

In the same way, I believe, girls do not like being called wholesome because it makes them sound unattractive.

However, I was called well-meaning this week.

My wife was taking the children to the dentist, and then to get some shoes — an unpleasant sort of outing. I was staying home.

As I had the best of the deal, I paid special attention to her parting request: "If the sun comes out, would you put some clothes through the washing-machine?"

The sun was sick-looking, but I decided to do my washing and make my alley good, as they say.

I knew the rules for loading the washing-machine: don't put woollens in, and see there is no money in the pockets of the shirts. Five years ago I had £2 chopped into green Crunchy Flakes, and I have never quite got over it.

Having taken these precautions I pushed the clothes in the machine and switched it on. Then I went back to the paper.

The sky darkened and we had what the Weather Bureau calls showers; I prefer to call it rain. It was no good putting the clothes on the line, so I left them in the machine.

Bad luck, I thought, but I had nothing to reproach myself for.

My wife came back with her party. We sat for a while discussing the cavities in the family teeth and the price of shoes. I told her I had put the clothes through the washing-machine and she thanked me.

All was quiet until the rain stopped and my daughter Theodora was asked to hang out the clothes.

I heard cries of anguish from the laundry. Theodora rushed in wailing: "My white skivvy's gone blue!"

A skivvy used to be a downtrodden kind of servant, but is now a cotton garment forming an essential part of the teenage uniform (female). My daughter's skivvy had been bought to go with her new shift and was greatly cherished.

The trouble was I had put my son's blue shirt in the washing-machine and the color had run. Not only the skivvy but the blouses and socks and singlets and pants were blue.

That was when my wife said: "It was well-meaning of you to do the washing, but —"

I had not been called well-meaning since I weeded the garden and pulled up the pentstemons, and the remark stung.

Let it be a warning to other men who meddle with washing-machines.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899476

Right or wrong she always wanted to be . . .

# THE HELPFUL MOTHER

**By Mary Jane Walde**

*A dreamy look came over Alice's face as she and Kenny worked on the school project.*

WHEN the telephone rang, Mrs. Muldoon was sure it was her mother, who called every afternoon and asked, "What are you doing, Alice?"

"I'm boiling paper bags," said Mrs. Muldoon with satisfaction.

There was a short silence at the other end of the line. "Why would you want to do that?" her mother asked at last. "Has it got something to do with the fallout?" Mrs. Muldoon's mother, like many people, was confused by physics.

"Don't be silly, Mama," said Mrs. Muldoon. "I'm making papier-mache."

"I thought that was made from newspapers," said her mother.

"I'm making a landscape," said Mrs. Muldoon. "I thought brown would be nicer. I'm helping Kenny with his science project."

"Remember when you helped your sister with her Latin?" her mother asked. "She flunked."

"The two facts are totally unrelated," said Mrs. Muldoon. "This is going to be a splendid project, and maybe Kenny will win a good prize. Then when he gets in high school he'll do well in science and get a scholarship. I always thought I could have been a scientist if I'd had any encouragement at home."

"I taught you to make gravy and iron a decent shirt," said her mother sternly. "What else did I have time to teach a girl who left home to get married when only a child of eighteen?"

"You taught me to make pin curls and fudge," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Maybe that was it," her mother admitted. "What's wrong with pin curls?"

"We use rollers now," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Rollers will pass," said her mother, "A good pin curl goes on for ever."

"Mama, I think I have to hang up," said Mrs. Muldoon. "The kids are all home from school, and just while I've been talking to you they've turned on the television and let the white mouse out of his cage."

"Don't you want him to watch television?"

Mrs. Muldoon thought about this for a second. "It's the kids I don't want watching it," she elucidated. "They're supposed to be out in the fresh air. Goodbye, Mama."

Kenny came in with a piece of plywood he had sawn to size. He stirred the torn-up bits of brown paper bag. "They don't seem to be softening up much," he said.

"Give them time," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Now fill me in on soil conservation. What ways are there besides contour ploughing?"

"Windbreaks made out of trees," said Kenny. "Crop rotation . . ."

"Trees," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Hah." A dreamy look came to her face. She had lots of good ideas. She always had to decorate the community hall for dances and design posters for things.

"Easter grass," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Go out in the garage and find the box where we keep the Easter baskets and bring me about a cupful of Easter grass. And cut me a few skinny twigs. I'll start on the papier-mache."

The bits of brown paper bag had scarcely softened at all. It was undoubtedly a tribute to modern technology, but Mrs. Muldoon found it annoying all the same. She poured off the water and mixed in glue, then began to build a couple of hills on the plywood board. The stuff would not shape up.

When Kenny brought in the Easter grass and the twigs and sat down to watch, she spoke to him somewhat sharply: "You might lend a hand."

"You don't look like you need any help," said Kenny, but he got up and gave her a hand. By the time they had succeeded in making the mounds assume a reasonably natural aspect, they heard Mr. Muldoon's car in the driveway.

He came in with the look of a man who is never sure of what he will find waiting.

"Guess what they are," his wife said.

He contemplated the rough brown mounds on the plywood. "Volcanoes," he ventured.

"I knew they were too peaked," his wife muttered. "Dinner will be ready as soon as I decide what we're having."

"They look kind of like the Badlands with all those rough things sticking up," said Kenny.

"We can cover them with that kind of dough you make maps with," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Flour and salt and water."

"Get dinner first?" asked Mr. Muldoon.

"Are you starving?"

"I just don't want any mistakes made," he said.

That evening when the children were in bed, Mrs. Muldoon made the dough, colored it green, rolled it out, and covered her hills with it. She dipped the skinny twigs in glue and rolled Easter grass around them until she had a find stand of poplar.

She cut blades of corn and alternated the rows with more paper grass pressed into the dough to look like alfalfa. She created a minuscule fence from toothpicks. To gild the lily, she made a miniature scarecrow; he wore paper clothes.

"On the seventh day He rested," said her husband, smiling at her. "But shouldn't Kenny be doing this himself?"

"He didn't even want to make this kind of project," she said. "He wanted an electrical one."

"So why didn't you help him — or direct him — in that?"

"I don't know anything about electricity," said Mrs. Muldoon quite humbly. "And I did so want to make a good showing at the Science Fair."

Mr. Muldoon knew better than to tell his wife not to worry about her children, so he merely asked her if she was ready to go to bed, and she said she was — as soon as she had checked David's arithmetic paper and ironed a dress for Linda.

It was two weeks later to the day when, in the course of her routine daily telephone call, Mrs. Muldoon's mother said to her, "I read in the paper where you won one of the blue ribbons in the Science Fair."

"You mean Kenny," said Mrs. Muldoon. "He didn't tell me. That's wonderful!"

"No, I don't mean Kenny," said her mother. "I mean you. My neighbor brought the paper over and showed me, she said how old is your daughter Alice, I said thirty-one, she said I thought you had to be in school to compete in the Science Fair. It says right in the paper that Alice Muldoon won a blue ribbon. And it says Kenny Muldoon won a gold ribbon. That's second place.

"Now tell me, how many Muldoons live in this town? And how am I going to sound at my club, explaining how even with a husband and a house and three kids, my daughter Alice has time to fool around with—"

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Muldoon, falling on to her kitchen stool. But then she remembered certain unexplained occurrences such as Kenny's recent failures of appetite and long after-school absences, and the light began to filter in. The pure cold light of science.

"Mum?" came the quavering voice of Kenny in the doorway.

"I'll call you back," Mrs. Muldoon told her mother.

Mothers have at hand two weapons: the cold silence and the unheralded blow on the seat. Mrs. Muldoon quickly abandoned both of these in favor of the embrace. "You could have told me you didn't like my project, Kenny," she said into the twelve-year-old ear pressed against her bosom.

"Gee, Mum, I did like it," protested Kenny. "But I didn't make it. It's not fair if you don't make your own."

"What did you make?"

"I made a little generator," said Kenny. Pride colored his voice. "It's got this magnetic field and this armature, and it lights a flashlight bulb."

In their room that night she asked her husband, "What's a generator?"

"You start with a magnetic field . . ." her husband began.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Muldoon. "It was pretty good for Kenny to make one by himself, wasn't it? Do you think he'll turn out to be a famous electrical genius?"

"I wouldn't count on it," said Mr. Muldoon. "But I can tell you one thing you can count on. Definitely."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, who did not often walk into such leading questions.

"He'll be an honest man," said Mr. Muldoon. "And a free man. No crying to the State for subsidies. No dependency on the Powers That Be to settle his problems. No—"

"Oh, be quiet," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Stop right there if you expect to come to bed tonight with a blue-ribbon winner."

(Copyright)



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899477

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 29

"If you go away, you will be safe. If you stay in this house, you will suffer for it."

My eyes were growing used to the dark, and now I could make out a faint line of light along the doorsill. I had my direction at last. Kicking Jeremy's packages aside, I ran to the door, thrust it open, then shut it behind me with a ringing slam that must have echoed through the house.

Jeremy was mounting the stairs from the lower floor. I turned the key in the lock with a sense of triumph, feeling that I had trapped something evil in the room—something that must now betray itself in order to escape.

I ran toward Jeremy and turned him about. "Not now!" I whispered urgently. "Go upstairs at once!"

My manner brooked no argument, and he obeyed me. We did not speak until we reached my room again. Then he faced me anxiously.

"What's the matter, Miss Megan? You're white and shaking."

"Why didn't you come, Jeremy?" I gasped. "Why did you shut me in there and run away?"

He was clearly startled by my state of fright, but he explained quietly. "Uncle Brandon called me. He was coming out of the dining-room and he heard me on the stairs. So I had to go down and tell him why I was not in bed."

THE thumping of my heart began to quiet a little, and, when I sat, the weakness in my knees ceased to betray me.

"What did you tell him?" I asked.

"Only that we were hiding Christmas presents and it was all a secret. So he let me off without a scolding. He was in a hurry to go out for the evening, anyway. Are you afraid of that room after all, Miss Megan?"

It was better to tell the truth than to let him think me fearful of the supernatural.

"There was someone in there," I said. "Someone breathing in the darkness. Someone who — who meant me harm. I came out as fast as I could and locked her in there alone."

"With all our presents?" Jeremy asked.

"She won't hurt the presents," I said. "But sooner or later she will have to get out. And then we'll know who it is. I wish your uncle hadn't left the house."

Jeremy's snort of scorn did not flatter my intelligence. He went to my door and opened it. "Come along," he said. "There's nobody there now."

When I still hesitated, he spoke to me with a forbearance that was strangely adult.

"There are other keys to the room, Miss Megan," he pointed out. "And besides, the second door is locked with an inside bolt. If anyone wanted to get out, he could draw the bolt and go into my mother's boudoir. Let's go down right away. You can take a candle if you like," he added kindly.

In the face of Jeremy's logic, I began to feel foolish. Perhaps the fright I'd had was due mainly to my own vivid imagination. I made no further objection, but accompanied Jeremy downstairs, this time carrying a candle.

When we opened the door and left it wide to the hall light and my candle, I saw that Jeremy was right. There was no one hiding in the room. The bolt to the second door had been drawn to leave it unlocked. Jeremy knelt to count his packages and did not speak until he was sure they were safe.

My attention wandered from him and came to rest on something across the room. There on a highboy stood the tall Turkish candlestick I had seen so often in Leslie's room.

"Was your mother downstairs having dinner with your uncle just now?" I asked

He shook his head absently.

"I don't know—she may have been."

Then she could have been here, I thought. She could have left her candlestick behind as she fled. However, I said nothing to Jeremy. With hands that were far from steady, I helped him pack away our Christmas gifts. But the scent of violets persisted and with it a hovering fear. There was a growing certainty in me that far more than mere resentment of my presence existed in this house.

Had Garth dressed once more in a garment of her mistress' and worn her perfume? I didn't know. I couldn't tell.

For my own safety it would seem that I should overrule Brandon and leave this house while I could. But there was still Jeremy, and I knew I would never abandon him for so cowardly a reason. There were causes which might eventually force me to leave him, but what had happened in this room was not one of them, however uneasy it might leave me.

I had no answer the next day to the question of who had left the candlestick in Dwight Reid's room, or who had warned me in that hoarse whisper. The sense of a threat hanging over my head persisted, yet I could do nothing but ignore it.

On Christmas morning the master and mistress would preside at the opening of the packages, but on Christmas Eve they were to attend a ball at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Thus we would have the tree-decorating to ourselves.

It was a relief to know that Leslie would be absent, yet in spite of my stern control over my feelings I could not help but wish for Brandon's presence. Away from him, as I was coming to recognise with despair, I merely existed.

In spite of this heaviness of heart, I tried to give myself to the decorating of the tree. While we were so engaged, Leslie and Brandon looked into the drawing-room on the way to their party. Leslie was beautiful, as always, and Brandon made her a sombrely elegant escort. With strained gaiety, Leslie blew the children a kiss, and Brandon wished us a courteous "Good evening." Then they were gone to their carriage, leaving a silence behind them. A hollow silence that stilled our noisy merriment.

To page 40

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

# Honeymoon Present

**A charming short story complete on this page**

**By RACHEL NICHOLS**

*"Look what we found," Jenn said as she came inside with Bart.*

AT the end of one week Mary Caldwell went into Jennifer's room. She had closed the door to it right after the wedding—firmly and resolutely. In the same manner she had tried to close out the worry from her mind. "What's done is done," she told herself, and partly because she was lonely, partly because she had never been good at turning her mind from the bothersome, she went right on worrying.

The room was in its usual state of disarray, and Mary picked up the robe that Jennifer had tossed carelessly on a chair. When she went to the closet for a clothes-hanger, she saw the stuffed clown sitting on the hat shelf. He was so old his neck was limp; the tassel on his peaked cap was frayed; and his bright, diamond-pattern clown suit was torn; but when she twisted the red wooden nose a tinkling version of Brahms' "Lullaby" came forth.

She stood in the middle of the room and looked around. She remembered when Jenn had put the clown away. "I'm not a child any more," she had stated in her still-childish voice, but the habit of going to sleep with her head against the clown's head had been so strong that for several nights she had been unable to sleep.

She was thirteen at the time. Mary sighed, remembering. Such determination was so typical of Jennifer. Now she was married and gone. As suddenly as she had one day decided to be a child no longer, she had also one day chosen her mate, and, having chosen, obstinately overridden her parents' objections. And there had been many to override, for both Mary and Gerald had had deep misgivings. Not about age, for Jenn was twenty-one and Barton Hunt twenty-two, or even about the suddenness of their decision, though it had been sudden. These were the reasons they gave to Jennifer, but they were not the real reasons.

"Are you worried?" Mary asked Gerald one day soon after Jennifer's announcement.

"Yes."

"About the boy?"

"Yes."

And they said no more. They had not needed to. The boy, Barton Hunt, wore both his hair and his pants a little too long. He was lean and hollow-cheeked, so that he always managed to look both lonely and hungry. He had an unexpectedly low and gravelly voice that had earned him the nickname "Bark." Somehow Mary had known even before she was told that this boy was an orphan, and had been an orphan for a long time. It was as predictable as night following day that even in the vastness of the university, Jennifer would find this boy and bring him home with her.

All the days of her life Jenn had been bringing home the homeless. Mary did not know whether it was because Jennifer sought them out or because they found her. Or perhaps it was some complicated magnetic force that drew them together. She had a sudden picture of Jenn at the age of nine, indignant and fiercely protective, clutching a black woolly dog that she had somehow kept hidden in the backyard for two days.

"I won't give him back. I won't. He threw him down and kicked him!"

"But, honey, the puppy belongs to Bobby," Mary had said helplessly.

"I don't care. Bobby's mean." Privately Mary agreed, but in the end she made Jenn return the dog. Jenn cried all night, but the next day she went about her business serenely, and Mary thought the incident was closed. Only much later had Jennifer confided her solution: "I told Bobby if he clouted the dog I'd clout him."

The sick, the homeless, and the mistreated had always held some special attraction for Jennifer, and now, it seemed, she had committed the ultimate in charity by marrying one of them.

There had been no doubt in Jenn's mind, of course. "You'll love him, Mother," she had said, as simply and as emphatically as she had once told a bird with a broken wing, "You'll fly again." And so he had—up and away into the bright blue, leaving Jenn to watch vainly for his return.

"I want her to be cherished," Mary told Gerald that night.

"I do, too," he said. "But we can't protect her forever, you know."

Gerald was a rock—to her. But he knew as well as she that neither of them had ever been able to protect Jenn. All they had been able to do was hope—as they hoped now—that since she chose to wear her heart on her sleeve, the world would see it there and brush by gently.

They were to stop by tonight, Jenn and this strange boy who was now her husband, on their way back to the university, where each had one more term to go. The fact that they had not quite finished school would have been a good arguing point, but Bark had been quick to point out that he was quite able to care for Jennifer financially, and, according to him, every other way. He was working at an outside job besides attending classes, and was already on his way to being a very good businessman.

They arrived finally, late, just as Mary had almost given them up, smelling of the cold and of the sea.

Bark came in and Jenn was right behind him, holding her hand up under her coat as if in pain, and Mary felt a quick stab of alarm. But as soon as she was inside Jenn pulled out her hand and they saw that she held a kitten, soft yellow and white, which she put on the rug by the fire.

"Would you believe anyone could be so cruel as to leave a kitten on a deserted shore in the dead of winter?" she demanded.

"Are you sure?" Mary asked gently.

"We found him."

"Sure that he didn't really belong to someone, I mean."

"He was starving, Mother," Jenn said definitely.

Bark came to stand beside Jenn, and his arm went about her shoulders. "That's right. She's been feeding that cat for a week."

"Guess I'll just have to keep him," Mary murmured.

"Oh, we'll find room for him," Bark said quickly. "In a way he was kind of like a honeymoon present. I mean, I discovered some interesting things about your daughter."

He colored slightly but went on gamely. "She's attracted to things—or they're attracted to her . . ." Again he hesitated, and then there was genuine amusement in his voice. "To tell the truth, I'm beginning to wonder what is wrong with me."

Mary had dropped her eyes, thinking he was trying to be facetious, but at his last words her startled gaze rose to his. And seeing the complete candor in his brown eyes, she knew one thing—he had read and correctly interpreted their concern.

"Don't worry," he said gravely, as if he were answering a direct question. "Whatever her reason for marrying me, I'm glad."

Mary continued to look at him. Love sees very deeply, she thought, past all the exterior things. Love sees the winter of the heart—and love brings the spring. How could she have forgotten that? Haircuts and tailoring are not criteria for judging people.

She was not startled to hear Bark's gravelly chuckle. She felt the beginnings of a long sigh, and suddenly she felt like laughing herself.

Jenn had stooped to run her fingers through the kitten's soft fur, and at their laughter she raised her head. "Are you laughing at me?" she asked.

Bark put his hand on her hair lightly. "Not at you, Jenn," he said. "Never at you."

(Copyright)



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899478

If your mirror doesn't show what you want to see . . .

*Fabulous*

# slenderella

*will make you the figure you ought to be!*

Reduce while you **relax** with Slenderella—the world's leading slenderising system for the world's loveliest women.

Slenderella will **peel inches** off your waist, tummy, hips, thighs. Slenderella will **improve your posture,** give you a wonderful lift, firm you, mould you, restore your line of beauty. You'll **tingle and glow** from head to toe. You'll love it!

No starvation diet. Not a gymnasium. No steam baths. No disrobing. You slenderise in privacy.

Phone or call for an appointment. Come to an air-conditioned Slenderella Salon for a **FREE** demonstration, figure analysis and trial treatment.
We'll coax your body into luscious new lines. It's safe. It's scientific. It's relaxing and satisfying.

**Chin and neck! . . .** Slenderella gives new, youthful firmness. **Bust! . . .** Slenderella firms up sagging tissues. **Waist! . . .** Slenderella slims down midriff. **Tummy! . . .** Slenderella flattens flabby muscles. **Hips! . . .** Slenderella melts off ugly bumps and bulges. **Thighs! . . .** Slenderella tones and lightens lazy skin. **Calves! . . .** Slenderella trims and tapers heavy legs.

***Reduce while you relax with***

# slenderella
INTERNATIONAL

SALON: 181 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.
PHONES: 614983, 615288.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899479

# Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6148, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

**F7085.** — Girl's lace-trimmed pyjamas with long sleeves. Sizes 12, 14, 16, and 18. Require: 5yds. 36in. material; 4½yds. ⅝in. lace edging. Price 4/6.

**F5681.** — Girl's tapered slacks and shirt blouse. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Require: Slacks, ¾ to 1¼yds. 54in. material; blouse, 1⅛ to 1⅞yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

**F7092.**—Young girl's full-skirted frock with long bow tie. Sizes 8, 10, 12 years. Requires: 2¼ to 2¾yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

**F7527.** — Smart two-piece of straight skirt and fitted top. Sizes 12, 14, 16, and 18. Requires: "A" ⅞ length sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material; "B" short sleeves, 3⅝yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

**F7012.** — Child's slacks and jacket set. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Require: ⅞ to 1¼yds. 54in. check material; ¾ to 1¼yds. 54in. plain. Price 4/-.

**F7505.** — Smart fitted frock with flap pocket trim. Sizes 12, 14, 16, and 18. Requires: Three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in.; short sleeves, 3⅛yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 824.—CHILD'S LONG NIGHTGOWN**
Small girl's warm nightgown with lace trim is cut out to make in turella in pink, pale green, lemon, and blue. Sizes 2 to 3 years, 25/9; 4 to 5 years, 27/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

**No. 825.—DUCHESSE SET**
Three-piece set is cut out and traced to embroider on cream or white Irish linen. Price 6/11 plus 1/6 postage.

**No. 826.—NOVELTY POT-HOLDERS**
Novelty designs available on pot-holders ready made in velveteen of assorted colors. Price 3/9 each, plus 5d postage, or set of three, 9/9, plus 11d postage.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

# Dress Sense

**By BETTY KEEP**

**D8525. — Dress and jacket ensemble in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and 2 to 2½yds. 36in. lining. Price 5/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**

• ***This ensemble in lightweight wool was chosen in answer to many requests in this week's mail.***

HERE is part of one of the numerous letters, with my reply:

***"Would you please design a frock and matching jacket for which I could obtain a paper pattern in 34in. bust size? I want the outfit smart and plain. The beltless style suits my figure best."***

The ensemble illustrated above answers your design problem. The dress is beltless, as requested, the jacket has a gently curved front and novel closing. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

***"Do you think a woman who has to wear glasses should wear a hat? Most millinery styles seem designed for pretty, youthful faces."***

Of course she should, but nothing eccentric. A classic small-brimmed design is a good choice for the medium or short woman, and a wide-brimmed classic for the woman with height.

***"What would be the best sort of suit for a girl of 16? I don't want to look too old or too schoolgirlish."***

A blazer suit is one of the best suit looks I know for your age group; it can be made in any fabric and is grown-up without being old. Try one in any of these materials: Off-white (washable) corduroy, black-and-white check with a white shirt, emerald-green jersey with a navy braid trimming. You probably have ideas of your own.

***"Is there any type of fashion that will help to make me look slimmer? I am in my late fifties and stout."***

An easy-fit straight jacket will disguise heaviness through the middle. (Be sure the jacket is not too short; its actual length will depend on your own figure proportions.) A coat-dress buttoned down the front will break the width of the figure. A V-neckline is slimming, so are narrow revers. When making a fabric choice avoid shiny thick fabric and large prints.

***"Is an Empire-line frock suitable for a maternity party frock?"***

Yes — and I think it is one of the prettiest lines for maternity wear.

***"Could you suggest a style for very fine wool? The frock is to wear under a coat, and later on its own. I want it simple but smart. Do you think a frock without sleeves would be suitable?"***

Have the dress made with sleeves. Sleeveless styles are disappearing, and the sleeved dress is going to be a very important spring fashion. An easy-fit shift is the most popular current dress design and will continue to be for spring.

***"Please tell me what color skirt I could combine with a pink shirt. Also what color costume jewellery."***

Burgundy for the skirt and white or gold for the jewellery.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899480

● Accidents don't just "happen." A set of circumstances, which, with a little foresight, could have been avoided, all too often costs a life or results in injury and pain. A careful hunt through the house — before an accident happens — will reveal hazards. But when, despite precautions, there IS an accident, knowing what to do in the emergency can save a life or prevent permanent injury . . .

# HOME SAFETY GUIDE

## BURNS, scalds

DON'T set hot glassware on wet or cold surfaces, since the glassware may break or crack, spilling hot contents on to hands or feet.

When folding the ironed clothes, make sure the iron is firmly propped up so that it cannot drop on to the floor or be pulled over.

**When ironing, keep hands away as much as possible from the hot parts of the iron. Use a well-balanced, rigid ironing-board, preferably with a non-inflammable cover.**

Buy cooking utensils that are well balanced and have safe, flat bottoms. Always turn handles of cooking utensils inwards on gas and electric stoves or on your work area so that they cannot be knocked off or pulled off by children. At the same time, don't have the handles placed over a lighted burner or element.

Never use a damp dish-towel when handling hot saucepans. Use a proper dry pot-holder or oven mittens. A damp cloth in contact with heat can create scalding steam.

Keep hot foods and liquids in the centre of the table when children are about, and never let tablecloths hang over the edge of the table where they can be pulled off.

When lighting the gas oven stand to one side, lighting the match **before** turning on the gas tap.

### Have safe utensils

Make sure handles of cooking utensils are firm and secure, and when draining food from saucepans hold both the handle and the lid with a pot-holder.

Arrange work surfaces so that the carrying of saucepans full of hot food or liquid is reduced to a minimum.

**When lifting the lid from a hot saucepan always tilt it toward you so steam escapes away from you.**

When frying, fill the pan only one-third full of fat; don't put wet food into the fat because it will spatter; use kitchen tongs for removing foods; don't let the fat get so hot it spatters and burns.

Never plunge your hands unthinkingly into hot water. Try the temperature cautiously as the water comes out of the tap.

Discard useless and potentially dangerous kitchen equipment such as kettles without lids.

**FIRST AID:** The best and quickest emergency treatment is to plunge the burned skin into iced water. It not only relieves pain but helps prevent blistering and aids healing. It will not damage the burned skin.

Keep the burned area under water until the sting goes, or wrap in towels soaked in iced water. Don't put greasy ointments or fatty substances such as butter on burns.

A person with extensive burns should be wrapped in a clean sheet or towel and taken to a hospital at once.

● BE CAUTIOUS WITH TAPS

## CHOKING

ADULTS should not hold between their lips pins, needles, or nails.

Parents should keep away from small children all objects — such as buttons, marbles, pins — on which they could choke. If a doll or teddy-bear has a loose eye that a child could pull off and put in his mouth, repair the toy or remove the danger.

**FIRST AID:** Bend a choking adult head down and slap him vigorously between the shoulder-blades.

If the child is choking turn him upside down, holding him by the ankles or legs, and slap him between the shoulder-blades.

Don't push fingers down the patient's throat in the hope of grasping the object. This may push it farther down and cause it to lodge in the windpipe. Never try to make the patient vomit. Get a doctor if the object cannot be moved.

## CUTS

TAKE care of pins and needles when sewing. Keep them in boxes or in pincushions, never stick them in clothes or in furniture.

Scissors are very dangerous. Never leave them or any other sharp objects in your lap while sewing. When passing them to someone, hand them handle first, never throw. Store them in a safe place.

Treat your sewing-machine with respect, keeping fingers away from sewing-machine needle, and operate it slowly when learning to use it. When not actually in use switch off and remove plug from power-point.

In the kitchen, don't use utensils with sharp corners or rough edges. Use knives with cutting edges away from the body, but keep them sharp to avoid using pressure when working with them. Take care when washing knives. Do them individually and don't leave them in water; store them carefully and safely.

Buy can-openers that leave a smooth edge, and always use a suitable tool for prising lids off jars, etc. Never use a knife for this purpose.

Don't let your children play with toys that have rough edges, awkward corners, or broken parts. Store empty bottles and jars in boxes while awaiting garbage collection, not loose in sheds or garages where they can get accidentally broken.

Store tools — especially those with sharp edges — on proper shelves or racks in the toolshed or garage. Use a wooden pusher or other tool when pushing food into the mincer. Don't push it in with your fingers.

Discard used razorblades; store those for future use in a metal container, well away from children. Place sharp metal or broken dishes, glasses, or bottles into the garbage-tin in well-wrapped packages.

**FIRST AID:** Apply direct pressure to stop heavy bleeding. Place a thick pad of clean material (sterile gauze is most effective) over the wound and apply pressure with the hand. As soon as possible apply a bandage to hold the material in place.

A piece of clothing or even a bare hand pressed over the wound is better th: doing nothing in an extreme emergency. Hand or finger pressure on a pressure point (**see illustration below**) between the wound and the heart may stop persistent bleeding.

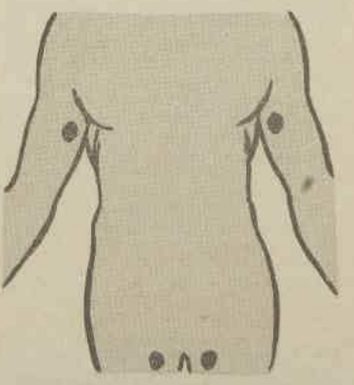
A tourniquet should be applied only when bleeding cannot be stopped by any other method. It is dangerous if used by someone not familiar with it.

When bleeding stops the patient should be kept quiet and the wound elevated. A solution of a half teaspoon each of salt and baking-soda dissolved in two pints of warm water and sipped helps replace body fluid lost from excessive bleeding and subsequent shock.

## ELECTRICITY

IF you must have a heating unit in the bathroom, make it a high wall fixture — placed on the wall away from the bath.

Renew faulty equipment — unsafe electric plugs, spent light-globes, frayed cords, defective light switches — at once. Avoid overloading electrical circuits and keep spare fuses on hand, as well as a candle or electric torch near the fusebox. Know how to change a fuse or to reset a circuit breaker if used instead of a fuse.



● BLEEDING PRESSURE POINTS

When using extension cords don't drape them across work areas, around pipes, hooks, under rugs, or anywhere they can be exposed to wear, damage, or prove a hazard to anyone walking near them. Never put your hand inside a radio or television set.

**Don't let children poke anything, such as a knitting needle or bobby-pin, into power points. Preferably install "safety" sockets.**

Keep electric-light globes, when lit, away from inflammable material such as clothing, curtains, or walls. See that electric heaters are not placed where they can tip over.

Always dry your hands thoroughly before connecting or disconnecting electrical equipment, and make sure you are standing on a dry surface. It is even dangerous to touch electrical equipment when perspiring excessively.

When plugging in, **connect** to the appliance first, then to the wall outlet. Always **disconnect** from the wall first and then from the appliance.

Never allow cords or motors of electrical appliances — electric frying-pans, mixers, jugs, etc. — to be immersed in water. Don't let cords dangle—they can pull the plug out of the socket or cause someone to stumble over them.

When your electric mixer is in operation always use a flexible scraper, never a metal fork, spoon, or spatula.

Provide adequate and permanent lighting in dark storage areas, on gloomy stairs, and in passageways, and in rooms where

● To page 36

## HOW TO TELEPHONE IN AN EMERGENCY

**INSTRUCTIONS on how to make an emergency telephone call may seem elementary, but in a state of worry or panic callers often omit vital information when calling for help.**

**First, keep in a prominent place a list of numbers which you might have to call in an emergency. They should include those of your doctor (and two others), hospital, ambulance, taxi, chemist, police and fire departments, gas, electricity, and water supply authorities and a near neighbor. (See page 37.)**

**When phoning, tell the person at the other end the number of your house and the street. If it is dark, a brief description of the house could help quick identification.**

**Describe as fully as possible the nature of the problem — a fire, a burn, a bad cut or fall. If you can tell, say what kind of help you need.**

**DON'T slam down the receiver as soon as you have finished speaking. The listener may have missed a vital piece of information and want to check on it again. In any case, try not to panic. Essential information given clearly and quickly could save a life.**



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899481

# HOME SAFETY GUIDE (continued)

● From page 35

you work at sewing or other eye-straining activities.

In the laundry make sure permanently connected electrical equipment — the washing-machine, dryer, etc, — are properly earthed at the time of installation.

Disconnect appliances from the wall socket by pulling on the plug, not by the cord.

### Cool before storing

**Never:**

- Plug into a light socket any electrical domestic appliance; light wiring is not made to take them.
- Put an electric frying-pan into water without disconnecting it.
- Use a cord plug which has a loose nut or screw.
- Put a knife or fork into an electric toaster.

**Always:**

- Check current recommended for appliance before connecting.
- Check on instruction books for safety precautions and directions for use of appliances.
- Disconnect equipment before cleaning.
- Allow appliances to cool before putting away.
- Store electrical cords away from sharp instruments like files or knives which could damage the insulation.
- Avoid touching metal — such as stands or pipes — while switching on electricity.

**FIRST AID:** A victim of electric shock should not be touched while he is still in contact with the electric current. This could also endanger the rescuer.

If indoors, the plug should be pulled out or current shut off before pulling the victim free. Outside, a dry unpainted pole or rope should be used to lift the wire from the victim.

Mouth-to-mouth respiration should be started at once (see page 37). Don't go for medical help if you are administering it; send someone else. Keep on with the respiration until the victim breathes again or until a doctor pronounces the victim dead. Maintain the victim's body warmth, but avoid excessive heating until medical help arrives.

● FOLLOW APPLIANCE DIRECTIONS

## EYE, object in

NEVER try to remove a particle which is deeply embedded in the eye. Use an eyedropper to try to wash it out. Gentle treatment is necessary if the eye is not to be damaged, and if the object cannot be removed by gentle washing a doctor should be called.

Dangerous liquids — such as acid, petrol, or other chemicals — splashed into the eye should be washed out. Cups of cold water poured into the inner corner of the eye and allowed to run to the outer corner should be applied for five minutes.

Use only water in treating an eye injury. Other treatment could permanently damage the eye.

## FALLS, BUMPS

HAVE the kitchen arranged so that large appliances and equipment — such as the range and the refrigerator — do not protrude excessively, and cause bumps or falls.

Variations in heights and gaps between kitchen equipment are not only unattractive but also dangerous for working, so try to have working surfaces at even heights and flush with cooking range and refrigerator.

Have all areas such as cupboards and stairs well lighted. Keep sides of baby's cot up at all times, and never leave the child alone where he might fall. Keep windows securely guarded while children are small, screens and doors at the head of stairs securely locked.

### Put toys away

Train children to put toys away and not leave them on the floor where they can be tripped over. Dress them in well-fitting clothes and firm-soled shoes so they can run and jump about in safety without danger of tripping or slipping. See that footwear on children and adults is always kept in good repair, and wear low-heeled shoes when working in and around the house.

Replace worn or broken cords on household ladders and window sashes.

Bare floors should always be kept in good repair, with no wide cracks, rough areas, loose boards or tiles, or uneven patches. Replace worn floor coverings.

All spilled matter, such as grease and food, should be wiped up at once. A floor-cloth or roll of household paper towels should be kept nearby for the purpose. Always pick up objects from the floor—toys, parcels, even tiny elastic bands, hair-pins, paper-clips, needles. Don't have unsafe mats and rugs about. Rubber backing makes mats safer.

### Care with polishing

Be careful when polishing floors. When you polish make sure the job is done thoroughly, the floor quite clear of traces of soap, detergent, or other cleaners before applying the polish, and use the polish only as a very thin coat. Don't polish stairs or leave objects on them.

Always close cupboard doors and drawers and keep them closed to avoid bumps and bruises.

Wear rubber-soled shoes if possible in the laundry or other damp floor areas.

Avoid carrying loads so big you cannot see where you are walking.

**FIRST AID:** Apply a cold compress following the sprain or bruise. Elevate the injured part in the case of a sprain and make the patient rest. If there is serious injury or strapping seems necessary, medical advice should be sought.

While awaiting medical attention for a major injury there are things you can do to help the victim.

In serious head injuries the patient should be kept lying down, warm and quiet, with the head elevated.

With suspected limb fractures, keep the patient warm and quiet, but do not attempt to straighten the injured limb. Cover any broken skin with a sterile dry dressing, and don't try to clean it yourself.

A patient with a suspected fracture should only be moved by someone with special knowledge who has been able to apply a splint to the injured limb.

**● Information for this feature was supplied by the National Safety Council of Australia.**

● NEVER OBSTRUCT VISION

## FIRE

A FEW pounds invested in a domestic fire extinguisher is money wisely spent. Use fire-resistant fabrics — curtains, covers, etc. — where possible.

Store inflammable liquids — such as kerosene, petrol, lighter-fluid — away from the house in fireproof metal containers, always labelled and with lids. Never use wood or cardboard boxes to hold ashes from stoves or fireplaces. Always use a covered metal container.

Many fires and explosions are caused by the misuse of heaters, stoves, and lamps. Keep them clean and in good condition, and always follow manufacturers' instructions. Never pour kerosene on wood or coal fires to start them, nor to keep them going.

Store matches well out of the reach of children. Wear sensible and well-fitting clothes when working near a fire — no fluffy sweaters or other inflammable garments, no loose-flowing sleeves, full skirts, or panels.

Keep boxes of baking-soda in the kitchen ready to put out small fires caused by grease, oil, paint, or varnish. Water only spreads this type of fire. Keep storage areas free of any inflammable material.

Keep kindling, rubbish, or anything similar that is inflammable away from stoves or fireplaces, and wrap up dust from a vacuum cleaner or spilt flour and put it in the garbage tin. This kind of dusty material is explosive and should never be burnt.

Never use inflammable cleaning fluids or petrol indoors. Paint-removers and volatile solvent paints should be used only in well-ventilated rooms. Never search for things in dark cupboards with a lighted match, always use an electric torch. Never smoke in bed.

Renew at once all loose or broken parts of firescreens. Also replace broken radiants of gas fires or unsafe elements in electric fires. Always use a funnel or metal connection when pouring petrol from one container to another.

Have fuel boilers, fireplaces, and gas ranges repaired promptly, and keep grease containers well away from them. Throw away old dusters impregnated with oil, grease, paint, polish.

**Move unwanted rubbish from attics or basements. Old papers, wrappings, or cardboard boxes, old rags, clothes, or dusters are fire hazards.**

Try to have the kitchen range and the hot-water boiler well away from windows. Draughts from the windows can send curtains fluttering dangerously over the heat from the stove or boiler. This rule applies also to the placing of rails for drying tea-cloths and towels, which can easily fall on to heating units or burners.

**IF YOUR HOUSE CATCHES FIRE:** Get everyone out of the house at once. Every second counts, as fumes or smoke can overcome people in minutes, and fire spreads very quickly.

Call the fire brigade after you have got everyone out of the house. Don't make the call from the premises, since the fire could be endangering you while you are telephoning.

If the fire is small enough for you to put out yourself use water — from a hose or bucket — for wood, cloth, or paper fires. Petrol fires should be put out by smothering with a blanket or rug. Don't use water. Remember, if the fire has been caused by an electric fire or appliance, turn off the current before dousing the source with water.

If you wake in the night and smell smoke yet are not sure whether a fire has already started, don't jump out of bed and fling open the door. It is your protection against fumes and flames.

### Test heat of door

Feel the panels and doorknob first to see if they are warm. If the door is warm, don't open it. Fumes and flames may rush in and engulf you. Get out by a window instead, stuffing rugs and blankets at the base of the door to keep out smoke.

If you are not on a ground floor don't jump from a window until you are sure it is the only thing to do. Throw out a mattress first to soften your landing.

If a door is cool open it carefully, being ready to close it again if you see smoke or flames outside.

**Never re-enter a burning building. The person or possession you are going in to save may already have been rescued.**

In any case, many a tragic accident could be prevented by having a simple family fire drill. First try to arrange two escape routes from every room in the house, and make sure every member of the family knows the plan. Stairways should not be relied on too much because they are usually the first places to be affected by fire and smoke.

Verandahs or garage roofs should be counted as possible safety spots while waiting for rescue. A rope ladder stored in an upstairs room could be a life-saver in a multi-storey house.

Every member of the family should be encouraged to sleep with doors closed, as the door greatly lengthens the time you have for escape. Everyone should know how to test a door to judge whether there is fire or smoke on the other side.

Most important of all . . . decide on a rendezvous outside the house, in the garden or at the front gate, where everyone should meet in the event of having to escape from the house.

That way everyone will be accounted for and there need be no unnecessary attempt to go back for a person who is already safe.

**FIRST AID:** See BURNS.

● MATCHES, CHILDREN DON'T MIX



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899482

## GASSING

GET the victim of household gassing into the fresh air as soon as possible. Open all doors and windows and turn off gas at source. Give artificial respiration if required, then call a doctor.

## POISON

USE lead-free paint on all indoor surfaces. Children might lick paint or eat flakes.

Throw away surplus, old, or unlabelled medicine bottles and pills.

Store oil, petrol, kerosene, garden sprays, insecticides in labelled and approved containers. Never leave them in beverage bottles, jam jars, or old food tins.

Medicines in current use should be kept in locked cupboards or drawers, well out of children's reach. Keep the key handy, however, for emergencies.

Never leave sleeping pills or drugs on bedside tables where a sleepy person can accidentally take an overdose. Keep them in the medicine chest in another room so that the person taking them is well awake at the time.

Keep medicine and drug bottles clearly labelled. A piece of transparent tape over the label will keep it clean and easily readable.

Keep household cleaning materials, detergents, and other common household products on high shelves where children cannot reach them. Ideally, all questionable material should be under lock and key, because quite small children can drag chairs and reach high shelves.

Destroy useless liquids — such as old paint or varnish remover, polishes, etc. — which may be lying around in lidless containers.

Teach children never to pick up objects in the house or garden and eat them — especially plants and berries. Never put poisons in cupboards used for food storage.

To prevent poisoning from fumes, other than household gas, don't use barbecue grills indoors. Heaters should be properly vented. Don't leave a car or lawn-mower motor powered by petrol running in a shed, garage, or other enclosed space.

Carbon tetrachloride should not be used for dry-cleaning clothes idoors. Beware of concentrated fumes of varnishes, lacquers, paints, or other chemicals. Remember, no smoking near them.

**FIRST AID:** If someone has accidentally taken poison, first don't try to remember complicated antidotes. Dilute the poison by making the victim drink as much water as possible—at least two cups for children under five, two pints for older children.

• CLEAR OUT MEDICINE CHEST

Induce vomiting except where the poison is a strong acid which has caused burns around or inside the mouth (as would kerosene, carbolic or sulphuric acids).

Use a blunt spoon or a finger to tickle the back of the throat, or depress the back of the tongue, to cause vomiting. This only applies if the victim is conscious. An unconscious person or one suffering convulsions could choke to death if vomiting was induced.

Call a doctor or have someone else call him immediately. Try to tell him the poison, and follow his instructions implicitly. The victim should be kept warm and given artificial respiration if required. In any case, get an unconscious victim to the nearest hospital as soon as possible, taking with you the poison remaining or the empty container which held it. You may waste precious time experimenting with antidotes. Plain water is just as good.

## SHOCK

SYMPTOMS of shock are pallor, weakness, perspiration, and mental confusion. Call a doctor, but meanwhile keep the patient warm and dry, keep him on his back with his head low. Avoid overheating, and give the patient plenty of reassurance.

## GENERAL

HAVE adequate storage space in the kitchen for small appliances — toasters, mixers, electric jugs — when not in use. They can be easily knocked down if balanced on open shelves.

Door catches on stoves and cupboards should work properly, with an extra secure "nip" which makes them difficult for small children to open.

Lift a child up occasionally and let him see what is going on above his eye-level. This will help to satisfy his curiosity and discourage him from investigating for himself.

Tidy work surfaces while you are preparing food is a wise precaution. Accidents are less likely to happen to orderly cooks. Know how to turn off utilities — gas, electricity, water — at the mains.

**At least one member of the family should take a first-aid course, and a first-aid kit should always be available for an emergency. Replace supplies when used.**

Don't ask small children to do things beyond their capabilities, such as fetching and carrying heavy or glass objects, sharp knives, or scissors.

The best way to teach your child safety is to set him a good example. Never let him see you doing anything dangerous. Don't show a child how **not** to do things, because he'll always try to do it the wrong way. Make safety rules for your children and see that they keep them.

Throw away unwanted plastic bags. These are a real hazard to small children, who can easily suffocate while playing with them. Don't keep old tins, jars, or bottles in basements or under the house. They can harbor poisonous spiders or snakes.

Discard chipped kitchen enamelware. Flakes of enamel, if chipped or cracked from a dish or saucepan, can get into food.

Most falls occur in the bathroom, so a safety handrail on the edge of the bath or on the wall is a good safety measure.

Never leave a baby alone in a bath — not even for a moment. See that ponds, cisterns, and swimming-pools on your property are always fenced when children are around. Teach your child to swim as soon as possible.

Have plenty of lower shelves in bedrooms and storage rooms for storing heavy objects, and store equipment as close as possible to areas in which it will be used to avoid unnecessary carrying of heavy articles.

Have shelves sufficiently strong and securely fitted to avoid sagging or collapsing when holding heavy materials — crockery, glassware, heavy toys, suitcases, etc.

## MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESPIRATION

LAY the patient on his back and clear his mouth of obstructions. Tilt the head back by lifting the neck and pushing the crown. The mouth will now be at an angle of 45 degrees to the ground.

**Inflate the patient's lungs by placing your mouth over his (hard enough to make a perfect seal), pinching his nostrils to close them, and blowing. Place your mouth over a tiny child's mouth AND NOSE.**

**After the first inflation, break mouth contact and listen and watch to see if the patient exhales. If he does not, check that the patient's tongue is not obstructing the air passage, and after rolling him on his side slap vigorously between the shoulder-blades to dislodge any throat blockage.**

**Continue mouth-to-mouth respiration until the patient is breathing normally.**

**If the patient is an adult blow vigorously every five seconds; if a small child one light breath every three seconds is required. Call a doctor as soon as possible.**

• HELP CHILDREN "EXPLORE"

CUT OUT AND DISPLAY

## EMERGENCY CALLS

- **DOCTOR** .....
  - Address .....
  - Surgery phone .....
  - Home phone .....
- **DOCTOR** .....
  - Address .....
  - Surgery phone .....
  - Home phone .....
- **DOCTOR** .....
  - Address .....
  - Surgery phone .....
  - Home phone .....
- **AMBULANCE** .....
  - Phone .....
- **HOSPITAL** .....
  - Address .....
  - Phone .....
- **TAXI** .....
  - Phone .....
- **POLICE** .....
  - Phone .....
- **FIRE BRIGADE** .....
  - Phone .....
- **GAS SUPPLY** .....
  - Phone .....
- **ELECTRICITY SUPPLY** .....
  - Phone .....
- **WATER SUPPLY** .....
  - Phone .....
- **CHEMIST** .....
  - Phone .....
- **NEIGHBOR** .....
  - Phone .....



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899483

## BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

*ELEGANT lampshade is trimmed with braid, glued or sewn on top.*

# HOW TO MAKE A LAMPSHADE

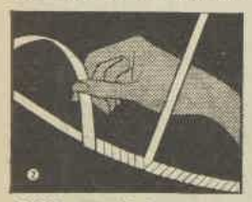
***• A smart, tailored lampshade is one of the most attractive accessories a room can have. Here we show how to make an unlined shade by bonding the lampshade fabric to stiff buckram.***

AN unlined lampshade can be made from any fabric that withstands a hot iron.

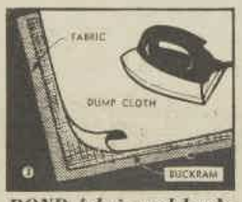
Silk, linen, hessian, cotton, chintz are suitable fabrics, but synthetics such as rayon and nylon are not.

To make the lampshade shown above, buy a drum-shaped metal frame. Standard frames have six struts, but those with only two are better for an unlined shade.

*DRAW pattern by tracing frame on paper.*



*BIND metal frame top and bottom with tape.*




*BOND fabric and buckram with a hot iron.*

Handicraft sections in most large department stores can obtain on order these frames with two struts in any size.

To estimate fabric quantity measure height of frame and circumference of bottom circle, allowing ½in. extra for a side seam. Buy equal amounts of lampshade fabric and buckram.

**To make pattern:** Hold frame firmly on its side on a piece of paper. From a marked point on top circle of frame draw a line against the top ring, gradually rolling the shade along the paper until you again meet the marked spot. (See diagram 1.)

Rest frame top on line just drawn and repeat for bottom ring. Join open ends of pattern with a straight line. Cut out paper pattern, allowing ½in. all round.

Hold pattern against frame to check accuracy before cutting fabric.

Cut lampshade fabric and buckram from this pattern.

**To make:** Lay fabric right side down on ironing-board, place buckram on top, match edges, then cover with a damp cloth. Press with a very hot iron to bond the two materials.

To get a strong bond, if working with heavier fabric (such as hessian, coarsely woven linen or wool), mix a solution of gum arabic and water and paint on wrong side of fabric. When almost dry, bond fabric.

Should any wrinkles appear, spray the fabric lightly with water, cover with an ironing cloth, and press with hot iron again. A perfume atomiser makes an ideal spray.

Wait until material is cold and dry before handling.

Once the cover is prepared, the next step is the frame. Bind top and bottom circles with ½in. cotton tape. Lap tape diagonally over half of previous turn as in diagram 2. Do not bind struts. Binding must be extremely tight to support cover.

Lay cover over frame with side edges overlapping and level with a strut. Sew or glue a flat side seam.

Pin top and bottom edges to binding on frame. Press pin points only through fabric into the tape, not the whole pin. Top sew, using small, close-together stitches. Cut away excess fabric close to stitches.

**NEXT WEEK: Do your own concreting.**


## Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
- All normal architect's services available
- Alterations to suit site if wanted.

Phone or call at your local Centre at:

**Sydney:** Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220.
**Melbourne:** Myers (32044).
**Hobart:** FitzGeralds (27221).
**Adelaide:** 47 South Terrace (51-1798)
**Brisbane:** McWhirters (50121).
**Toowoomba:** Pigotts (2-1733).
**Perth:** Western Building Centre (21-4788).

**Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.**

**Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.**

**COUPON**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....STATE.....

☐ **Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)**

☐ **Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)**


# AT HOME *with*

## *Margaret Sydney*

**• I've always thought of the whole of Victoria's reign as a ponderously stuffy time when decorum was prized above everything else and where piety had taken such a lugubrious turn that even the pictures that crowded Victorian drawing-room walls had to be turned face about on the Sabbath.**

IT'S interesting to discover that when Victoria first came to the throne she ushered in an era of lightness and gayness and unconventionality that shocked the august London "Times" into taking her to task for the "petty artificial world in which she lived," the "evil influences which surrounded her," and the unsuitable people who were invited to dine at her table.

I've been reading "The Victorian Home," by Ralph Dutton, which was published by B. T. Batsford in London in 1954 and gives a fascinating picture of the many changes in domestic life and fashion that went on during the long era called "Victorian."

Incidentally, it's a lavishly illustrated book and pretty expensive — one to borrow from a library if you can.

When Victoria came to the throne the terrific clutter that we think of as Victorian interior decoration hadn't come into vogue. **Rooms were still light and pretty, furnished with rosewood furniture and draped with muslins and silks so that the windows weren't obscured, and light flowed.**

*It's a bit puzzling to imagine what caused the change within a few years. Could it have been Prince Albert's influence that made her tire of lightness and prettiness and decorate her residences with the sombre draperies and solid furniture that were soon universally accepted by her subjects?*

### *Claustrophobia of the wildest kind . . .*

THE book has pictures of some of the rooms at Balmoral—rooms that would induce the wildest claustrophobia in most moderns.

The bedrooms are carpeted wall-to-wall in heavy Stuart tartan, the wallpapers are dark backgrounds starred in red or gold, and the woodwork is chocolate-brown.

The beds and windows are fustily curtained with light-excluding materials, the rooms are littered with occasional tables and whatnots and painted screens, and every horizontal surface is cluttered with albums and vases and photographs amid clocks and wax flowers and miscellaneous junk. What fun to be responsible for the dusting!

**Nobody had coined the phrase "status symbol" in those days, but that's all the Victorian's home was to the rich man. It had to be BIG, to show he was doing well.**

The drawing-room had to be absolutely stuffed with bric-a-brac, and luxurious plush tablecloths and curtains, and loaded occasional tables to produce an air of the utmost lavishness (and to provide an obstacle race for ladies in crinolines?).

But the bedrooms could be left pretty uncomfortable, because they were seen only by the family and their most intimate friends.

*They went in for riotous color—Prussian blues, malachite greens, savage chrome yellows, crimsons, golds, purples, oranges, and scarlets all seemed to them to mix quite happily. Legs — even wooden ones — had to be covered, and cloths of rep and velvet and plush fringed with bobbles covered all the tables and pianos. Even pictures and decorative plates were often framed by squashy plaques of plush.*

### *And the kitchen was far, far away!*

THE kitchens, even in moderate-sized houses, were pretty good. It was regarded as essential to have a roasting range with a boiler, a roasting screen, stewing stoves heated by charcoal, a hotplate, a hot closet, and a hot table.

**And, of course, adequate staff to operate them. You didn't have to be really rich to afford £8 a year for a housemaid who worked a 16-hour day.**

In an effort to keep food smells out of the drawing-room, the kitchen was usually put as far away from the guests as it could possibly go, and the idea of having a dining-room connecting with a drawing-room was regarded as "a grievous informality."

Bathrooms were chilly places, furnished with a copper or painted iron bath raised on a step and sunk in a foot or two of polished mahogany.

Until I read this account of Victorian domestic arrangements I had always imagined that an earth closet was a small structure built in the back garden of houses that couldn't boast of a water closet.

*It was a much more elaborate thing than that, designed for people who had a bee in their bonnets about earth being more hygienic than water. First, soil had to be dried completely, then carried to the top of the house, where it was stored in a large tank. From there it descended through mazes of pipes to flush the various closets.*

### *Women's rights were a "mad, wicked folly"*

TOWARD the end of Victoria's reign conventions were beginning to ease again, and women were getting up to all sorts of awkward tricks like riding bicycles, showing their ankles, leaving the hoops out of their skirts, and wanting an education and the vote.

The aged Victoria had **no** patience with any of this.

"The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Women's Rights,' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor, feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety," she wrote in 1870.

**Thousands of women of all ages agreed with her. Even the changes in clothing didn't suit everyone's taste. "Wearing a crinoline was delightful," one woman is quoted as saying. "I've never been so comfortable since they went out. They kept your petticoat away from your legs and made walking so light and easy."**

*Maybe we've got that lightness and easiness back again, in the 1960s, with tapered slacks!*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899484

## Readers have their say

# THAT WORKING-WIFE DEBATE

**● In our issue of May 22 we featured two readers' stories discussing the case for and against the working wife. Since then, scores more readers have written their opinions. Four of their stories are told on this page. All have supplied names and addresses, but wish to be anonymous.**

## "Proud of working mother"

**● It makes me mad to hear working wives and mothers described as "selfish." I'm happy I had a working mother, and I don't believe you'd find a really selfish mother. If she's "selfish" about anything, it is her family's welfare.**

MY mother first took a job in a grocery store when I was ten. It was only for a short time while an aunt was ill, but it gave her experience and the taste of added income.

When I turned 13 and started at high school, my sister was then 10 and my brother eight.

All mothers know what an expensive time this can be and my father is only a wage-earner.

At the time we had a neat little house only partly paid for and sparingly furnished. The family car was old-time and cost poor Dad a mint to run it.

So things were pretty grim financially. Uniforms and school books, fees for this, and fees for that. My parents had hit hard times and they knew it, and Mum decided it was time to work.

She was lucky. She managed to get work behind a grocery-store counter only ten minutes' walking distance from home.

**The first year wasn't easy. Like a lot of today's children, we three were horribly spoiled. Mum had always done everything for us.**

But now we had to wake up to ourselves and pull our weight. Get straight out of bed in the mornings when we were called, make our own beds, and tidy our rooms.

Then, with the breakfast dishes done, our "housework" was complete and we were ready for school.

Before Mum left at 8.45 she would fix the vegetables for tea. Each one helped with the five cut lunches the night before and desserts for the following evening meal.

We each had our jobs to do, and I can honestly say there was never any stress, rushing, or arguments in the mornings as there are in some households I know. We just didn't have time.

After school I would prepare the tea and watch over the younger two playing with their friends. Then it was my homework time.

Things had changed after I went to work at 16.

By now the house was gradually being furnished as Mum had always wanted. Carpets, new curtains, and Mum's prize possession — a secondhand piano.

I learned to play while my sister took dancing classes, and we were Mum's pride and joy!

Mum always enjoyed her work behind the counter. She's a happy-go-lucky soul who makes friends easily, and the customers soon found in her a good friend.

Often she would sit at tea and discuss the funny events of the day: work was a wonderful outlet for her.

People often commented, especially the other lasses in the office where I worked, how tied down I must have been helping keep house.

Little did they know that I probably had as much free time as they, and no doubt enjoyed it doubly as much!

Now that I am married with two babies of my own, I look back on those happy years with pride. My parents didn't realise it then, but it was their form of "home education."

We two girls swiftly learned to balance a budget, cook varied and tasty meals, make and mend our own clothes, wash and iron, and clean a house.

My brother was handy in the garden, chopped and carted wood, and was always there for messages.

**I hope to be able to train my own family in the same constructive way. I am convinced a busy child is a happy child, and a busy family working together live contentedly together.**

To this day I have never regretted my mother taking on outside work, and I know the whole family will always be grateful. Not only did it help with the budget but it taught each of us the true meaning of "togetherness."

## Why defend it?

**● Why do working wives get the idea that they must DEFEND their position? And where do those who do not work get the idea it's any of their business?**

SO some wives want, or need, to work . . . well, let them work.

When haven't women been working, anyway?

**Back as far as historians can recall, women have been working somewhere, at something, for some reason.**

Any wife worth her salt does something to help with the family fortunes. Some contribute home - made clothes, grow their own vegetables, make their own bread, rear fowls for the table. The list is unending.

The "working wife" tag has become one which is applied solely to those wives who leave their own home and spend a given number of hours each day in the employ of another person.

What is wrong with this? At least they are capable or they would not be employed.

Over the years our rising standard of living — and of education — has perhaps led many of us to want many items which add much to life but aren't essential to it.

Someone, somewhere, always wants something. Wives work to obtain the money for these items; others to obtain the home.

Maybe women could save those extra pounds by making their own clothes, bread, soft furnishings; growing their own vegetables and rearing some of their meat.

But — by waiting until enough years had passed for these items to add to any great amount — the person involved would be placed well below what is now considered our living standard.

The tendency is today for young people either to expect — or be expected — to start marriage with as much as their parents ended with.

They themselves feel they require a certain standard for a happy life, so they go after it. THE WIFE WORKS. But at least they are honest.

The mistake is in thinking that possessions are the greatest thing in our lives.

We must accept, however, what we ourselves have created—a society which places all the emphasis on material possessions.

A society in which everything and everyone conspires to adulate the people with the ideal homes . . . whether or not they have a brain with which to bless themselves.

**So, while we accept a society with such values, we must accept working wives.**

We are on a fast-spinning wheel and those who ride it must expect the barbed comments on "working wives" just as those who stay off it must expect comments on their lack of possessions.

What we get in this life we WORK for, and it is solely up to us to decide whether what we are working for is worth while.

## A worthwhile result

**● In no time now my daughter, who is the oldest of eight children and the daughter of an average working man, will receive her Arts Degree.**

EVEN with the help of bursaries, it's been a long, hard struggle, but it's been well worth while.

I say this despite the fact that it meant I had to take a job myself, and despite the arguments so many people put up against educating a girl to tertiary standard.

**And despite all the hardships my daughter faced, too. To achieve her goal, I'm sure she has often felt the pangs of hunger.**

Also, while other girls of her age have been dressed in the latest fashions, gone to the best places, and holidayed in the swankiest resorts, she has made all her own clothes (and mine), stayed at home to study most weekends, and at holiday time has worked in hospitals, cafes, shops, etc., to earn enough to get her started for the next year.

Does SHE think it has all been worth it? She does, and often says she would do it again if she had to. Between the problems, there has been much happiness.

I myself know that, because I have lunched in the students' Union Hall, listened to them talk, watched their revues, read their magazine, etc.

These things, along with sport, dances, and parties, take up their spare time, and my daughter has made many new friendships which will last long after graduation.

Many people argue that it's silly for girls to go through university, because as soon as they have finished their studies they marry someone far less intelligent than themselves.

Well, there are quite a few more male uni. students than women, therefore the possibility of marriage between students is great.

Also they tend to meet more professional people, and this again makes marriage within their own intellectual sphere more possible.

But no matter who my daughter marries, her university education will mean she will have something to fall back on should sickness, unemployment, or even death happen along during her married life.

Then again, I feel that mothers to a great extent educate their children by helping them with homework, by guiding them in choosing careers, by helping them achieve their goals.

**When a woman has reared her children she then has a useful profession to go back to, and is not left to feel old and useless.**

By practising her profession, she may also find the means to send her own children to university.

My daughter has no immediate plans for marriage, and I hope she will make good use of her degree for a few years yet.

Meanwhile, I'll be more than proud of her on her graduation day, and even though her road to learning has been rather rough at times, like her, I would traverse it again.

Now I must finish my daughter's graduation frock. Who knows, she may meet her future husband at the graduation ball!

Then I must get things ready for morning, as I must not miss work and lose my chance to help my other children achieve their ambitions.

## It's all hard work

**● After reading the two statements (22/5/63) on working wives, I feel full of admiration for the wife who has worked to achieve a home of her own, and full of sympathy of the young lass who says she intends to sit back enjoying the leisure of being a wife while her husband keeps her.**

I FEEL the latter girl is living in a dream world and I'd like to awaken her on a few things before she marries.

First there is no great difference in working for a boss and running a home — both mean work, and lots of it.

She'll find, that time will not be hers any more than it is now. All jobs in a house must be done as near to a time as possible.

Otherwise she will find herself with no time for tennis or the friends she will find she will need if housework isn't to bore her.

She will also learn not to sneer at such a prize possession as a washing-machine. After years without one, and now years with one, I know it is the thing I value most.

And about that TV. She will find that with no labor-saving devices she won't have much time for viewing and when she does she will be too tired to look.

**Also I would like to know how, if she has children, she can expect to keep an allowance for just herself.**

Even without children she will be an extremely lucky wife not to have to use some of it for running the house.

My advice to the lass is take advantage of whatever time she has without children and work till there are some.

Two years with her working could make life for herself and her husband a lot easier later on. How I wish I hadn't let my husband stop me working when we were first married.

Maybe I wouldn't be working now when I feel like staying home. But with children at school there wasn't enough money coming to keep out of debt, and no extras, so I am grateful for a few hours' work, as I can sleep without the worry of how to pay the bills.

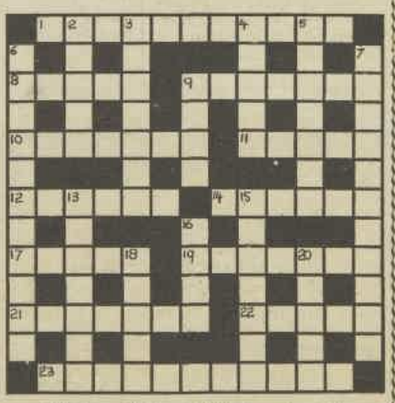


National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899485

# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE three creatures from space tell the President of the United States that they are selling the rarest item in the universe, "suchi crystals." The leader of the group offers Mandrake a taste. NOW READ ON . . .

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

**ACROSS**

1. Nothing is as amazing (11).
8. Not stooping (5).
9. Famous Irish politician of the last century (7).
10. An Italian river turns to the newspapers to overburden (7).
11. Girl whose heart is everything (5).
12. A donkey starts to estimate (6).
14. Argue about a male descendant (6).
17. Utter fool (5).
19. Cat's ire (anagr., 7; it's an oily problem).
21. Yellow water-lilies (7).
22. This period extended from 1485 to 1603 (5).
23. Thousand dollars musical instruments (5, 6).

**DOWN**

2. Shelley considered it as the brother of Death (5).
3. Projections of scattered jut on broken toes (7).
4. Simples produced by bees following that woman (5).
5. They have eyes and they are pointed (7).
6. Ornaments which can be honors (11).
7. It is acquired in packs (7-4).
9. A cat keeps us in an afterthought (4).
13. A sea-captain (7).
15. Daughter of Clytemnestra (7).
16. She is twice a goddess (4).
18. Rat dispersed in retinue (5).
20. Popular wireless (5).

Solution of last week's crossword

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 32

As I worked in what should have been contentment, I could not suppress the picture that kept returning to my mind. A picture of Leslie in Brandon's arms as they danced at the Christmas ball. Was his anger with her based on his own bewitchment with his wife and her rejection of him? She was so lovely, so obviously capable of exerting great appeal.

To my regret, Miss Garth eventually joined us. I told myself that she must have felt lonely upstairs and I bowed to her suggestions and let her direct the children. Her dislike for me was in the open now, and she did not hide it.

Some strangeness was in Selina that evening, so that she seemed as keyed-up and as nervous as her mother. She danced about the tree, dropped ornaments she was hanging, and frequently made secret grimaces to herself. When the tree was nearly done, she suddenly reverted to her maddening little sing-song.

"I know something you don't know!" she chanted. "I've got a secret and I won't tell!"

Even Miss Garth was less tolerant of her darling than usual. "What has you so excited, Selina?" she demanded.

Again the child made her odd little grimace. "I won't tell. I'll never tell. It's more fun to have a secret."

Jeremy threw her a scornful look. "You're being stupid."

We had just finished the tree when Andrew rang the bell and was admitted to our midst, his arms full of packages.

"No one invited me till tomorrow morning when the servitors appear," he said wryly. "So I've invited myself tonight. Do you mind if I put my parcels under your tree?"

THE children were happy to see him, and if Miss Garth was not she at least made her disapproval less obvious than usual. With the decorations done, we all placed our gifts around the foot of the tree. The Christmas effect was perfect now.

One by one we lighted the candles with tapers until the whole tree glowed with warm, living fire. In the big drafty room air currents sent the pointed flames dipping and tilting.

Selina began to crawl among the gifts, examining this one, then that, sometimes holding a package up so that she could shake it and try to guess the contents.

It was thus that she unearthed the package I had wrapped for Jeremy.

"Who's this for?" she asked. "It says, 'For the Prince.' We don't have a prince in this house."

Jeremy glanced at me quickly, and I smiled. "That's a secret between Jeremy and me," I told her, and saw pleasure come to life in his eyes. Bit by bit, just as had happened to the prince in the fairy tale, the ugly disguise was being stripped away and Jeremy was changing. I prayed that all would go well with the gift for his uncle so his happiness might be complete.

When the last candle had been lighted, we stood back to admire the effect. Andrew held out one hand to me and the other to Selina. Softly he began to sing, and I was surprised at the deep timbre of his voice. Jeremy and even Miss Garth came to hold hands with us as we stood before the tree, our voices raised.

It was a strangely lovely and healing moment. I ceased to think of Leslie and Brandon dancing together. I let the sadness, the loneliness, the fear of the last few days flow out through my very finger-tips as Andrew clasped my hand and we sang together. Tonight he seemed less cynical and critical. I took something of comfort from the hand of a man clasping mine, even though it was the wrong hand.

When at length our voices died away, Miss Garth broke the circle first and went back to her chair. For an instant I caught the shine of tears in her eyes.

Suddenly I wanted to hold to the Christmas spell that had fallen so gently upon us.

"I know the main gifts are to be opened tomorrow when your mother and your uncle are here," I said to the children. "But perhaps we could make an exception with one or two of our own presents for each other."

Miss Garth did not approve. It was not the custom, she said. She did not know what Mrs. Reid would think. I suspected that Leslie would not care one way or the other, though I did not say so. It was Selina who settled matters. She flew to the tree and brought out a package. Surprisingly, it was not a present for herself, but the one she had made for me.

I opened it while the others watched and found that she had given me a pomander ball. It was an apple, painstakingly, though unevenly, stuck with cloves and tied with a blue satin ribbon for hanging among my clothes. I exclaimed over it in pleasure, and the gift opening was on.

The present for the "prince" came next, and Jeremy gravely opened the package. I watched with a lump in my throat as he slipped the paper from the carrousel. While Selina cried out in wonder and envy, he simply stared at it for a moment. Then he looked at me with such delight, such gratitude in his eyes that I could hardly bear it. Yet still he could not believe that this gift was truly for him.

"It belonged to your brother—" he began.

I nodded. "You are my brother now, Jeremy."

He wound the toy and set the tune tinkling, the carrousel turning, while we all watched enchanted. Even Miss Garth offered no criticism. When I glanced at Andrew I saw his eyes upon me, his look unfathomable as it so often was these days. There was a sadness in the smile he bent upon me. I did not know why, but I smiled back, offering without words my thanks for the support he had given me tonight.

To page 47

## AS I READ THE STARS

**By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 19.**

**ARIES** MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, tan. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ A troubled patch for everyone—but you especially. Use patience and caution until after the 24th—a period of expansion lies ahead. Be careful 20th., 23rd., there are accident risks.

**TAURUS** APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, pink, green. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
★ An adverse week as regards finances, purchases, and property. Unexpected losses could happen on the 21st and 23rd. But the 24th on more than compensates for quite a while.

**GEMINI** MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, red. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ A week of sudden see-saw, which would suit the Geminian palate for variety — except that it is mostly unpleasant. The weekend has a troubled climax—but good stars are ahead.

**CANCER** JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, mauve. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ A time to hold fire on important issues, since this week is troubled until the 24th. Then any damage can be repaired, for a stretch of smiling stars promises success.

**LEO** JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tan, black. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ Emphasis is on finance, material interests, and property—which are not favored. An unexpected twist of fortune could involve you in loss. However, achievement is round the corner.

**VIRGO** AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ You could be more than usually impatient. Together with the exacting standards you demand of yourself, your nerves could feel the strain. Remember next week could be serene!

**LIBRA** SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tan, purple. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ Love and romance could take an exciting turn from the 24th on. However, strong elements of discord could tax the Libran love of harmony on the 20th and 22nd.

**SCORPIO** OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, green. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ Compromise will be imperative to handle situations. Since Scorpios find it hard to meet things half-way, some could be in for an exciting time. But good influences begin soon.

**SAGITTARIUS** NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, pink, yellow. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
★ Again you emerge from a troubled week more fortunately than most—but not unscathed. Postpone plans—they could meet elusive opposition. Act from the 24th on—a success period.

**CAPRICORN** DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, grey, orange. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Once more you survive the turmoil of this week relatively undamaged. Still you like to proceed steadily toward a well-defined goal. After the 24th you get every opportunity.

**AQUARIUS** JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Your turn comes on 22-25th, which is lucky for bold and original action. You may have than enough help of friends. Until then the stars do not smile on romance.

**PISCES** FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tan, green. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Matters concerning ambitions and status lie under a cloud until the 24th—which is suddenly dispersed, leaving a run of fine star-weather ahead. However, marrieds must use tolerance.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899486

New Recipes For

# PANCAKES AND PIKELETS

**● Served piping hot with butter melting delicately into each golden brown, lacy crevice, the satisfying, substantial dishes below are universal favorites.**

MOST chefs who specialise in pancake cookery find it necessary to reserve a special pan for the job. So if pancakes are one of the most asked-for dishes in your household, follow the chef's example.

Never wash your pancake pan. Wipe it clean with kitchen paper and be careful not to scratch the inside. If you do this pancakes should not stick and will always be an even golden color.

Here's a hint to remember when cooking pikelets —instead of butter to grease the pan or griddle-iron, rub a piece of raw sliced potato over pan base.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used in all recipes.

## PANCAKES

### BASIC RECIPE

**Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, lemon juice, sugar.**

Sift flour and salt, make well in centre. Add egg, work flour in from sides, adding milk little at a time. Beat well until bubbles rise to surface. Let stand 1 hour. Heat pan, grease lightly. Pour 2 or 3 tablespoons of batter into pan, cook slowly, loosening edges with knife, until pancake is set and lightly browned underneath. Toss or turn with spatula, brown other side. Lift out, sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar. Roll up; sprinkle, if desired, with icing-sugar; serve hot.

### SPANISH WALNUT DESSERT PANCAKES

**Two eggs, 1 extra egg-yolk, ½ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon finely grated lemon rind, ¾ cup ground walnuts, 3 dessertspoons flour, 2 tablespoons brandy, 2oz. melted butter, icing-sugar, whipped cream.**

Beat eggs and extra yolk well; add sugar, beat until light. Add lemon rind, ground nuts, flour, beat until well blended. Add brandy and melted butter; mix lightly. Cook on hot, greased pan by dessertspoonfuls. Turn and brown other side. Repeat until all batter is used.

Roll each pancake as it is cooked, keep hot. To serve: Sieve icing-sugar generously over pancakes, serve whipped cream separately.

### LACY FRENCH PANCAKES

**Four tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk (extra), 1 tablespoon vegetable oil, 1 cup milk, pinch salt.**

Place flour in bowl, add egg and extra egg-yolk, oil, salt, and 2 tablespoons of milk. Beat until smooth. Mix in balance of milk. Chill ½-hour. Pour thin layer of pancake batter into heated, greased pan, brown on one side, turn over and brown other side. Continue until all batter is used.

### APRICOT-CREAM PANCAKES

**Pancake Batter: 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon each bicarb. soda and salt, ¼ cup vegetable oil, 2 eggs, 1¼ cups milk, ½ cup sieved apricot jam.**

Sift flour and baking-powder with salt. Dissolve soda in milk, mix together with oil, beaten eggs, apricot jam. Stir into dry ingredients and beat until batter is smooth. Set aside 1 hour. Cook on hot, greased pan, making very small pancakes, about 4in. in diameter. Turn and cook other side until brown. Serve with Apricot Syrup, top with Apricot Whipped Cream.

**Apricot Syrup:** Add just enough fruit-juice or water to apricot jam to make syrup-like consistency. Heat and serve warm.

**Apricot Whipped Cream:** Whip ½ pint cream until stiff; fold in 1 cup sieved apricot jam.

To serve, stack three or four pancakes together. Pour Apricot Syrup over; top with Apricot Cream, sprinkle slivered almonds on top of cream.

### ORIENTAL EGG ROLLS

**One cup finely chopped or minced cooked pork, 1 cup finely chopped prawns, 1 cup finely chopped celery, ½ cup finely chopped green shallots, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 quantity basic or French pancake batter, oil for frying, soy sauce.**

Make small, thin pancakes about 6 or 7in. in diameter; cook on one side only, stack until required. Combine pork, prawns, celery, shallots, soy sauce, egg, melted butter; blend well together. Place 1 tablespoon of filling in centre of each pancake on cooked side. Fold two sides over filling, brush edges with little reserved batter. Beginning at one end, roll up the pancake, pressing edges to seal. Drop into deep hot fat, fry until golden brown, about 5 minutes, turning once. Drain well, serve hot. Offer soy sauce separately.

### TUNA PANCAKES WITH CHEESE SOUFFLE TOPPING

**One large can tuna, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green shallots, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup grated cheese, 8 French Pancakes.**

Combine white sauce with chopped, drained tuna, lemon juice, and shallots. Divide filling evenly among pancakes, roll up. Arrange close together on greased shallow baking-dish with folded flaps on bottom. Fold mayonnaise into stiffly beaten egg-whites, spread over top of pancake rolls. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderately hot oven 10-15 minutes, or until heated through and lightly browned.

## PIKELETS

### BASIC RECIPE

**One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon bicarb. soda, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup sour milk (or add 1 teaspoon vinegar to ½ cup fresh milk, set aside in warm place to sour), 1 dessertspoon melted butter.**

Sift flour with salt, add sugar, lightly beaten egg and milk, in which soda has been dissolved; fold in melted butter. Heat and grease pan or hot-plate. Drop 1 dessertspoon batter on at a time. Cook until bubbly on top, light brown underneath; turn, cook other side.

Below are some tempting variations of the basic pikelet recipe.

**Fruit Pikelets:** Add 2 tablespoons sultanas to batter.

**Chocolate Pikelets:** Add 1oz. melted dark chocolate to liquid ingredients. Serve as dessert with sweetened, rum-flavored, whipped cream.

**Apple Pikelets:** Add ½ cup cooked, well-drained apple slices or pulp to batter.

**Pineapple Pikelets:** Add ½ cup drained, crushed pineapple to batter.

**Peach Pikelets:** Add ½ cup drained, chopped canned peaches to batter. Serve as a dessert with whipped cream or ice-cream and heated peach syrup.

*More recipes overleaf*

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

*PANCAKES can be simple with a squeeze of lemon juice and sifted icing-sugar (as at right), luscious with rich juicy strawberries and whipped cinnamon cream, or savory with cheese and tuna.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899487

## You can afford this refrigerator . . . lucky you

And obviously a very *forward-thinking* you . . . living with the most advanced refrigerator Australia's seen. It's all new, this Westinghouse Supreme Automatic 143 . . . a big beautiful show-off that changes the whole concept of home refrigeration; pampers that luxury taste of yours with a true home-freezer for a full 100 lbs. of food . . . *and* a frost-free refrigerator, the most spacious there is. With TWO DOORS, it boasts quite blatantly of the luxury its two worlds of cold bring you. And it parades next summer's features without a blush. All this and *Fresh-Cold*, too (that's the unique Westinghouse system that keeps the cold air moving and moist to keep your good food fresh, longer). Think of the lift all *this* gives your kitchen. 279 guineas is the price. With 5 other models starting way down at 149 guineas. There's superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it). And your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own!

*Prices slightly higher in some areas.*

YOU CAN BE **SURE**..IF IT'S **Westinghouse**

2 door Supreme Automatic 143



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899488

# PANCAKES AND PIKELETS . . .

Continued from previous page

### JIFFY PIKELETS

**Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.**

Sift flour and salt into basin, add lemon rind and sugar. Mix to smooth batter with beaten egg and milk. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook over medium heat until lightly browned, turn to brown other side. Serve warm or cold with butter, honey or jam.

### GOLDEN YOGHURT HOT CAKES

**Three eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar, ¼ cup plain flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, salt, ½ cup milk, ½ cup yoghurt.**

Separate eggs. Beat together egg-yolks and sugar until creamy. Sift flour with cornflour, baking-powder, and salt. Combine with creamed mixture, milk and yoghurt; mix well. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture. Cook by dessertspoonfuls on greased hot pan. Serve hot with butter. **Note:** Sour cream can be substituted for yoghurt.

### CHOCOLATE-CREAM PIKELETS

**One and a half cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon milk, ½ cup milk, whipped cream.**

Sift flour with baking-powder. Separate eggs and beat yolks until light. Cream butter, add sugar, salt, cocoa, and egg-yolks; add tablespoon of milk, mix thoroughly. Stir into dry ingredients, then blend in well remaining milk. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in.

Cook on hot greased pan, turning once, until light brown. Serve with whipped cream.

### LITTLE LEMON PIKELETS

**One cup sour milk (or use fresh milk and vinegar, as suggested in basic recipe), 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.**

Separate eggs. Combine egg-yolks with 1 tablespoon sugar, beat well. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar. Combine with egg-yolk mixture and gradually add sifted flour, salt, sour milk, lemon rind and juice, and orange rind. Mix to smooth batter. Drop by dessertspoonfuls on to hot greased pan, cook until bubbly on top, turn and brown other side. Serve hot, buttered.

### PINEAPPLE RICE PIKELETS

**Two-thirds cup rice, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk (extra), 2 eggs, ½ cup crushed pineapple.**

Combine rice, 1 cup of milk, sugar, and cinnamon. Bring quickly to boil in top part of double boiler. Cover and place over boiling water and cook for about 40 minutes or until all milk is absorbed, stirring occasionally. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Combine beaten eggs and ½ cup milk; add cooked rice, then flour mixture. Beat together until well blended, fold in drained pineapple. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot greased pan; cook until both sides are lightly browned.

### PEACH PIKELETS

**Two and a half cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1½ cups sour milk, 1 egg plus 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 small can sliced peaches (finely chopped).**

Sift together flour, salt, sugar, and baking-powder. Beat together egg and egg-yolk, combine with milk. Add gradually to flour mixture. Beat well until batter is smooth. Add melted butter and drained peaches. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot greased pan; cook until browned. Pour Peach Syrup over.

**Peach Syrup: Syrup from can of peaches, ½ cup brown sugar, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, few drops vanilla essence.**

Combine all ingredients, bring to boil, simmer several minutes.

### FRENCH HOME-STYLE POTATO PIKELETS

**Half cup evaporated milk, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 2 cups mashed potatoes, 2 egg-yolks, salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.**

Scald evaporated milk, cool; pour over breadcrumbs and let stand several hours to absorb liquid. Add grated onion, mashed potatoes which have been well blended with the egg-yolks, season to taste with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Drop by dessertspoonfuls on to hot greased pan, spreading with spatula, if necessary, to even tops. Cook over low heat until browned on one side, turn and brown other side. Serve with steak, hamburgers, or pork.

**Note:** Raw, grated potatoes can be used instead of mashed potatoes, but, to retain their color, should be dropped first into chilled water, then well drained and dried.

### DESSERT PIKELETS

Pikelets served with a special sauce make an easily prepared and delicious dessert. Choose one of the sauces suggested here:

**Orange Buttered Sauce: Half cup honey, ½ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon butter.**

Combine all ingredients except butter in saucepan, bring slowly to boil. Swirl butter into sauce. Serve hot.

**Danish Honey Sauce: Half cup butter or substitute, ½ cup honey, ½ cup cream.**

Cream butter or substitute until light and fluffy, add honey, beat until well blended. Add cream gradually, beating until smooth and light. Refrigerate until needed.

**Tangy Lemon Sauce: Three tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.**

Melt butter, blend in sugar and flour; gradually add boiling water. Add lemon rind, boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in lemon juice and blend well.

**Caramel Sauce: 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk.**

Cook together sugar, butter, and salt over gentle heat, stirring until mixture is bubbly. Stir in evaporated milk slowly so mixture doesn't stop bubbling. When all evaporated milk is added, cook 1 minute longer.

## wall-to-wall warmth

Snug picture of canine comfort. And *people* can be this warm and comfortable too, when winter comes.

Westinghouse sees to that. We've faced the fact that people (like Afghan-hounds) have backs and fronts—and sides. And that they may want to warm all at once.

So we've designed the new Westinghouse Convection Heater.

It's portable with a never-get-hot-handle . . . so you can move your warmth from room to room. Though you'll want to keep it where visitors can admire it!

(Inquisitive little fingers can't find the element so it's very, very safe.)

We named this winter friend the Westinghouse Convection Heater. You'll have a lot of warm feelings for it. We should have named it the Westinghouse Convection *Comforter* because that's what it really does (while too many "direct" heaters simply give you hotspots).

There's superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).

*Illustrated is the Westinghouse Convection Heater*

**Priced at . . . 19 gns.**

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S **Westinghouse**




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899489

*GIVE THE FAMILY a treat — make these delicious orange slices for lunch-boxes or after-school snacks.*

# Orange Slice Wins Prize

● *A Newcastle reader wins this week's £5 prize for a crisp pastry slice with citrus-almond-flavored filling.*

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 has been awarded for a quick-and-easy teacake with a passion-fruit and nut topping.

All spoon measurements are level.

### ORANGE SLICES

**Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 egg, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder.**

Sift flour and baking-powder into basin. Cut butter, egg, sugar, vanilla into flour all at once, until ingredients are well mixed and form pliable dough. Cut dough in half. Roll out one half and cover base of greased lamington-tin.

**Filling: Four ounces almond meal, 5oz. sugar, 4 tablespoons orange juice (or half orange, half lemon), few drops almond essence, grated rind of orange, orange-flavored icing.**

Mix almond meal, sugar, orange juice, and almond essence to soft paste. Add grated rind of orange. Spread orange-almond mixture on top of pastry base. Roll out remaining pastry and cover filling. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. While still hot, ice slice with orange-flavored icing. Allow to cool in tin, cut into slices.

**First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 9 Margaret St., Highfields, Newcastle.**

### PASSIONFRUIT TEACAKE

**Three ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops vanilla essence, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, pulp of 4 ripe passionfruit, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1-3rd cup chopped nuts.**

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add egg, beat well. Sift flour and salt. Fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fill into greased and lined 9in. square or round tin.

Mix passionfruit pulp, sugar, and nuts together, spread over top of teacake. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from tin, cool on cake-rack. Serve cut in wedges or slices and spread with butter or passionfruit butter.

**Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Snell, 12 Norfolk Ave., Oakleigh, Vic.**

## HOME HINTS

● **Each of these handy hints sent in by readers wins a £1/1/- prize.**

TURN woollens inside out before you put them into the spin-dryer. This stops the outside becoming fluffy.—Mrs. L. Moffat, Wommara Ave., Belmont North, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To serve potatoes piping-hot, move them to side of saucepan after first mashing, add butter, then usual quantity of milk. Tilt saucepan and heat milk over flame a few minutes, then mash again and serve.—Mrs. M. Wilkinson, 90C Light Street, Newcastle.

★ ★ ★

When underwear straps break, replace them with a three-strand plait of ribbon. This lasts much longer and looks very attractive.—Miss M. Munt, 1A Roseberry Ave., South Perth.

★ ★ ★

Keep pills and medicines, to be taken regularly, in the cupboard with salt and pepper shakers. Put them out at mealtimes and they will never be forgotten.—Mrs. J. H. Pinsker, Mutdapilly, via Harrisville, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To protect suede when cleaning suede and leather shoes, stick a piece of adhesive tape on the suede against the edge of the smooth leather. Overlapping brushes will not leave polish on the suede.—Mrs. E. L. Murrie, 89 Anzac Highway, Glenelg, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Next time you have a party for very young children, try baking tiny cakes in sweet-cases. There'll be no half-eaten cakes left around at going-home time. — Carol Small, Stanmore, via Woodford, Kilcoy Line, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To keep brass taps permanently bright, polish them with a cloth dipped in spirits of salts. Rub with a clean cloth, then paint the brass with clear varnish.—Mrs. F. E. Bailye, "Brooklyn," Kojonup, W.A.

*Choose your Kleenex 2-ply toilet tissue from these "bath towel" colours: Yellow, White, Pink and Aqua — each roll is tightly, hygienically wrapped for greater protection.*

*. . . buy gentle, health-protecting*

KLEENEX* 2-ply toilet tissue

*two super soft sheets — only this double layer can give extra strength . . . extra protection*

HEALTH-PROTECTING TOILET TISSUE is just as much a safeguard to good health as a correct diet. Doctors stress that a safe toilet tissue must have: *softness*, to protect delicate skin; *absorbency*, to leave skin comfortably dry; 2-ply *strength*, to avoid breaking and the risk of infection. Kleenex toilet tissue has all these most vital health requirements. It's a baby care your family needs throughout life.

*So soft, so safe, so strong*

*Registered Trade Mark — Kimberly-Clark Corp. KK740




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899490

# A PORTABLE ROSE GARDEN

MINIATURE and fairy roses are gaining in favor, for they produce dainty blooms over a long period. They're fine for borders, rockeries, and window boxes—and also for pots and tubs, indoors and out.

More than 50 named varieties are now being sold in Australia.

Some are as short as 6in. and others rise to about 18in., but the blooms on all of them are tiny. There are a dozen or more climbing miniature roses; none climb more than 5ft., so they're ideal subjects for a big deep tub or pot.

Plant more than one rosebush to each large container if the variety is very small, for a single rose plant of miniature size will still look pretty lonely by the time it's big enough to flower.

But remember that even miniature roses have hefty root systems and they won't do well if cramped.

Use plenty of crocks, small stones, gravel, or lumpy charcoal for drainage. Soil should be medium to heavy and contain some well-rotted compost and manure and a little bone-dust, and have some potash added from time to time, or one of the rose fertilisers.

● China Doll, a dwarf floribunda, is shown when first planted out in a sandstone tub, and then in full bloom a few months later. Seedlings of petunias were planted around the tub to give more color in summer and replaced with bulbs for winter color. China Doll is excellent for borders.

Gardening Book — page 160

● A standard fairy rose is shown (left) when planted and (right) in its first flowering. As it's in a westerly position, virginia creeper was grown for coolness. Bright petunias added color around the rose. This rose has been made into a weeping standard by cutting off all shoots on the stem. In its second year the head will increase in size.

MOST nurserymen list these miniature roses:

Anny (double, pale pink), Baby Masquerade (yellow, red, and pink; double), Bo-peep (double, rose-pink), Bit o' Sunshine (yellow), Cinderella (flesh-pink), Colibri (apricot, double), Coralin (turkey double red, tall), Estrellita del Oro (double yellow, tall), Granate (double red), Humoreske (double, rose-pink), Marylin (double, deep pink), Midget (double, carmine-red), Mon Petit (light red, double), Para Ti (cream, double, tall), Perla de Alcanada (double, cochineal-carmine), Perla Rosa (pink, double), Peon (single, crimson, white eye, dwarf), Prince Charming (bright crimson, double), Pixie (pale pink), Red Elf (double, dark crimson), Robin (light red, very good), Rosada (clear peach-pink), Rosina (double, yellow, tall), Rosa Rouletti (rose-pink, semi-double), Simple Simon (carmine-rose, double), Candle Flame (red and yellow, single), Dian (pinkish-red), Easter Morning (white, double), Eleanor (coral-pink, double), Frosty (white, almost thornless), Little Buckaroo (bright red, double), Little Scotch (yellow, double), Lollipop (bright red, double).

Heights of those not mentioned are dwarf to medium, 6 to 18in. tall.

**Climbing miniatures:** Little Showoff (red, yellow, orange; double), Orange Elf (orange, profuse bloomer), Candy Cane (light red, white stripes), Perla de Alcanada (4ft.), Perla Rosa (4ft.), Jackie (double, yellow, fragrant, about 5ft.), Magic Wand (red, semi-double, fairly tall), Pink Cameo (small double, 3ft.), Pixie (pink to white, 4ft.), and Redhead (blood-red, medium tall).

Gardening Book — page 161

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

All steel wools are not the same

STEELO

is finer and softer

that's why it keeps your pots and pans smoother as well as brighter

STEELO cleans and shines but doesn't leave any abrasive marks because it is finer and softer. Be sure and say STEELO — especially if you have new saucepans. Even new saucepans get burnt bottoms — inside and out. Keep them smooth as well as shining by using STEELO — the finest, softest steel wool.

✳ Have you tried new

STEELO Soap Pads

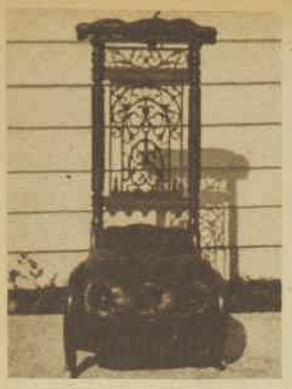
Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. All the fineness and softness of regular Steelo plus coconut oil soap. So kind to your hands as well as your pans.

KY307




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899491

# Collectors' Corner



*Carved prayer chair.*

*When was my chair made, please? It is carved walnut and there are some markings on an oval metal disc which is underneath the padded back. The marks read S.W. Silver, Works Silvertown Essex, Cornhill & Bishops Gate St., London. There is a padded rail at the top and the back is delicately and beautifully carved. It has been in my family for some time. — Irene Ziebell, Auckland, N.Z.*

Your interesting walnut chair is a Victorian prayer chair. It was made about 1870-1880.

**● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.**

*Rare silver teaset.*

*I have a teaset which is silver plate and the pieces are pumpkin-shaped. The sugar-bowl and cream jug are gilt lined. The teapot has a rose and leaves forming part of the lid. Could you tell me how old it is, please?—Mrs. D. James, Geelong, Vic.*

This rare and lovely three-piece teaset is English Sheffield plate made about 1825-35. The squat melon-shape became fashionable at this time. Sheffield plate (fusion of silver on copper) was invented by Thomas Bolsover in 1742.

*Victorian epergne.*

*Could you tell me something about my ornament? It is silver, with a crystal bowl at the top. An L in a diamond, a crown, and E. & Co. in a shield are marked on it. The ornament is 22in. high with a mirror base.—Mrs. M. Brooke-Anderson, Bay of Plenty, N.Z.*

The epergne (above) with cut-glass bowl surmounted on a mirrored plateau is English. It is not silver, but is a good example of electro-plate. It is typically Victorian and was made by Elkington & Co. (E. & Co.,) about 1870.

*Ornate firescreen*

*Do you know anything about my firescreen? It is made of soft metal which has been covered with gold leaf. It has the body of a peacock as a base standing on an entwined grapevine. The feathers of the peacock form the screen and they fold behind a front support when not in use. I would be grateful for any information you could supply.—Mrs. H. Haddon, Pitt St., Sydney.*

The firescreen is Victorian and was made about 1880.

★ ★ ★

*I would like some information about an ornamental bowl that I own. It is white and is heavily traced with gold. It is decorated with little figures, flowers, and scroll work. Every detail is beautifully formed. It stands 11in. high and has 1464 and HC marked underneath.—Mrs. H. C. Lane, Bairnsdale, Vic.*

Your attractive late-19th-century ornamental vase is German "Dresden"-type and is made of porcelain.

*Porcelain vase.*


**Do you know how many VEGETABLES now come to you in**

# CANS

Science keeps taking the season out of the calendar. Every year it develops new and better ways of preserving. So that every year there are more garden-fresh vegetables available in cans. Today, you virtually have an all-year kitchen garden in your pantry — you can pick almost any vegetable you feel like right from your cupboard shelves! Canned vegetables save you trouble. They're easy to buy, easy to keep, easy to prepare and serve. And so much easier to have than growing them yourself!

**YOU CAN TRUST THE CONTENTS OF A CAN**
**. . . because nothing seals like steel**

*The kitchen garden in your pantry*

**Cauliflower • Mushrooms**
**Beans • Potatoes • Tomatoes**
**Cabbage • Carrots • Beetroot**
**Gherkins • Cucumber • Peas**
**Sweet Corn • Asparagus**

*BHP Tinplate—product of Australia.*

BHP/C341





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899492

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 40

That Christmas Eve was almost a happy time. Happier perhaps for the absence of Brandon Reid, though this I hated to admit. Before Andrew left we sang "Silent Night," and the words were still singing through my mind as we extinguished the candles.

With Andrew gone and no more packages to open for the time being, Selina returned to her annoying chant about a secret. I suspected that she would never sleep unless she confided whatever it was she had on her mind.

"You might as well tell us," I said. "Your secret is likely to keep you awake all night unless you do."

"It isn't a secret to tell!" Selina cried. "If you want to come with me now I'll show you what it is."

Miss Garth broke in abruptly. "All this is nonsense. It's your bedtime, Selina. Come along, and on the way upstairs you can tell me about your secret. Say goodnight, dear."

I was almost pleased when Selina laughed at her instruction and turned to Jeremy and me.

"If I'm going to tell, I want to show it to everyone!" she cried and ran through the door ahead of us.

Jeremy left his carrousel beneath the Christmas tree and came beside me up the stairs, while Miss Garth followed gloomily.

My first misgivings came when Selina went to the closed door of her mother's boudoir. When Miss Garth would have stopped her from entering, she laughed mischievously and slipped out of the governess' grasp, darting into the room. In the thin light from the hall I saw her run to the velvet draperies that hid her mother's bedroom and push them aside.

"Do light the gas, Miss Megan," she called. "It's dark in here."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Miss Garth told me sharply. "The child has no business in this room while her mother is absent and neither have you."

She was right, of course, but now, in spite of a certain uneasiness, I was curious to know what so excited Selina. I went to the mantel, found matches, and lighted the gas Leslie so seldom used in this room of scent and shadow.

KATE had apparently been in to put things to rights after her mistress had dressed for the hall, for there was no disarray in the room.

The bedclothes were turned down neatly and Leslie's nightgown lay across the coverlet.

For a moment the four of us stood looking about. Then Miss Garth moved decisively toward the gas and turned it out. But before the light vanished Selina called out.

"It's gone!" she wailed. "It isn't here at all. So how can I show you?"

Miss Garth gave Selina no further chance to explain. She whisked her off to bed in such high indignation that not even her charge protested. Jeremy and I found ourselves in the hall, looking at each other in bewilderment.

"What do you suppose all that was about?" I asked.

Jeremy shrugged. "Just Selina being silly," he said.

I was willing to leave it at that. "Perhaps it's bedtime for us, too, Jeremy," I said. "This has been a long, happy evening."

He came upstairs with me and went to bed without objection. But when I returned to my own room I found I had no desire to go immediately to sleep. A restlessness possessed me.

At midnight neared I could endure my gloomy thoughts no longer. I slipped my dolman about me and tied a woollen scarf over my head against the chill of the night. Then I went softly downstairs and out the front door, taking my latchkey so I might return without disturbing the servants.

I stood on the high marble steps and lifted my face to a cool wind blowing from the harbor. The square lay peaceful and bright beneath the quiet sky. Here and there a lighted Christmas tree brightened a window, and friendly lamps burned where occupants were still up on Christmas Eve.

From downtown I heard the clock bell of old Trinity begin to strike the midnight hour and I knew that Christmas Day was nearly upon me. One by one I counted the strokes and when they came to an end a hush seemed to fall upon the air. Into this breathless pause came a burst of rich, sweet sound as the bells of Trinity began to peal their joyful welcome to Christmas Day.

My heart lifted in spite of myself and I looked up at heavens deep and blue and spangled with stars. Something of the night's peace descended upon me and I returned more calmly to the house and started upstairs to my room.

Gas light still burned on the second floor and, as I followed the hall to the upward turn of the stairs, I caught a slight movement in the shadows. For an instant I was startled and thought of Jeremy. Then I saw that it was Miss Garth who had placed a chair outside her mistress' door and sat there, alert and watchful. She saw me, but she did not speak.

The sense of peace was suddenly gone. It was a long while before I fell asleep. Sometime during the early hours of Christmas morning I wakened to hear horses being stabled in the mews beneath my window and knew that Leslie and Brandon had come home.

Early the next morning, before I'd had breakfast, I went downstairs, meaning to go for a walk in the winter sunshine of Christmas Day. More and more the atmosphere of the house weighed upon me, oppressed me.

But though I moved quietly, someone else was up as early as I, and as I passed the library Brandon called to me to come in. I paused just inside the door. Here was my opportunity to tell him that I could not remain in his employ much longer. I must form my own plans soon and act upon them.

As he came toward me, however, I saw his face was haggard. It could not be the late hours that had done this to him. With his vitality he could have danced the dawn in with ease. I put my intent aside, knowing I could not add to whatever trouble had set this stamp of suffering upon him.

"Merry Christmas, Megan," he said, but there was no merriment in the words. He handed me a jeweller's box.

I stared at it blankly, taken aback.

"It's for you, Megan," he said. "Today is Christmas, and this is my gift to you."

I did not want him to give me anything. I did not want him to be thoughtful and kind. I kept my hands behind my back.

To page 48

IRRESISTIBLE!

steamed chocolate pudding

WITH MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

Put that personal touch back into your cooking with Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Nothing beats the deep-down chocolaty flavour, the rich, velvety colour Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa gives to all your favourite cakes and puddings.

SERVE IT PIPING HOT FOR DINNER TONIGHT!

*This recipe tells you how...*

3 ozs. shortening; 3 ozs. sugar; 6 ozs. self-raising flour; 1 large egg; 5 tabs. milk; 2 tabs. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; vanilla essence.

**Method:** Sift flour and cocoa together. Cream the shortening and sugar, add the egg and beat well. Add the flour and milk alternately. Add the essence. Place in a greased pudding basin, cover with greased lid or greased greaseproof paper. Steam for 1½ hours. To make Marshmallow Sauce: Place 1½ doz. Pascall Marshmallows in top of double boiler. Add ½ cup of cream. Heat over boiling water until the marshmallows are almost melted. Add ½ teas. vanilla. If few lumps remain they will only add "nobbly" interest to the sauce.

This recipe has been tested and is recommended by noted home economist Marjorie Miller.

Give all your puddings that "Personal Touch" with

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

IT'S ALSO A NOURISHING DRINK FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

B42FPC/1




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899493

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 47

"We're opening our gifts under the tree later this morning," I told him stiffly.

With a quick gesture, as though I exasperated him, he caught my hand and drew it from behind my back, pressing the little box into my fingers and holding them closed.

"Under the tree you will find a proper gift chosen by Leslie. This is my own gift to you, Megan. It is a very small way of thanking you for all you've done. You can't deny me so trifling a pleasure. Open it; I want to know what you think."

With uncertain fingers I pressed the catch of the box, and the lid flew up. Pinned to the white satin inside was a pale green scarab set in a simple silver brooch.

"That wasn't bought in the streets of Cairo," he said. "It is from the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut. I thought it might please you, so I had it set in a brooch."

It pleased me so very much that I did not want him to guess the extent of my delight.

"It's beautiful," I said in a low voice.

He touched the scrollwork. "The material is glazed steatite. The marks it bears spell the queen's name. I wish you could see Deir-el-Bahri at Thebes where this came from. All those rows upon rows of great steps leading to higher levels where the gigantic enthroned figures sit. Images of the queen on every hand—the same broad-cheeked beautiful face repeated again and again. The place is both temple and tomb."

As I listened, studying the tiny scarab, my mind conjured up a vast temple set against bare brown hills.

He broke the spell of my vision abruptly.

"What did you do on Christmas Eve?"

"We trimmed the tree," I told him.

"And—afterwards?"

I told him of how I had been unable to sleep and had come downstairs to stand on the front steps. Of how I had heard the bells of Trinity on Christmas Eve.

"I wondered if you'd hear them," he said. "At midnight I found an open window where I could breathe fresh air and be alone. I thought of you then, Megan."

I had come into this room meaning to tell him that I could stay no longer in this house, but I knew I could not speak at this time. There was a burning of tears behind my lids, and I dared not remain in his company. I turned from him quickly and fled the room.

When I went to breakfast that morning I could not resist pinning the delicate brooch at the collar of my dress.

Miss Garth, the children, and I breakfasted in the nursery. Only Selina still seemed excited about Christmas. Miss Garth appeared morose, and greeted me with the news that poor Miss Leslie had danced beyond her strength, and was too ill this morning to join in the Christmas-tree festivities.

During the meal Jeremy inquired about the date for the opening ceremonies at the Dwight Reid Memorial Home, and Miss Garth answered him impatiently.

"Why don't you ask your uncle? I know nothing at all about it. And care less!"

"I want to be there," Jeremy said with a persistence he had shown before. "Do you think my mother will take me?"

Garth glowered at him. "I hope your mother will stay home. If your uncle has his way, there'll be no ceremony."

Jeremy sighed and did not question her further. He and Selina left the table ahead of us, both eager for the opening of presents. Ordinarily I would have followed, loathe to be left alone with Miss Garth. But now I found myself regarding her with open curiosity. It was so seldom that she sided against Leslie. Only in this matter did she oppose Mrs. Reid.

"Why don't you want to see a ceremony held at the opening of the memorial?" I asked.

She was angry enough to answer me. "Because the whole thing is a mockery — that's why! The boy's father wasn't always the hero they make him out to be. There was bad blood there. The boy is like him. For once his uncle knows what's right and what isn't. But my poor Miss Leslie is completely deluded and won't listen to reason. If Master Brandon hadn't been away in Egypt—" She paused, and I pressed her quickly, wanting to hear more of this astonishing revelation.

"What brought the older brother home from abroad that last time?"

"He came because Master Dwight sent for him! He wanted his big, strong brother to rescue him from the results of his own weakness of character."

"What had he done?" I asked bluntly.

"Enough to put the Reid name under a cloud and perhaps land himself in gaol. Enough to ruin all he had built, and undoubtedly kill his father with shock over the disgrace."

"But — what was it he did?"

I HAD pressed too hard. Miss Garth's dark gaze returned from a distance to focus upon me. "None of this is your business, my girl. It's past history now, and the only thing that matters is not to revive it and stir things up all over again. If you had any sense you'd not stay around to be mixed up in it. You'd not wait for your next dismissal — you'd leave this house to save your own reputation . . . and perhaps more!"

"I don't like to be threatened," I said. "Neither by daylight nor in a dark room."

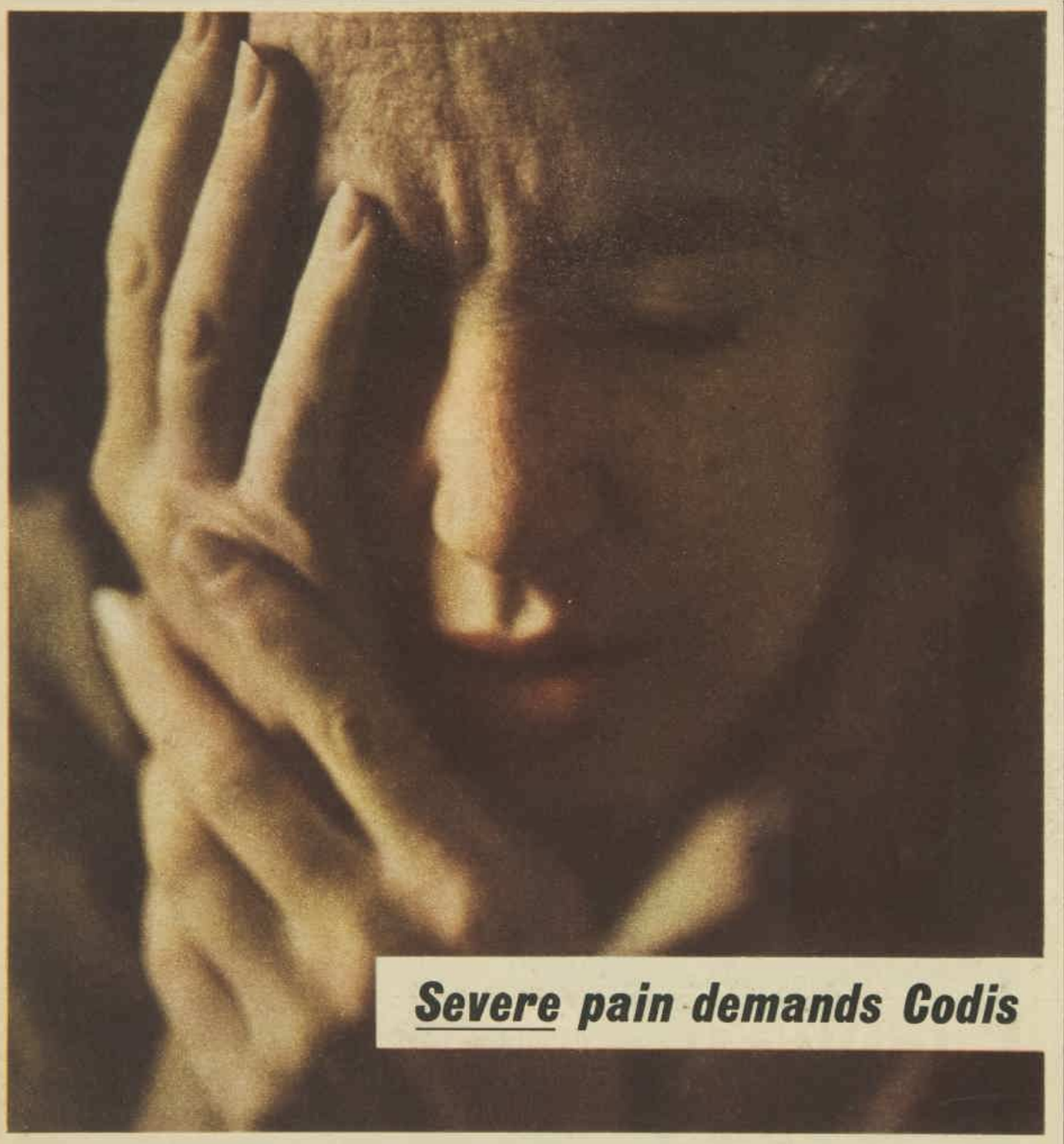
Miss Garth pushed back her chair and left the table without another glance in my direction.

I sat on, thinking of the surprising things she had said. That the brilliant, successful young Galahad, Dwight Reid, might have had feet of clay. That he had sent for Brandon to come home and rescue him from some scrape of his own making. I sensed some significance here, some meaning that would make everything clear, but I could not put my finger upon it.

There had been spite in Garth's eyes, in her voice when she spoke of Dwight. A memory of that day when I had seen her in Leslie's room, wearing Leslie's gown, with the double miniature in her hands, returned to me. I had wondered which brother her look of adoration had been for. Now it appeared that she had harbored only contempt for Dwight. Could it be that a secret infatuation for Brandon throbbed beneath the stiff facade she presented to the world?

It was as well that we had enjoyed a taste of real Christmas last night, for nothing was the same this morning. The tree was gay and bright, the candles shone with a lovely radiance. But the warmth that made all this important was lacking.

To page 49

**Severe pain demands Codis**

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain demands an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including an approved measure of codeine. It is *not* recommended for daily use except under the supervision of your doctor, but may be taken for those severe pains which occur periodically. Remember, *any* pain which persists requires proper medical attention, and the sensible course is to ask the advice of your physician, who may well prescribe Codis.

Codis is available *only* from your Chemist.

CODIS

HP491




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899494

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 48

Brandon Reid's mood was far from festive. When Miss Garth told him that his wife would not be down he looked increasingly displeased.

As their gifts were doled out, the servants offered polite thanks to the master and went off. Brandon was courteous enough, but clearly remote. I could not help wondering what had happened at the party last night to result in Leslie's illness and this dark, angry mood of her husband's.

Now and then I glanced uneasily at Jeremy and saw that his attention was fixed mainly on the gift for his uncle.

When it came to giving out the family presents and those for the governess, Andrew, and me, Miss Garth employed Selina to fetch packages to her from beneath the tree. She would read off the name and Selina would take it to the recipient. Jeremy's package had still not been chosen, and I could sense the boy's anxiety. If it had been possible I believe he might have taken the gift away and hidden it upstairs rather than face this chill, indifferent mood of his uncle's.

Except for Andrew's occasional efforts, Selina was the only one with any Christmas spirit that morning. She had forgotten about her "secret" and bubbled gaily along.

When the child at last picked her own gift for her uncle and carried it to him I saw Jeremy's interest quicken. Perhaps he thought the reception of this gift might be some indication of how his own might fare. Brandon, to do him credit, endeavored to play the game. He held up the bright embroidered felt that Selina intended as a penwiper, and remarked over it as he was supposed to do. But the effort rang false, and even Selina sensed that her gift had not been received with a proper Christmas enthusiasm.

"I made it very quickly, Uncle Brandon," she apologised. "I know it isn't very neat."

Her uncle did his best. "It's very pretty, Selina. I'll keep it on my desk and think of you when I use it. Thank you, my dear."

SHE seemed satisfied and skipped back to the tree to find a gift for Miss Garth. Nervously I fingered the scarab pin at my throat and caught Andrew watching my fingers. The look he gave me was mocking, and I knew he guessed where the pin had come from. It had been a mistake to wear it, I thought.

My own gift from Mr. and Mrs. Reid was a muff of grey squirrel—a luxurious present. Yet this had been chosen by Leslie and it did not mean to me what the little scarab meant.

By that time I believe Jeremy thought that his sister might overlook his gift for Brandon altogether and leave it there among the unopened gifts for their mother. But she crawled among the remaining packages and saw it at last.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "It's for you, Uncle Brandon. Jeremy made it for you and I know what it is."

The room was oddly still as she ran to put the package into her uncle's hands. Perhaps we all sensed in one way or another how much hung in the balance with this gift.

I watched as tensely as Jeremy did and wished that I might catch Brandon's eye and send him a pleading glance to remind him of his promise. But he did not look my way at all. With maddening deliberation he fumbled with ribbon and paper.

Jeremy sat on a low footstool near the fire in utter stillness. Only his eyes were alive and anguished.

"Oh, do open it!" I cried, unable to contain myself.

Brandon threw me a look that told me he did not care for impatient women, and at last opened the cardboard box in which Jeremy had nested the gift in tissue. Silently, without expression, he drew it from the box and held it in his hand. He held it up to examine it more closely, and I saw his eyes light with an appreciation in which there was no pretence. His smile of approval for Jeremy was surprisingly warm.

"It's for the Osiris, isn't it?" he said. "A fine piece of work, Jeremy."

"I'm not sure when those collars were in fashion," Jeremy said worriedly. "I'm not sure this is right for Osiris."

"That won't matter," Brandon assured him. "Long after the broad collar went out of style it was used as a funerary ornament, and the dead were Osiris' business. I suppose you've tried it for fit?"

Jeremy nodded as though he found it difficult to speak, Selina danced about them in delight, clearly pleased that their uncle liked her brother's work.

"Jeremy let me go with him when he tried it on Osiris," she said. "It looks beautiful."

"Miss Megan helped me," Jeremy said, finding his voice again. "She wouldn't let me give up when I got discouraged."

Brandon looked at me across the room. His gaze flicked from my face to the pin at my throat and back again, and there was something as gentle as a caress in his eyes. The look was so unexpected that it disarmed me completely. For an instant my guard against him went down and I gave him look for look. By the time I recovered and steadied myself Andrew was watching me. I knew he had seen the exchange and I could feel his disapproval.

When the last present had been opened Brandon suggested to Jeremy that they take the collar to Osiris. Selina wanted to go with them, but Miss Garth called her back. She was attending a Christmas luncheon party today, and it was time for her to dress. Jeremy went eagerly with his uncle, and I was glad to see them go alone without interference.

Andrew and I were left, and this was a tete-a-tete I had no taste for. I went to work as busily as possible.

"Help me snuff out the candles, will you?" I said to Andrew. "Then I'll ring for Kate to clear the rubbish."

I gave him a snuffer on a long handle, and he came to assist me. As we circled the tree he reached the place where Leslie Reid's packages were heaped unopened.

"They look a bit forlorn, don't they?" he said.

I was surprised to hear such sentimentality from Andrew and I glanced at him in surprise. He was regarding me with a look that was oddly intent and a little pitying. I wanted neither his pity nor his interest, and I turned my back.

"Why don't you take her packages upstairs to Mrs. Reid?" Andrew asked.

To page 50

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899495

# Johnson's cotton buds

Now with **NEW SAFE-STEMS*** that bend when they should!

**For Baby Care** — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems for baby's eyes, for nose, for ears — hygienic, ready to use—made specially for baby's most delicate cleansing needs.

**Cotton Buds with NEW SAFE-STEMS**

Safe Stems bend gently . . . "give" under pressure . . . guard against hurts. Safe even for the most delicate cleansing needs.

**For Cosmetic Use**—Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems to apply make-up easily.

**For First Aid** — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems for cleansing small hurts, applying medication to affected areas.

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Johnson & Johnson

CB1079/1



# Keep REGULAR this easy way!

**— and say goodbye to aches and pains, sick headaches, indigestion, lost appetite, bad breath, poor skin and dull eyes due to constipation.**

Thousands have regained healthy fitness and vigour . . . good appetite and digestion . . . clearer eyes and skin . . . after a short course of RHU PILLS. Rhu Pills' 7 balanced ingredients soon help your system to work smoothly, thoroughly, the way nature intended. Take Rhu Pills last thing at night before bed . . . and watch the wonderful difference in the way you feel and look.

**Start right now!**

Buy a box of Rhu Pills (1/9, or economy size, 4/6) from your chemist or store today; take as directed.

*Continuing . . .*

## WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

*from page 49*

Was he baiting me? I wondered. Didn't he know that Mrs. Reid had wanted to dismiss me? I turned from the tree to face him. "Miss Garth says she doesn't wish to be disturbed. It's not my place to take her presents to her."

The wry, familiar smile twisted Andrew's mouth. "You're a kind person ordinarily, Megan. You're thoughtful toward everyone in this house. Even toward me at times, and poor old Thora. Toward everyone but Mrs. Reid." He reached a finger toward the scarab brooch at the throat of my dress. "But, of course, you can't be generous to Brandon Reid's wife."

I moved from his touch. "I don't know what you're talking about. I seldom see Mrs. Reid. It would be ridiculous for me to carry her packages upstairs and disturb her while she's ill."

I began to suspect what he was doing and why. Whether I wished it or not, he was intent on protecting me from Brandon. Deliberately, cunningly, he was turning me to face the possible suffering of Leslie Reid.

He must have sensed my resistance, for he changed his approach. "Will you come for a walk with me, Megan? I'd like to tell you what I mean. We can't talk here."

There was an earnest persistence in him, and I realised again how little I really knew Andrew Beach. When he roused himself to action, he could be thoroughly determined. Perhaps it would be best to go with him and hear him out.

"I'll get my cloak and bonnet," I said, and went upstairs.

When I came down ready for the street he was waiting for me near the door, and his eyes brightened at the sight of me.

As we went down the steps he tucked my hand into the crook of his arm. "It's pleasant to walk with a pretty girl on Christmas morning," he said.

The mood I remembered from that night at Mama Santini's was upon him again, but the spell of a more desperate love held me in thrall and I had nothing to offer Andrew Beach.

After a bright early morning, the day had turned grey and there was once more the smell of snow in the air. All about us bare branches etched a delicate brown tracery against the snowy area of the square, and I studied it as I walked in silence at Andrew's side.

He began to talk of the time when Leslie Rolfe had fallen in love with Dwight Reid.

"Not that I knew either family then," he said. "But I learned a great deal about them when Dwight Reid died. Dwight fought in the war, as you probably know. Brandon didn't. Though it wasn't Brandon's fault that he saw no action. He went as a civilian aide on a mission sent to England for the purpose of swinging British sympathy toward the north. From what I've heard, it was a post he served well.

"While he was away the Rolfes, in trouble financially, moved next door to the Reid house in Bleecker Street, and Dwight, home on leave, fell in love with Leslie. Perhaps she had a special aura of romance around her—at least in Galahad's eyes. Before the war began her father's fortune had been ruined. He was trying to recoup with war profits, but the family was still in straits. I fancy that old Rolfe must have been more than pleased with Dwight's interest in his daughter."

"Brandon Reid was still in England at the time?" I asked.

"He came home after Dwight had rejoined his company. Garth says he met Leslie at a party and didn't know who she was, or that she was all but engaged to his brother. He followed suit, falling in love with her, too."

His story had roused my interest. I wanted to learn all I could about Brandon Reid, no matter how much pain such knowledge might bring me.

"Go on," I urged. "What about Brandon?"

"Brandon learned the truth, of course, and he accepted the assignment of a mission to France and got out of the country. His background of experience in England was useful to the Government. When the war was over he went to Egypt and managed to be away on one expedition or another for years at a stretch. Leslie married Dwight, and, I suppose, should have lived happily ever after, since he was the better man."

That I would not accept. "Was he the better man?" I challenged. "Or is Dwight Reid's reputation a myth? Is it something Leslie clings to and the public was fooled about?"

Andrew threw me a questioning look, and I told him what Garth had said that morning at breakfast. He did not speak until I concluded with the matter of the letter Garth claimed had brought Brandon home from his last expedition. Then he nodded with no great surprise.

"I've wondered sometimes if too much perfection was claimed for Dwight. And I've heard an unpleasant rumor or two. About the letter, I wouldn't know. At any rate, the great traveller, who had once been in love with Leslie, came home to his brother's house. And by great coincidence the brother died and the young wife was left unprotected."

I heard the bite of scorn in his words and stiffened. "You've no right to make veiled accusations!"

"I'm making no accusation of any sort," Andrew said.

"Why did you bring this up?" I demanded. "What has any of it to do with me?"

Andrew smiled and again drew my fingers into the crook of his arm as we walked on.

"You know very well why I've brought it up," he said. "I don't want Reid to accomplish with you what he has accomplished with other women. There's time to turn

*To page 51*


# Fashion FROCKS

● **Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.**

**"ELIZABETH".** — Smart two-piece suit for the mother-to-be is available cut out and ready to wear in black, petticoat - pink, and botany-blue soft wool angora.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/16/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/19/11.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/1/6.

Registered postage 6/- extra.

*NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 34. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

# At what age should a girl start using Tampax?

There are no hard and fast rules about when to start—but one trend is definitely on the upturn: *girls are starting to use Tampax internal sanitary protection at a younger and younger age.*

There are two reasons for this. First, mothers who have used Tampax themselves for years are telling their daughters about it. Secondly, today's active young moderns don't want to defer the advantages of Tampax.

The advantages are many. Complete freedom of action. No odour, no disposal problems, no chafing or irritation. Tampax is invisible and unfelt in place; that adds to your poise. You can bathe wearing Tampax, swim wearing Tampax. It is so convenient to carry, so inconspicuous when stored away. Both Tampax and the package are considerably smaller than their counterparts in the external pad method.

Tampax may be purchased in a choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) wherever such products are sold.

*Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women*

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725 G.P.O., Sydney.



**PREVENT COLDS take ANTI-BI-SAN**

**7** Tablets over 3 days for 3 months immunity
Children's treatment —3 tablets



**FEATURES JOKES FICTION** 1/6

*for all the family in*

**Everybody's**


ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899496

back, Megan, if only you'll try to see him as he is. I want to see you sorry for Mrs. Reid as well as distrustful of her husband. You can afford to be more generous and kind."

This was too much. "As you are being generous and kind in that portrait you're painting! Do you really believe that she is so gentle and generous?"

He answered me quietly enough. "No, I don't. But perhaps she needs to see herself in a more flattering light. Sometimes I think we tend to become what others believe we are."

Since he had an apparently low opinion of me, I grew still more annoyed. "Mrs. Reid is a woman who married her husband's brother a year after the man she loved died. A woman who, you say, has never loved anyone but the younger brother. Give me the answer to that, if you will, instead of condemning Mr. Reid."

"You ask me questions I can't answer," Andrew admitted. "Whatever either of them may have hoped for in this marriage each appears to have suffered disappointment. But it's you I'm thinking of now, Megan."

I was still angry. "You take too much upon yourself! You're not the keeper of my conscience. I know what I should or should not do, but I have very little sympathy for Mrs. Reid."

"I suppose that's natural enough," Andrew said.

I saw once more the hint of pity in his eyes and flared out against it.

### AT THE SINK

*I cannot help but think,*
*Each time I'm at the sink,*
*That some sweet guy, just passing by,*
*Will grab a towel and say,*
*"Let ME dry."*
*Yes, foolish thoughts I think,*
*Each time I'm at the sink.*
*— MARY DRAKE*

"Do you know that she tried to dismiss me?" I asked. "That she told me to leave the house? She believed whatever Garth told her and would not listen to me. It's only because of Mr. Reid's intervention that I've stayed on."

"Garth saw to it that I was informed," he said shortly. "What else could you expect but dismissal?"

"Expect? I expect nothing! But I did hope that I would be allowed to help Jeremy in my own way. As it is, who could be more unwelcome than I if I were to take those gifts upstairs to Mrs. Reid?"

He swung me suddenly about, his hands upon my elbows so that I was forced to look into his eyes. There was an insistence in him that I had never seen before.

"What I'm suggesting is the right thing. You've known what loneliness is like. Go back and take Mrs. Reid's gifts upstairs to her. She needs a friend in that house — a woman nearer her own age than Garth. You can help her if you will."

I did not want to be swayed by him. "Why do you involve yourself in this?" I asked.

For a moment he hesitated, the very smile lifting a corner of his mouth. Then he did an unexpected thing. He leaned toward me and kissed me in a light, quick caress.

"Perhaps that's why," he said. "Perhaps because of how I feel about you, Megan. Though that is something you've been too busy otherwise to notice." He laughed and was himself again, setting me gently from him.

For a moment I could only stare — perhaps not so much in surprise as in dismay. Had I not sensed the direction in which he was moving and even wished at times that I could respond? The reassurance he sought was not so much for Leslie, I suspected, as for himself, and I wanted very much to be kind to him.

"If it will please you," I said, making the only small offer I could give him, "I'll do what you ask."

I did not fool him. We had been walking in the direction of the house, and as we neared the front steps he paused.

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 50

"I won't try to tell you what you must do, Megan," he said quietly. "It's true that I have no right to advise you. Or to condemn any course you choose to take, for that matter."

He turned my gloved hands palm up and held them for a moment. I think he meant to say something more, but instead he let me go. When I glanced back he was still there, staring up at the house.

I let myself in and went to the drawing-room, and when I had gathered her presents into my arms I started upstairs to Leslie's room.

My arms were so well filled with packages that when I reached Mrs. Reid's door I had not a free finger with which to rap. I called to her softly, half hoping that she would be asleep and never hear me.

In a faint voice Mrs. Reid called to me to come in. The door was ajar and I went into the darkened room.

"I've brought your Christmas gifts," I said. "I thought you might like them here where you can open them comfortably."

She looked at me so blankly that I felt impelled to offer something more.

"You were missed at the tree this morning," I added. "I hope you're feeling better."

She remained listless, indifferent, offering no response. How dreary this dim room seemed, in spite of its luxury.

"Do you mind if I open the draperies?" I asked.

"Do as you like," she told me without interest.

When I had let in the light I poured her a cup of tea and helped her to sit up.

Dark circles showed beneath her eyes, and there was no dusting of powder, no blush of coloring in her cheeks. The merciless daylight made her look wan and tired, and I saw the beginnings of fine lines at the outward corners of her eyes, the first etching of permanent unhappiness about her mouth. It would be possible, I thought, to pity her, as Andrew did.

I moved the packages where they lay tumbled across her feet and spoke cheerfully. "Which one will you open first?"

After a moment's hesitation she reached across the satin quilt and made a selection. It was her gift from Brandon.

She read the card and dropped it aside. I could not help but see the first words of the bold handwriting: "To my adored wife . . ."

She held the package in her hands and looked up at me. "Why are you doing this, Miss Kincaid?"

I did not want to tell her that the task had been thrust upon me and that I had begun to feel a little sorry for her.

To page 52

Try fresh-fruit good Kraft Raspberry Conserve or Jelly

A few of these ripe red raspberries will probably be eaten on their way to the Kraft kitchen. But most of them will be saved for our special (and secret) 'quick cook' method ... flavour-saving magic that puts all of their fresh sweetness into jars of Kraft Raspberry Conserve (or Jelly, if you prefer). The flavour is pure pleasure because it's fresh-fruit good! It's waiting to tempt you now, at grocers everywhere.

Fresh-fruit good from KRAFT

Also Apricot Conserve, Apple Jelly, Black Currant Jelly and Marmalade.

KR 228




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899497

Relief for
VARICOSE VEINS
Support for tired, aching legs
Scholl
Soft-Grip
ELASTIC YARN STOCKINGS
Relief, comfort and perfect fit. Exclusive Nylon Soft-Grip top and instep enable firm, full-length support without wrinkling, without constriction. Light, cool, seamless. Worn unseen under sheer nylons. All fittings from Chemists, Stores, Surgical Suppliers, Scholl Dealers.
ALSO
Scholl Nylon Soft-Grip
Scholl Nylon Mesh
S41SA



Child cranky!
Try this for overnight recovery
Is your child cross, tired, furry-tongued, or without appetite? Suspect temporary constipation. At bedtime, give one or two squares of chocolate Laxettes, the safest, surest children's laxative known. Laxettes are eaten like regular chocolate, and there's no taste but the chocolate. They work gently while the child sleeps; next morning the constipation attack is over. The child is happy and well again. Get Laxettes today. Only 3/3 in the air-sealed pack. "When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes."
LA40R.


## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 51

"The packages looked forlorn under the tree," I said.

With little interest she untied the ribbon about the package. The wrapping opened to reveal a large flat box with a Tiffany label, and as she touched the lid it sprang open.

I caught my breath. Against rich black velvet lay a parure in chased gold, rubies, and diamonds. The set consisted of necklace, pendant earrings, and a bracelet. I had never seen anything so handsome and I was astonished when Leslie pushed the box from her and burst into tears.

"It's always like this!" she cried. "He thinks money can make up for emptiness! Once I knew what love was like. Once I had a husband who adored me. That's why I know now what emptiness is."

Her outburst shocked me, not only because of her meaning but because it meant a relinquishing of all pride.

"At the ball last night he humiliated me dreadfully," she choked. "He would not even pretend to be pleased with my company. It was no better than our trip up the Hudson, when he was constantly impatient with me."

She must have sensed my softening toward her, for she grasped at it. "Sit down, Miss Kincaid. Now that you're here, you must listen to me."

Her words began to pour out in complete abandonment. "There was nothing to live for when Dwight died! Can you understand what such a loss might be like, Miss Kincaid?"

I thought I might well understand and nodded.

"In order to live, I snatched at anything that seemed to offer me sustenance. Brandon had been in love with me before I married Dwight. He was Dwight's brother. So why shouldn't I find in him something of what I had lost? shall tell you. And it will be something for you to think about. He married me to buy my silence. Because if he did not I would have told the truth he is so terribly afraid of. And now that I am bound to him in this empty marriage, I cannot speak out as I might like to do."

I made no response to her Brandon at that moment, but Jeremy was insistent. In the library Brandon stood at the window, his back toward me.

The fanciful collar looked a little strange against the stone from which the head had been sculptured. The tall, white crown with its stylised plumes at each side made the patterned beads seem too bright by contrast.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

Instead" — the life went out of her voice, leaving a heaviness of despair — "instead there is only this!" She flung a gesture of rejection at the jewels Brandon had given her. "This and a prison from which there is no escape."

Perhaps my silence seemed to spell condemnation, for she began to speak again, a little wildly now.

"You know why I married Brandon, Miss Kincaid," she said. "But haven't you ever wondered why he married me?"

"That is none of my affair," I said evenly.

"While that is quite true, I words as I moved quickly to gather up packages that lay in bright mockery across her quilts. I said nothing at all as I carried them into the boudoir. Then I returned to her bedroom and drew the draperies to leave her once more to darkness. She did not speak as I went silently from the room.

As I moved toward the stairs, Jeremy came from his uncle's library, pouncing upon me eagerly the moment he saw me.

"Come see how the collar looks, Miss Megan," he invited.

I had no heart for his request and no desire to see Yet in the expression of carved lips and eyes I fancied an understanding of all that had gone into the making of the collar. Osiris wore the gift with dignity.

"It's very beautiful," I told Jeremy, and turned toward the stairs before Brandon could speak to me.

When I reached my room I removed the pin, not daring to look at it again. Now that I was alone, the words I had thrust away as being the ranting of a sick woman returned to plague me. What silence could Brandon have bought? What truth could Leslie speak out against her husband?

It was not for me to weigh the truth or falsity of the matters she had touched upon. They were no concern of mine. Brandon was out of my reach and always would be. I must tell him that I was leaving. I would wait only until the New Year. That seemed a logical time for decisive action.

Leslie, having flung herself into the depths, roused sufficiently to undertake a further social round that must have left her exhausted almost every night. Perhaps that was what she wanted—the oblivion of exhaustion. She seemed to alternate between coolness toward Brandon and a trembling appeal for his attention, if not his affection.

Miss Garth and Selina were away with Leslie much of the time, and I had Jeremy to myself. His mood of exultant happiness over his uncle's acceptance of his gift relaxed into something resembling contentment, and I was glad to see him come down from the heights.

During that week, when all was outwardly peaceful, only one small incident ruffled our daily calm. It was no more than a child's quarrel and of little consequence, had it not pointed to trouble ahead. The incident came about because of the carrousel I had given Jeremy.

It was the custom of the house for the family to leave all gifts beneath the tree during the week between Christmas and New Year. Thus it was that Jeremy somewhat reluctantly left the little music-box among his other presents under the tree. He warned his sister not to touch it, and this, of course, increased its fascination for Selina.

To page 55


# "Some women will run to fat this winter"

"Most women will go on eating Limmits"

If you stop watching your weight in winter, other people don't. Friends see those ounces turning into inches . . . the tightening skirt, the stretching sweater. And if winter clothes add extra bulk, heavy winter meals add extra bulge. Yet you can keep slim without getting tired, growing cold and feeling downright hungry. Low calorie intake, with absolute safety, is the answer.

You need a complete nutritionally balanced meal . . . just two satisfying crunchy LIMMITS with a cup of your favourite beverage.

LIMMITS are the safe, medically approved way to control weight easily. Check on your ideal weight for your health's sake.

TABLE OF RECOMMENDED IDEAL WEIGHTS
(20-30 years, weight without clothing, medium build)

| WOMEN ft. ins. | 20 yrs. sts. lbs. | 25 yrs. sts. lbs. | 30 yrs. sts. lbs. | WOMEN ft. ins. | 20 yrs. sts. lbs. | 25 yrs. sts. lbs. | 30 yrs. sts. lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5 0 | 7 11 | 7 12 | 8 2 | 5 6 | 9 2 | 9 5 | 9 7 |
| 5 1 | 8 0 | 8 2 | 8 4 | 5 7 | 9 6 | 9 8 | 9 11 |
| 5 2 | 8 2 | 8 5 | 8 7 | 5 8 | 9 8 | 9 12 | 10 1 |
| 5 3 | 8 5 | 8 8 | 8 11 | 5 9 | 9 12 | 10 2 | 10 4 |
| 5 4 | 8 8 | 8 11 | 9 0 | 5 10 | 10 2 | 10 5 | 10 8 |
| 5 5 | 8 12 | 9 1 | 9 4 | 5 11 | 10 7 | 10 9 | 10 12 |

ORANGE CREAM OR COFFEE CREAM

6/9 A PACKET • 3 complete meals.
At chemists and stores everywhere

LIMMITS

LIMMITS ARE THE SAFE WAY TO CONTROL WEIGHT. LIMMITS contain no drugs. Each LIMMIT provides 175 Calories. 3.87 G. Protein, 15.5 G. Carbohydrate and 11 G. Fat. LIMMITS contain per ounce: Sodium Alginate 750 mg., Vitamin A 560 I.U., Vitamin $B_1$ 0.26 mg., Vitamin $B_2$ 0.30 mg., Vitamin C 16.33 mg., Vitamin D 13 I.U., Nicotinamide 2.15 mg., Calcium 181 mg., Phosphorus 77.5 mg., Iron 2.2 mg.




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899498

Give yourself
a "coffee break"

# Nothing in the world like the rousing good taste of coffee

Coffee is mighty good company — and it makes you better company.

A "Coffee-break" cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of coffee!

Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Out-of-doors! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant. For lively satisfaction nothing else comes close.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899499

# Are you hiding the natural colour of your teeth?

## PEPSODENT WITH STAIN REMOVING LINDENT 'A' GIVES YOU WHITER LOOKING TEETH IN 12 DAYS

**What makes teeth dull?** In 8 cases out of 10, the natural whiteness of teeth is clouded by a film which builds up on teeth daily. Dentists call it mucin plaque. It settles on everyone's teeth like dust settling on a building.

**Stains from food, smoking.** Unless the film of mucin plaque is shifted thoroughly it gets stained from certain foods, tea and coffee, and smoking. This stained film builds up so slowly you think you're seeing the natural colour of your teeth.

**How Lindent 'A' works.** The Lindent 'A' in New Pepsodent works two ways. First, it dissolves the stained film of mucin plaque, removing the major cause of tooth dullness. Second, it polishes the enamel to give teeth a shine and sparkle.

**Whiter teeth in 12 days.** After a few weeks regular brushing with New Pepsodent you'll notice your teeth looking whiter. In 12 days you'll be amazed with the sparkling whiteness. And New Pepsodent's fresh, minty flavour and foaming action make your whole mouth feel cleaner. Gives you a wonderful "face-the-world" feeling all day.

### Proof your teeth can be whiter

If you've ever had your teeth cleaned by a dentist, you **know** your teeth can look so much whiter. That's because your dentist cleans off the stained film. Now New Pepsodent with the dental discovery Lindent 'A' polishes away film as you brush your teeth. Pepsodent is the **only** toothpaste that gets rid of film.

**Important:** No toothpaste can ever guarantee that your teeth will stay free of decay, so it's wise to see your dentist twice a year. But New Pepsodent with polishing discovery Lindent 'A' is GUARANTEED to give you whiter teeth if used regularly.

### "Improved my teeth... people have remarked"

Thousands have already had the pleasure of seeing their teeth become whiter-looking after using New Pepsodent regularly. A typical comment comes from Mrs. I. Gabriele of Cremorne, N.S.W.: "Frankly I was sceptical at first. But Pepsodent has improved the appearance of my teeth. In fact, quite a few people have remarked on how much whiter they look."

You can benefit, too, from this remarkable dental discovery. Use the coupon to order your free trial tube of New Pepsodent.

**FREE** 12-DAY TRIAL TUBE OF NEW PEPSODENT

Cut out this coupon or write to this address for a free trial tube. In 12 days you'll see the difference in much whiter teeth and a clean, fresh mouth.

To: PEPSODENT TRIAL OFFER, BOX 7061, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Please send 12-day trial tube of New Pepsodent to:

Name .....

Address .....

..... State .....

PTS 01WWPG



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899500

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 52

One afternoon when I heard wails of anguish from the drawing-room, I ran downstairs to find that Jeremy had slapped Selina for playing with the carrousel. Though Jeremy had the toy safely back in his own keeping, Selina was screeching as only she could screech, while Jeremy watched her in anger and disgust. Miss Garth, too, heard the uproar, and we both reached the drawing-room at the same time.

There were an unpleasant few moments in which I had to stand up to Miss Garth for Jeremy's cause as being just, while still condemning him for slapping his sister.

"The toy is fragile," I said. "Jeremy had a right to say who may touch it and when. "He is very careful with it, and it would be a shame if Selina or anyone else broke it."

If I had not been there, I think Miss Garth would have returned Jeremy's slap and upheld Selina. But she saw that I would not retreat from my stand, so she carried the weeping Selina away to distract and quiet her. The immediate result of the incident was an increased tension between Thora Garth and myself. I had a feeling that the woman was merely biding her time, waiting for an opportunity to catch me in some ill-advised moment when I would be at a disadvantage. Then she would raise heaven and earth to get me dismissed.

As New Year's Day approached, the house itself lent weight to my forebodings of calamity ahead. The holidays had not dispelled its atmosphere of gloom and hidden tragedy. Except for Selina every member of the household seemed possessed by some dark blight of emotion, hidden or disguised, but ready to burst into the open at a touch.

Leslie had long been planning a party for New Year's Eve, and she hurled herself into feverish preparation which I could only view with new alarm. She could not go on like this, yet Brandon made no effort to stop her. He seemed to regard her behaviour with a cold amusement that had no kindness in it.

On New Year's Eve I sat in my room and tried not to hear the sounds of gaiety two storeys below. I read until eleven o'clock, then braided my hair and went deliberately to bed, pulling the covers well over my ears. I did not want to know when the New Year began. I did not want to hear the bells, and I determined to be well asleep by the time they sounded.

I DID not sleep, and I heard the bells quite clearly.

Not only the bells and the tooting and whistling from a distance but racket from the immediate neighborhood and from within the house as well. One noise came very close, and I realised with a start that someone was knocking on my door.

It must be Jeremy, disturbed by the noise. I flung a wrapper about me and opened the door. Brandon, elegant in evening dress, stood there smiling at me. Beneath dark brows his eyes were alight with a reckless gleam and in each hand he held a glass of champagne. He seemed more vibrantly alive than I'd ever seen him, and I sensed danger in him as never before.

"Happy New Year, Megan," he said. "I wanted to toast the New Year with no one but you. Will you do me the honor?"

All caution was lost to me. I took the glass and held it up by its slender stem, raising it to his.

"To a way out for us," he said, and touched the rim of his glass to mine.

My eyes did not drop from his as I drank the sparkling wine. I took no second sip, however, for he removed the glass from my hand and set both aside on the table near my door.

I knew what was to come and I had only one will, one desire. As simply as though no other course of action were possible, I went into his arms. Their clasp hurt me, his mouth bruised mine, yet I revelled in pain.

When he released me without warning, I was startled, for there was sudden anger and it alarmed me.

"I'll force her hand. I'll make a way!" he told me, and his tone spoke of violence scarcely restrained.

I drew away, shaken and no longer yielding. He saw that he had frightened me and spoke more gently.

"Give me time, Megan. A little more time to find a way out of this trap I'm caught in. But don't run away. That's one thing I will not have. Do you understand me, Megan?"

I could only nod in agreement. I was held by a compulsion I could not resist. He accepted the answer my eyes gave him, picked up the glasses, and strode toward the stairs.

Shivering, I turned back to my room. Yet my body was warm with fever heat. I went to my window and flung it open upon the cold dawning of the New Year. A trembling I understood very well went on within me, and part of it was fear.

The chill I felt lay deep within me. Fear had its roots in a sense of unknown danger. Danger and betrayal. "Don't run away," he had said. Yet even then I knew I had no other choice. Not only for my own sake and for Jeremy's but for Brandon's as well.

Brandon's kiss had burned itself out on my lips, the memory of his arms no longer warmed me to life. For me this coming week must be one of decision and action. Unhappy decision, action that would cause me endless pain. Yet I knew now what must be done.

. . . . . .

The cold light of morning brought a strengthening of resolution. Fortunately, I had saved most of the salary I'd

To page 57


Look what's new in forever gleaming stainless steel!!!!!!!

NEW ELECTRIC KETTLE IN GLEAMING STAINLESS STEEL ADDS A NEW DIMENSION TO KITCHEN APPLIANCES

Why Stainless Steel? Because Australian Stainless Steel allows greater freedom in design—to give this smooth, modern line. Because Australian Stainless Steel is solid right through — no plating to wear out as with other kettles. Because the beauty of Stainless Steel is forever — it resists household hazards as no other metal can. More and more products are being made in Australian Stainless Steel — so always ask first whether what you want is available in Australian Stainless Steel.

MADE BY: Speedie Industries Pty. Ltd., Reserve Rd., Cheltenham, Victoria.

comsteel stainless

COMMONWEALTH STEEL COMPANY LIMITED,
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS — WARATAH, N.S.W.
COLD ROLLING PLANT — UNANDERRA, N.S.W.
Branch warehouses in all capital cities.

Where to go for the best in Australian Stainless Steel
Write Department WW, Box 432 G.P.O., SYDNEY

CS4 192 WW


HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

*"As one engineer to another . . ."*

Hazel can be seen on
Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays;
Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays;
Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays;
Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.


Advertisement

FREE

HEALTH BULLETINS

to help you

Sent to you by Lelord Kordel famous author and nutrition expert

If you'd like to maintain or regain that "alive-all-over" glow the body radiates when you are in excellent health—Lelord Kordel's educational bulletins are just what you need!

They are sent FREE of charge as a helpful public service.

*Here's the kind of information recent issues contained:* How to keep nerves calm and steady. Can we live to 150? · An easy way to lose weight. · Which foods can sharpen eyesight? Secrets of a 61-year old grandmother who looks and feels 30 years younger. · How to correct constipation without laxatives. · Recharging the body when it runs down. · Etc., etc.

These educational health bulletins are sent from Lelord Kordel's headquarters. If you'd like to be on the list for the next two years, please fill in the coupon below.

LELORD KORDEL, c/o Dynamic Health
5 Glass St., Essendon W5, Victoria (Australia)

Yes, I'd like to receive your educational health bulletins regularly as issued. There is to be no charge and no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899501

# ScotTowels the most exciting use of paper-since money!

(and less expensive)

**Now! A paper towel which you can use like a cloth**

ScotTowels give you a helping hand a hundred and one times a day, for use as a hand towel, for mopping, cleaning, polishing and draining foods. So absorbent, because every towel has thousands of thirsty little dimples that wipe and soak up spills or splatters instantly. ScotTowels are soft and gentle, yet strong. Simply use them and toss them away. In housekeeping throughout the modern home ScotTowels are like an extra pair of hands. ScotTowels available in white, pink or yellow.

**Mix** or **Match** your **ScotTowels** with the sturdy **ScotTowel holder** in white, pink or yellow.

another fine product by **Bowater-Scott**



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899502

received in the Reid household and I would have enough to keep me until I could find another position. My first thought was to tell Mrs. Reid that I would heed her wishes, then slip away without seeing Brandon again, and give him no chance to stop me. But the more I considered such a course, the more cowardly it seemed. If my own courage were as strong as it must be, then nothing he might say could alter my decision.

The master of the house came in a mood so stormy that it made itself heard up the stairs. I began to suspect that he had regretted his actions of the night before and was thus angry with himself and perhaps with me as well. All of which played into the hands of my intention. Tenderness, pleading would be harder to face than anger.

Jeremy, playing an endless tune on his music-box, incurred his uncle's wrath that morning, and I heard Brandon shouting at the boy to turn it off. I ran to the stairs, meaning to call Jeremy up to the third floor, but Brandon saw me there and stared as though I were another child to be reproved.

"Where is the pin I gave you for Christmas?" he demanded. "Why aren't you wearing it?"

## Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 55

Shocked by his own impatient but unintentional act, Brandon apologised for the second time that day. "I didn't mean that to happen. Let's see what damage is done."

This time his retraction had no effect. Jeremy held the toy behind his back. "You did mean it to happen! You were angry about it this morning. Now you're glad you've broken it!"

White and stricken, he clasped the toy tightly to him and rushed out of the room. I stepped to the door and called after him, but he ran unheeding up the stairs.

His shrill voice had brought his mother to the door of her bedroom and Miss Garth part way down the stairs. He moved as though he saw neither of them, and Garth stepped back against the wall to let the small, furious figure rush by.

"Let him go," Brandon told me, impatient again. "I'm sorry this happened, but I've had more of that tune than I can stand. When he recovers we'll see what can be done to mend the toy. Right now I want to talk to you."

I was very nearly as upset as Jeremy. The incident had shaken me, and I could not remain to be argued down by Brandon Reid. Without replying, I went into the hall to follow Jeremy upstairs.

Leslie had thrown a loose yellow gown about her shoulders and she looked pale and worn. I could not face her, either, and I ran up the stairs, brushing past the looming figure of Thora Garth.

Jeremy had closed his door and he did not answer when I tapped on the panel. Then I turned the knob, went in.

The boy sat on the edge of his bed with the broken toy in his hands, staring at it intently.

"I think it's not too serious," I said. "If your uncle can't mend it for you, perhaps we can find someone who can. Or I'll try to get another for you."

"He smashed it." Jeremy spoke evenly, without emotion, without expression. "He smashed it because he hates me."

I put my hand on his forehead and found it burning hot. He did not resist when I helped him to undress and get into bed. At suppertime he would eat nothing, and I

To page 59

I leave Jeremy and seek the opportunity to speak to Brandon Reid.

At the library door the tormenting reminder returned. This, too, was for the last time. He invited me in pleasantly enough and offered me a chair. His manner seemed faintly apologetic, as though he regretted his early-morning temper.

I had brought the pin with me and I laid it upon the desk before him. "I have come to a difficult decision," I said. "But a necessary one. The only course of action remaining to me is to leave your employ as soon as possible. As you know, there are reasons why I cannot remain any longer. Tomorrow I will look for a room and move out as soon as I can."

It took only a moment for the apologetic manner to vanish and anger to take its place. He picked up the scarab brooch and held it out to me.

"You need not insult me into the bargain. This belongs to you."

I took it from him in silence, waiting.

"I might have known you would run away," he continued. "The woman doesn't live who has the courage to stand by when she's needed."

Since I was exerting all my courage, his words did not help my temper. "I know where I am needed," I told him with some vehemence. "Jeremy needs me. But there are other matters to be considered first, and my decision will stand."

It was at this unfortunate moment that Jeremy came unwittingly into the room with the carrousel in his hands. Bent on his own concern, he did not sense the atmosphere of the room. With the growing trust he had in Brandon, he held the toy out to him.

"Something is wrong with it, Uncle Brandon," he said. "See — it will play only when I shake it."

He proved this by shaking the toy so that it began the tinkling, monotonous little air I had once found so merry. Brandon flung out a hand in a gesture of impatience. His fingers struck the carrousel and it flew from Jeremy's grasp and fell with a clatter on the bare hearthstone. I stared in dismay at the crumpled sleigh, the dented canopy.

Jeremy cried out in anguish and rushed to pick up the toy. All his hard-won confidence in his uncle had vanished. He turned furiously upon Brandon, pummelling him with his fists until I came to put quieting hands on the boy's shoulders.

"I will return the pin to you," I told him coolly. "Come, Jeremy. Bring the carrousel upstairs."

Brandon scowled at me, but at least it was to his credit that he noted Jeremy's face and apologised to the boy.

"I'm sorry, Jeremy. I've a beastly headache. I didn't mean to snap at you like that. Just play your box upstairs for now, will you, my boy?"

Jeremy accepted his words with good grace and came cheerfully upstairs with me.

By custom New Year's Day was a time when ladies remained at home to receive, and the gentlemen of New York, young and old, went from house to house, often imbibing so freely and so often that it was wiser for women to remain indoors and avoid the public streets. Brandon, however, had shut himself early into the library and showed no sign of leaving.

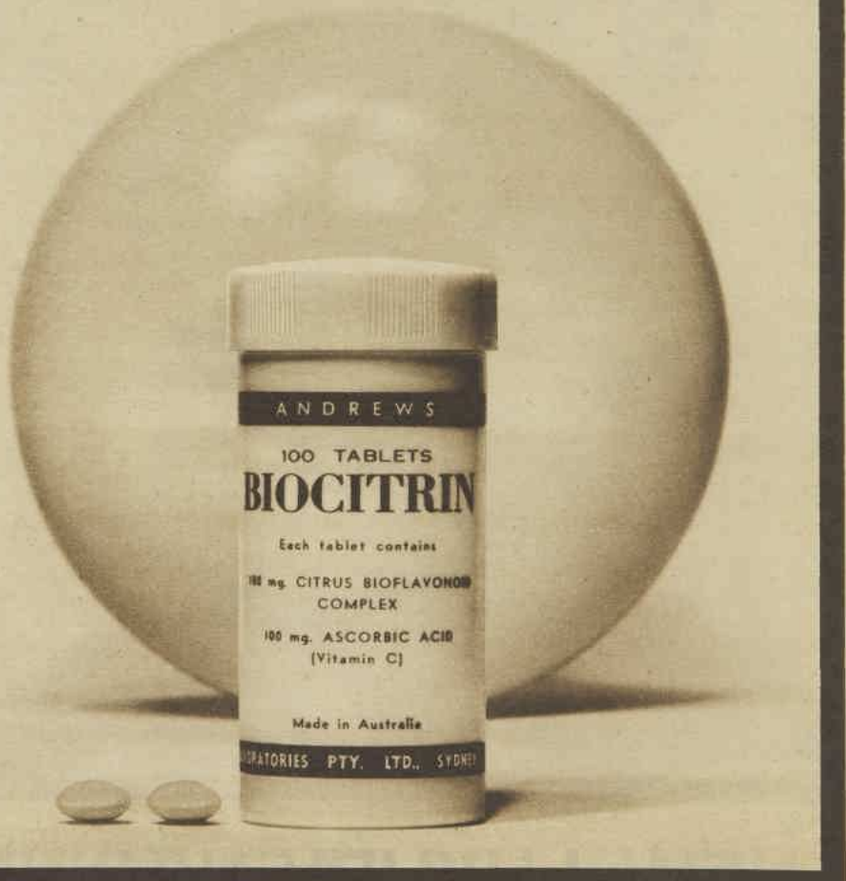
With Selina, Leslie had gone to the drawing-room to receive, and, as the doorbell began its constant pealing, servants hurried back and forth, and the day went into its full social swing. Miss Garth busied herself supervising the activity, and Jeremy and I had the long day to ourselves.

Not until late afternoon, when the calls had wound to an end, when Mrs. Reid had retired and Garth and Selina were once more upstairs, did

## FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM

you'll enjoy the whole winter




Check colds and flu . . . within 48 hours with BIOCITRIN ●

Keep winter colds and flu at bay ● If they do get a start, relieve them within 48 hours . . . with the proven therapy of Biocitrin ●● Only Biocitrin contains ALL the active bioflavonoids plus highly concentrated Vitamin C (Ascorbic Acid) ● At the first sign of a sniffle, take Biocitrin ● Get wonderful relief within 48 hours.

FOR THE KIDDIES get pleasant-tasting Biocitrin SYRUP. It costs no more. A bottle of 25 teaspoonfuls or pack of 25 tablets, only 6/-. Pack of 100 tablets—21/-. At chemists only ● BIOCITRIN—a Product of Andrews Laboratories Pty. Ltd.




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899503

"Luxury? Not a penny more?"

# NEW LUXURY NAPKINS BY KOTEX*

**Luxury** means added comfort, special quality. It's an absolutely *new* napkin! Luxury in everything but the price!
**Extra thickness** 16% more absorbent, gives 16% more protection without bulk.
**New cover**—softer, lighter, yet stronger. The perfect combination of softness with strength. And it's *pink!*

**Safety shield** on the under side where it's needed most. Polyethylene to guard against moisture penetration.
**Blue thread** instantly shows you the napkin side to turn away from the body.
**Special side** strips for safeguard against chafing. In every way, new Luxury Kotex means luxury comfort.

*Kotex is confidence*

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK—KIMBERLEY-CLARK CORP.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899504

## *Continuing* . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

*from page 57*

sat beside his bed until he fell asleep.

I lay down fully clothed, meaning to get up from time to time and make sure all was well. But I was bone-weary. The emotional turmoil I had been through had taken as great a toll as physical action. I fell so deeply asleep that only some deafening sound could have awakened me.

The sound came during the night hours, shattering the quiet of the house. I sat bolt upright in bed.

I knew what had awakened me, though I had never before heard such a sound inside the house. I went to my door and opened it a crack upon the dark hallway, waiting for the outcry that must surely follow. But now there was no sound, and that increased my alarm. The silence seemed too intense until I heard a creaking on the stairs. Was someone coming up or going down? I could see nothing in the blackness. A terror I had not known I could feel washed over me, and I closed my door and stood, trembling, with my back against it.

Nothing happened, and reason slowly returned to steady me. I must not cower here because I thought I had heard a pistol shot in the house. In his room next door Jeremy would be awake and in need of reassurance. I must look in on him, make sure of his safety. Then, if no one else stirred, I would go downstairs and investigate.

Lighting a candle I opened my door softly. At once I saw Jeremy. He stood halfway down the hallway in his nightshirt, and I could hear the chattering of his teeth.

"Go back to bed, dear," I said firmly. "Get in where it's warm and I'll go downstairs and see if anything is wrong. I promise to come back and tell you as soon as I can."

He did not seem to hear my words. He raised his hands and held them away from him, staring at if they did not belong to him, as if he had never seen them before.

"I've done something terrible," he said.

HIS tone chilled me far more than the icy air of the hallway. I pushed him toward his room.

"Quick now," I said. "In bed with you."

I left my candle on his bureau, lighted another, and started downstairs. Dread of what I might find slowed my steps, yet I must go down. Where was everyone else?

As I descended toward the second floor my feeble candle flame pushed back the darkness a bit at a time. When I reached the lower steps I saw that the sound had, after all, aroused others in the house—others as frightened as I.

In the door of Leslie's bedroom stood Miss Garth, an arm about the woman who had been her charge as a child. Leslie's face was washed of all color, her eyes enormous.

"Do you think that was a shot?" I asked.

Leslie clung weakly to the governess, and it was Miss Garth who answered me.

"Of course it was a shot and it came from the library. I rushed downstairs at once to make sure Miss Leslie was unharmed. Where is Jeremy?"

"In bed," I said. My fingers tightened around the candleholder lest I drop it. Where was Brandon? Why hadn't he come out of his bedroom?

I could not endure this new terror. The door of the library stood open. Shadows swayed across the room as I held my candle high. At first glance nothing seemed amiss. I moved toward Brandon's desk and stumbled over something that lay on the floor beside his chair.

It was all I could do to hold the candle nearer and look at what lay at my feet. For a moment no sound came from my lips. Then I called to the two women in the hall.

"Come here and see what has happened!"

Leslie was still afraid and would not come, but Thora Garth stepped into the room and stood beside me. Together we stared at the debris before us. Someone had shattered the Osiris head. Broken pieces of it lay strewn across the carpet, and I knew it must have been smashed by a shot from a pistol.

"Where is Mr. Reid?" I asked.

"He went out," Miss Garth said stiffly. "As far as I know he hasn't returned. And a good thing for him it is!"

A sick understanding of her meaning swept through me. She meant that Jeremy had come into this room with a pistol in his hands, perhaps seeking his uncle as he had once sought his father. Not finding him, he had vented his anger upon the stone head his uncle treasured. This was his retaliation, his revenge for the breaking of the carrousel.

Miss Garth turned back to her charge. "It's all right, Miss Leslie, dear. It's only that heathenish head that's been broken."

Leslie came hesitantly into the library, and it was then we heard the turning of a key in the front door. Brandon Reid had come home.

"What has happened?" he asked.

I held out my candle to him and gestured toward the floor. He took the holder from me, staring in disbelief at the shattered bits of stone.

"Light the gas, Megan," he said.

I hurried to do his bidding, and he searched the room swiftly, purposefully. Almost at once he found what he was looking for. When he held it out to us, Leslie gave a cry. It was the pistol from which the shot must have been fired. An ornate weapon with elaborate fittings.

"Wait here," he said to us. "I want to have a look downstairs."

When he had left the room Miss Garth spoke, her tone deadly cold. "This has gone too far. Something must be done about the boy."

"Yes," Leslie said helplessly. "Something must be done."

Brandon rejoined us in a few moments, carrying a towel filled with slivers of glass. "It's as I thought. Someone wrapped this towel about a fist so as to make no noise and smashed the glass front of the cabinet that holds the pistol collection."

Leslie began to weep. Perhaps the memory of that other, more dreadful, shooting had returned to devastate her. But Miss Garth made no move to comfort her.

"The boy would have killed you if you'd been here," she told Brandon fiercely. "Now perhaps you'll listen to reason."

"Get her to bed." Brandon's words were curt.

Miss Garth made a despairing gesture and then took Leslie by the arm. "Come, lovey. You must get your rest."

When they had gone Brandon turned to me. "I'll talk to the boy," he said and went out of the room.

*(To be concluded)*

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

a rose tab tells you it's the Luxury Belt by Kotex*

**It feels like velvet against your skin!** If you love nice things you'll want the Kotex Luxury belt. With its rose-printed tab, come so many luxury touches! The wide elastic is a special kind . . . soft-stretch . . . with a rose-pink lace edge. *Behind* the elastic is a chafe-proof cushioning of velvety brushed nylon. Self-lock napkin clasps and self waist adjustment, too. Luxury in every detail.

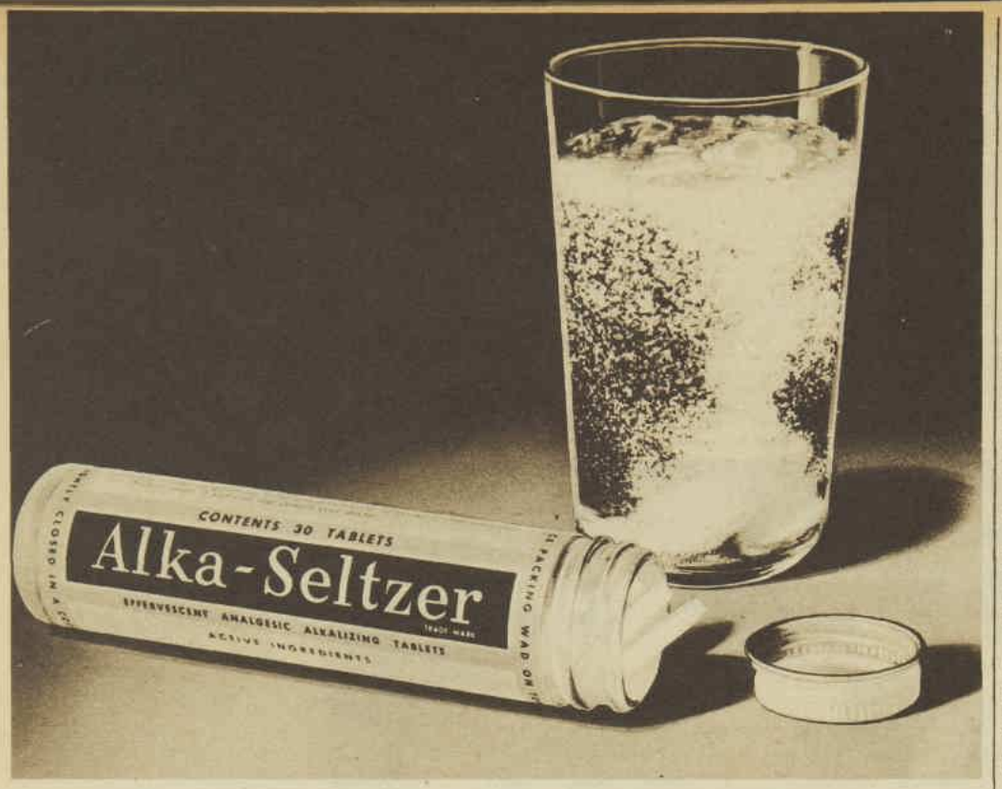
*Combine your Kotex Luxury belt with the new Luxury Kotex napkins, and make the most of luxury comfort and blissful security.*

* REGISTERED TRADE MARK—KIMBERLEY-CLARK CORP.

KK854




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899505




## how does one glassful of a sparkling drink relieve either a headache or an upset stomach?

**Because Alka-Seltzer is the world's most out-of-the-ordinary home medicine** — it is two medicines in one. It contains an effective and quick-acting pain-reliever and **also** an ingredient to relieve stomach upset and neutralise excess stomach acidity. It has none of the harsh acid reaction of so many other aspirin-type products.

Here's how Alka-Seltzer goes to work so quickly to relieve pain and discomfort: when Alka-Seltzer tablets are dissolved in water, their ingredients react together to form the Soluble Sodium Salt of Aspirin, Sodium Citrate and Carbon Dioxide.

Their combined reaction, released as a sparkling drink, speeds the efficient pain-reliever into the blood-stream. At the same time the solution reduces acidity in the stomach and lessens irritation of the stomach wall. These are medical facts, proven in clinical studies.

What makes Alka-Seltzer so valuable for your medicine cabinet is that it gives rapid relief in this wide range of simple complaints:

**Headache, Upset Stomach**

**Indigestion, Heartburn**

**Over Indulgence in Food and/or Drink**

**Neuralgia, Discomforts of Colds and Flu**

**Hot Weather Fatigue, Nausea**

**Muscular Aches and Pains.**

Most children like Alka-Seltzer, too . . . it is so easy to give and so quickly clears up their headaches or tummy upsets, but if the children are under 3 years of age medical advice should be sought.

Keep Alka-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet — when headaches, aches and pains or hot weather fatigue occur, get quick, safe relief.

**Alka-Seltzer is available at all Chemists and Stores.**

N212A


# CORONET among the WEEDS

*Continued from page 15*

Then the other girl was asked to dance by someone else and the boy-next-door type came up and asked me to dance. We danced a waltz and then the lights went out and he whirled me about in the candlelight and he kissed my cheek just before the lights went up.

I nearly died, it was so romantic.

Then George came up and asked me for my address and I gave it to him just to show the boy-next-door type he wasn't the only thing around.

Do you know that stupid ass wrote to me. I didn't get many letters, so of course my mother wanted to know who had written to me. I just said it was from a girl. You wouldn't believe it, but he wrote to me at school, too. *All about him playing squash.*

I forgot about the corny old boy-next-door type after two different girls told me they were swooning about him in the cloakroom. I hate obvious men.

When girls go on about a weed being attractive he never is. He's just stomping round being madly attractive. You know: "Here's super old me. Now swoon everyone."

### *For a kiss . . .*

After that the most awful thing happened. I got this nervous reaction about this uncle of mine.

He's frightfully nice actually. But it was boring having this nervous reaction.

**I wasn't in love with him or anything. I just went this awful color every time he came into the room or said something.**

A friend of mine had the same thing, only she went this color every time anyone at all looked at her.

So every time we felt a blush coming on we'd look at something white.

It really helped; honestly it was fantastic. I still do it sometimes, even now.

Well, me and this girl kept on having bets about things. You know:

*"Bet you I get a bra before you do."*

*"Bet you I'm engaged before you are."*

And so on. Anyway she'd won on the bra stakes. She had a bigger bust than me.

So I was absolutely determined to be kissed before she was. Only it's not so easy, because you've got to get someone to kiss you.

It didn't count if you went up and kissed them.

Well, we were all at this curry party a girl-friend gave in her flat. We sat around on the floor eating curry and wearing jeans and shirts.

Then everyone started sort of dancing a bit, and this boy in a kilt did a Highland-fling in the hall.

But I just went on dancing with this same boy all the time, because if you wanted someone to kiss you, you had to dance with him the whole evening.

I didn't like dancing with just one person, but I wanted to win this bet.

I quite liked him actually. He didn't have spots and was a bit too young to be a weed.

I did draw the line at being kissed the first time by someone with spots. I mean you can take betting too far.

Anyway they switched the corny old light off for the last dance, and he said, "Can I kiss you?"

And I said, "All right."

So he did.

**I was jolly disappointed. I don't know what I expected to happen, but it was so dull. Honestly, I remember thinking what a lot of fuss people made about nothing.**

He kissed me again by the back door after he'd driven me home. I thought I'd better let him, though I didn't like it much, but anyway I won that bet.

Then this boy called Mervyn whom I'd met at the dancing classes rang me up and asked me to this party.

He just said it was a party so I put on a sort of party dress and flowers in my hair, and me and a girl-friend went to his flat.

It was terribly dark, nothing but a few candles.

I was a bit scared and I said, "Shall we go?"

But the other girl said "No, let's stay and see what happens."

I couldn't help thinking about my mother. She gets a bit conventional sometimes. I didn't think it was her sort of party.

We found Mervyn, and he was a bit drunk, but he introduced us to these other friends of his who were quite nice, and we all danced a bit, and I didn't feel so nervous.

Anyway this boy called Mervyn kept on giving me these drinks that tasted just like lemonade, but I realised they couldn't be when I started feeling dizzy.

I said to the boy I was dancing with, "I feel a bit drunk."

**And he said, "You look a bit drunk."**

So I went and looked in the mirror, and I looked awful. The flowers were hanging off their bobby-pin.

I said to this boy, "Maybe I'll feel better when I've had something to eat."

But he said, why didn't I try walking in a straight line, he'd help me.

I just couldn't do it.

So they got this other boy and they all helped me along very slowly, but I looked so funny that we kept on giggling.

All the time, though, I kept wondering what my mother would say if she saw me. It was some thought. She'd have had a fit.

Then Mervyn started throwing glasses at the wall. I think he must have felt insecure or something. He just kept on picking up these glasses and throwing them at the wall.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899506

# CORONET among the WEEDS

There was nothing wrong with the glasses, he just kept on breaking them. Mind you, his parents were divorced.

I went up to him, and he stopped throwing glasses and I said I wanted to go home and thank you for the lovely party.

But he said I couldn't possibly go home, I must come to this nightclub he knew.

Actually I'd never been in a nightclub.

He said I would adore this one, so everyone got into a taxi, and I had to go too because I didn't have the taxi money to take me home.

When we arrived, there wasn't enough money for everyone to go in, but I wasn't going to miss seeing inside now I was there, so six of us went in with Mervyn.

It was as corny as anything. Honestly, all that money, and there wasn't any decent vice anywhere.

It was just rather dark and there was this old band playing away, and a lot of old men sitting around with women and drinking and eating.

A few of them were creeping up and down the floor with these stupid-looking blondes. That was all.

**Still, it made something to talk about at school.**

Then Migo and I decided to give a party. We made up a rhyming invitation, sitting on the radiator at school, and she typed it out on cards.

They looked rather good and we knew a lot of people by then, what with the dancing classes and things.

My mother said we could have the party in our house. She spent days putting nuts on trifles and cheese in celery and things.

All the parents went off for the evening as soon as they saw everyone arriving.

We had a huge bowl of punch in the drawing-room and rock-'n-roll records.

Actually it was quite gay.

Everyone started dancing and playing these games where you have to stand on a matchbox with a name written on your back and try and find someone to match the name on your back. Then whoever finds the person that matches them, without getting off the matchbox, wins.

### "A bit bendy"

I went down to the kitchen when they started passing grapefruits under their chins. There was this woman we had hired washing up.

**"The floor's going to give in," she said.**

I looked at the ceiling, and it did look a bit bendy.

"It oughtn't to be allowed," she said.

She wasn't very nice.

I went upstairs with more glasses, and they'd all started dancing in our garden. It's not very big, but anyway they did.

And do you know it was fantastic the next morning. There wasn't a single thing growing there. It gave my father a bit of a shock I can tell you.

Honestly, one moment he was looking for greenfly and the next he was just standing around with all this earth.

"Your father's very hurt," my mother said.

My father's a corny old lord, but I don't let that ruin my life.

"A friend of mine broke the punch-bowl," I said.

"Are you sure he's a friend?" she said. She can be rather sarcastic sometimes.

The drawing-room smelt like a pub for weeks, but I think everyone enjoyed themselves.

Well, the thing was what with one thing and another I was nearly sixteen by this time. So my mother said I should leave school.

She doesn't believe in girls knowing a frightful lot or going to university. She just thinks girls should have a bit of culture, and know how to cook.

I was jolly sad to leave school actually. I went to the most super convent.

Migo, this girl-friend of mine, went to this convent, too. She left when she was sixteen with me.

She wanted to go to Paris. We both did. We used to sit about and talk about it, and make up the most marvellous things that were going to happen to us.

Of course anyone can see Migo's just looking for a superman.

Just before I went to Paris with Migo, I fell in love. It was the older-man routine—though he wasn't all that old actually. But he was a grown-up and I wasn't.

**I didn't like it much. Being in love I mean.**

But I was quite resigned. It's just one of those things you have to go through, like teething or something.

I fell in love with him for a funny reason. It sounds stupid.

He didn't flirt with me or anything. And he had the most innocent eyes. I know it sounds soppy for a man, but they were really innocent.

### Boring, but . . .

'Course he was amusing and good looking, too, but that was the main reason I fell in love, this sort of innocence.

He was an actor, and he was staying with us till he got a flat. He used to rehearse in his room, and I would sit on the stairs for hours listening to him.

That's the thing about being in love, you find yourself doing nutty things, and you don't even think they're nutty.

I knew a girl once who was madly in love with a married man, and she used to stand outside his house with her mother's hats on, waiting for his wife to go out. She didn't want the wife to know what she looked like.

**I said, didn't it get a bit boring, and she said, yes, but it was worth it.**

It's pretty funny living in the same house as someone you're in love with. I used to have breakfast and everything with this actor, and sit on the kitchen stairs and talk.

*Continued on page 62*


# The keynote is styling 'MAYFAIR' by ASTOR

*with the marvel of* **'TRU-VUE'** *picture realism*

Introducing the most 'looked at' furniture you'll ever own, matched by performance features never before possible—including exclusive 'Tru-Vue' picture that ends reflection and glare from any angle. built-in antenna switching, automatic brightness and contrast, pre-set fine tuning, illuminated channels. The picture is matched by rich hi-fi sound with breathtaking tone and reality. Presented in an exciting new approach to cabinet styling . . . truly fine furniture in its own right, furniture that brings lasting beauty to magnificent entertainment! Furniture that says Australian TV has come of age!

'Mayfair' 23" Barclay. Superb design. Features dual-speaker hi-fi sound, a choice of Walnut, Mahogany or Maple timbers, plus all genuine 'Mayfair' features. It includes the marvel of 'Tru-Vue', ASTOR exclusive, that gives you all the picture, clearer and completely without reflections.

'Mayfair' 23" Console. Beautifully proportioned, combines the warmth of natural timbers with fine filigree metal and genuine gold plated controls, matched to a picture that is all picture.

'Mayfair' 23" Lowboy. Slim contemporary lines, the sparkling yet practical beauty of selected timbers in mirror-finish Polyester, discreet touches of gold trim, make this Australia's loveliest Lowboy.

'Mayfair' TV-Radio-Sterrogram. Combines the magic of 'Tru-Vue' 23" picture, the brilliance of hi-fi stereo record entertainment, and a world of radio enjoyment, all in one long slim line of loveliness. On-top controls, dust-proof record storage compartment, full 4-speed automatic changer.

(JP/MAY/2)

*It's an* **ASTOR** *that's the difference*

FINE PRODUCTS OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LTD




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899507

DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES
Ivanhoe
NORWEGIAN
CRAB PASTE
Available at all good stores
Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD. P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, Vic.
(For N.S.W. only: Phone 54 8427 . . . For Sth. Aust. only: Phone UA 9156)

NO OTHER FURNITURE POLISH REMOVES SCRATCHES & STAINS

MARVEER COSTS LESS AND GOES FURTHER

MARVEER

- Removes scratches and stains
- Polishes brilliantly, effortlessly
- Preserves the wood

Obtainable at all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery Stores. Also in 1-Gal. cans and 5-Gal. tapped drums for Institutional and Commercial use.
A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic.
BM/1CP98

# CORONET among the WEEDS

MIGO and I had to go by train to Paris because of my luggage.

My mother's got **funny** ideas about luggage. I *once* watched her packing for a weekend.

"I must take my gold lame for drinks, and my blue for dinner, and six jumpers because the heating's so bad, and my tweed in case . . ."

Even when I'd gone to Paris she never stopped sending me parcels with more clothes and medicines in them. She made me swear on the family Bible, that my aunt's poodle chewed up, that I wouldn't buy French medicines.

I was staying with a Marquis in Paris. A very nice Marquis actually, with six children and a very old flat.

### Ancestors

They were demoneyed aristocrats like my family. Only I think we enjoy it more than they did. I know my mother's jolly relieved; she says she couldn't have stood all those draughty castles.

But some people miss them —their castles I mean — they sit about and regret them and talk about their boring ancestors.

Migo was staying with a family of Communists. She said they weren't at all bad, they just kept on going on about Moscow.

Migo said that except for Moscow they were quite nice.

We enrolled at the Sorbonne, and the first week we were there a man stood on his head during one of the lectures.

*Continued from page 61*

Everyone began to laugh, because being in a lecture is rather like being in church; anything seems funny.

I asked Migo what he was doing, and she said he was either a Yogi or a beatnik.

I was awfully pleased I hadn't missed him, because he was the first one I'd ever seen. I'd led a bit of a sheltered life, what with one thing and another.

I got to know the French quite well living with this French family. They're different from the English.

They have all these rules about what you can say *dans le salon* and what you can't say *dans le salon*.

You don't have to be *dans le salon* not to be able to say these things you're not meant to, you can be anywhere.

But you just can't say them.

There's not much you **can** say, actually, except how's Aunt Ag and the weather and stuff.

I never had a bath the whole time I was in Paris. The thing was they had a bath, but, if you turned on the taps, the ceiling fell down, so there wasn't much point.

I didn't mind not having a bath, but I got a guilt complex about not washing.

**It was stupid, because not many people wash when they have a bath.**

I know my father doesn't. He just thinks and has a bit of a rest. Though not if my mother can help it. As soon as she knows he's in there she remembers that she's left half her things behind, or she wants to tell him something frightfully important.

Then she starts knocking on the door and shouting, but he turns on the taps and pretends he can't hear. Don't blame him really.

Of course the French absolutely hate the English. They just pretend to be swoony about them so they can spend their summer holidays in England.

### Good dancers

Then when they go back to France they pretend they had fantastic romances with men the dead spit of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Madame had a huge fat char called Madame Genevieve who spent a month in Eastbourne when she was seventeen.

She said everyone knew that the only good thing in England was *le cardigan anglais* and *le duc d'Edinbourg*. Honestly.

As soon as I could speak a little French, I started to go to French dances, but I didn't have much success with Frenchmen as long as they knew I was English.

One thing about Frenchmen though. They can dance. Which is more than Englishmen can.

Englishmen scoop you up if you're small like me and press you against the side of their ear, and leave you there for the rest of the evening.

There was a Count I danced with in Paris, and he used to take me to the movies, and teach me French *argot* (slang). French *argot* is much more fun than *le salon* French.

I got a bit muddled sometimes, and I told the Duchess that I thought French tarts were excellent. It was a bit embarrassing I can tell you.

Cellar parties could be quite fun because a lot of Sorbonne people went, and they had a jazz band.

The Marquis' wife didn't approve of students or cellars, so I just used to tell her I was doing a cultural course on Eastern philosophy. There were a lot of quite cultured Arabs about so I didn't think it was much of a lie.

A friend of mine called Daphne fell in love with one of them. She wanted to marry him and go back to Arabia with him and everything. I thought it was a good idea.

But Daphne didn't marry her Arab in the end actually. She said he wasn't genuine enough. He didn't have a camel or wear robes or live in a tent or anything.

The Arab was furious when she stopped going out with him. He went round telling everyone it was because he was an Arab and she was prejudiced.

It wasn't that at all; she just stopped being in love with him.

Some of the cellar parties could get a bit wild. Beatniks got too hep and started throwing things.

Sometimes it wasn't too dangerous, but if they really went potty all the girls had to lock themselves in the ladies' till they calmed down a bit. It was rather boring sitting in the ladies' but it was better than nothing.

Except for the old Count and a few French types I

Don't just ask for a toothbrush

INSIST ON

Tek

TRADE MARK

The Only Toothbrush with

Anti-Germ

PRODUCT OF Johnson & Johnson

T 1975



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899508

# CORONET among the WEEDS

met at dances, I didn't have many boy-friends. Migo and I mostly went around with a mixed bunch.

There were some English cads, and a lot of pre-deb-type girls who went around behaving badly with various weeds.

They really were weeds these boys, anyone could see they were. I couldn't understand these girls swooning over them.

I don't think they were in love with them. They were just bored. Nothing to do so they let these weeds drool over them. I can't understand people going on like that.

I mean you should have **seen** some of them. Not even the cat would have brought them in.

**And they used to do this drooling all over the place. Migo said it was unhygienic.**

There was this girl called Jennifer. She was really embarrassing with these complete weeds.

"Why do you have them around all the time?" I said.

"If you'd had a father like mine, you'd know why," she said.

"What did he do to you?"

"He gave me an inferiority complex."

### Old Francois

"What's that got to do with weeds making up to you?"

"I don't feel so inferior," she said.

One or two girls went Latin Quarter all in capital letters.

They weren't very good at it, but anyway they did. You know: grew their hair, dyed it, and didn't wash.

It would have been all right if they'd been amusing, but they weren't.

It was jolly nice when that actor came to Paris actually.

We didn't do much, just walked around and looked at everything. We didn't talk much either, come to think of it, or make love or anything.

It doesn't sound very exciting, but it was.

I cried when he went, and all those drips made me feel sick for weeks afterwards.

That's the trouble when you do meet a superman. Everyone else makes you feel sick.

Paris is the best place to be if you've got to be hopelessly in love, because of its being so gay.

But Migo shut me up if I started going on too much. You can be hell's boring when you're in love.

**In fact I don't think love is very jokey really.**

Then old Francois caused a diversion.

Poor old Francois. He was the most good-looking man you've ever seen. You know, tall, slim, bronzed, Grecian features.

He played the guitar in a relaxed way, giving you deep looks every now and then.

I met him because I wore a hat for a bet.

You wouldn't think that was very daring unless you've lived round the Left Bank. It's just one of those things you never do, wear a hat.

Anyway I was dared to wear this hat in one of the students' restaurants.

Boy, you try it. They drum their knives and forks on the tables until you take it off, shouting "*Chapeau*" like the revolutionaries shouting: "*A la guillotine*."

So old Francois came up and explained to me in English that I had to take it off, or they'd do it for me.

**I refused because it was part of the bet that you had to keep it on for ten minutes.**

I must say I got pretty nervous when they all started to get up and move in on me.

I could see my entrails scattered all over the Boul' Mich, and headlines: "Peer's Daughter Torn To Bits."

I didn't get attacked because old Francois marched me out of the restaurant, fighting off pursuers. He looked madly noble, guitar in one hand, me in the other.

After that I was rather stuck with him.

But he was so ghastly boring sometimes I wished I'd never won that bet.

He thought he was the complete James Dean. Especially on Saturday nights. He'd get terribly droopy over his guitar and look tortured by Life, and all wrought up inside.

Then on Sunday he'd be the old Frenchman sitting in church with his mother and wearing one of those ghastly French suits.

. . . . .

MIGO and I decided to go home for Christmas, because Christmas abroad can be pretty depressing.

I mean they don't do the same thing or anything, and it could make you miserable no one doing the right things.

### Quarrels

I don't want to be corny, but that's one thing I don't like about being grown up: Christmas isn't the same. It's not mysterious like when you were young.

Everyone spends the whole time quarrelling. Honestly our family have all their quarrels at Christmas. They save them up the whole year and have them at Christmas.

They sit about after they've eaten lunch and opened their presents (swopping the bills so they can take them back again).

You should hear them.

We went back by boat, and my mother was waiting in London. I ran up and kissed her. She held me away from her, a look of horror on her face.

"Darling," she said, "I wouldn't have recognised you, you're so **fat**."

I looked down. "Heavens, so I am," I said.

*Continued on page 64*

NE82

## White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended bright, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.

So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: Cosy with lots of hot milk . . . Cappucino, with a dash of nutmeg on the creamy top . . . or after-dinner demitasse, with cream. So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

**(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)**




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899509

B.165A

The finest quality sheets ever woven in Australia

Bradmill

the SHEETS with the linen-finish

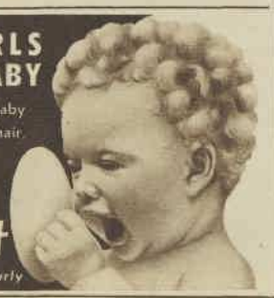
Bradmill sheets are stronger and longer-lasting because they have more threads to the square inch. Bradmill sheets are guaranteed for six years. The next time you buy sheets or pillow cases, buy Bradmill.

63″ x 100″, 69/6 pr.
72″ x 100″, 78/- pr.
80″ x 100″, 84/3 pr.
90″ x 100″, 95/- pr.
Pillow cases, 7/3 each.

*Prices vary slightly in South Australia.*

LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.



Curlypet

*Makes baby's hair grow curly*

LAYETTE PATTERNS

A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The set — price 3/6, post free — includes two nightgowns, two dresses, petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying - coat, sunsuit, flannel pilchers, and bonnet.

Please print names and addresses clearly.

Sciatica

Get rid of Sciatica pain . . . all the pain, with wonderful A.R. TABS. At last, here's a positive relief for those excruciating twinges and pains. Follow the directions faithfully and positive Sciatica relief is soon felt. In just a few days all the pains and aches completely go. A.R. TABS will not affect the heart or cause unpleasant gastric upsets. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS is the positive relief for Sciatica pain — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

WAR25

A.R. TABS

# CORONET among the WEEDS

Continued from page 63

I was, too.

Anyway, I got asked to a hunt ball after Christmas. The weediest weed you've ever seen asked me to one.

I accepted because my mother said you never knew who you were going to meet, and he might have friends.

She always said that about weeds. Either he might have friends or he's a U.P. (Useful Person). My mother knows lots of U.P.s.

**This weed was a small, long-haired thing with suede shoes.**

When I met him at the station he was wearing one of those Tyrolean hats with feathers and badges stuck round the band.

With his horrible old chinless face underneath he made me sick, he really did.

I was quite polite to him to begin with, but he went to sleep after a bit and snored with his mouth open.

It was a nice day so I hummed a bit and felt quite happy.

When we arrived the other end the weed woke up, and a scarfed lady in trousers met us at the barrier. She looked quite human for a horse.

While the weed was putting the suitcases in the boot she said, "Has he been a bore?"

I nodded.

"Yes he always is," she said, and winked. Quite jokey really.

This Horse had a very beautiful house. It was Tudor with a superb long drive, and smelling like an antique shop inside: lots of uncleaned ancestors and medieval toothpicks on the walls, and huge cold bedrooms.

We had tea in the drawing-room, sitting miles apart from each other and balancing scones on our knees.

The Horse talked away in a loud voice with her feet apart, and ate sandwiches in one swallow.

There was another boy besides the weed, a tall, fair-haired type called Michael, in an expensive suit and a watch-chain.

The ball was being held in a place called Elkerthley Castle. Pronounced Elly. It's a game all that stuff: Churpoughlin-Chulin; Smith spelt Smiffe. You can't win.

I changed jumping up and down, dressing with one hand and rubbing myself to keep warm with the other.

The Horse came and fetched me to go downstairs. She was wearing horse harness, or regulation pink for lady horses at hunt balls: halter neck, scraggy bodice, and droopy skirt from the waist down. She told me a bit about who was coming.

"The Boddington Smyths, very well known in the County, some very good hunters, the Scudderburns, no stable to speak of. But quite nice.

"Sir Henry and Lady Piltwhistle, Jane and Miranda; and Nigel Denthead to make up the numbers."

Michael and the weed were in the drawing-room when we went in. The Horse gave us all drinks, and I talked to Michael, who wasn't swoony but better than the weed any day.

Weeds get frightfully possessive when they take you to dances. They go on as if you're engaged to them — always looking at you or passing you peanuts and getting absolutely furious if you dance with someone else.

I think they think that when they pay for your ticket they've bought you for the evening.

It makes me nervous. I keep thinking everyone else is thinking I **mean** to be dancing with a weed, when I don't at all. It's just my mother's hoping he'll have some useful friends.

Sir Henry and Lady Piltwhistle arrived with Jane and Miranda. The Horse introduced everyone, Nigel Denthead was announced, and we went into dinner.

I sat between Sir Henry and Nigel Denthead.

"Do you hunt?" Sir Henry asked as he sucked at his soup.

"Occasionally," I said, because you couldn't be too careful.

"You'll be at the meet tomorrow?"

I grunted into my spoon. I wasn't going to be unless I could help it.

"I'm following on foot, my mare's thrown a spavin."

"Ah," I said, but I'm not with it spavin-wise, so he turned to Mrs. Boddington Smyth and started discussing spavins with her.

I listened to everyone else during the fish.

## *Funny face*

Mrs. Scudderburn was being enthusiastic to Mr. Boddington Smyth.

She had a funny face. Not the sort that would be enthusiastic to everyone. And throwing her bosom all over the place as if no one else had one.

Nigel Denthead was talking to Lady Piltwhistle, poor woman.

If horses had their own saints she'd be Saint Piltwhistle first class. I bet when she was expecting she knitted four bootees instead of two.

"Where do you live?" Nigel Denthead turned his great shining face toward me.

"In London."

"Not at the weekends too?"

"Why not, I live there."

"Interesting," he said, "tell me what does one **do** at the weekends in London, I've always wondered?"

I looked at him. Beastly flunkey. My grandmother always says beastly flunkey, especially about bank managers. I gave him what she calls a "look."

He didn't look flattened by my look. He just went on being shiny and eating his chicken.

I turned back to old Sir Henry. He was discussing the price of manure with Mrs. Boddington Smyth.

On the other side of the table the weed was talking to Miranda Piltwhistle and giving those chinless wuffs weeds always give.

I turned back to Nigel again and asked him where he lived. It was that or manure.

After the coffee the girls stomped upstairs to powder their noses.

I went up to Miranda Piltwhistle. She was doing her hair. She had this fuzzy fair hair and small eyes. I can't stand fuzzy hair and small eyes. One or the other but not both.

"I love your dress," I said, "I've always wanted a net dress."

She put on her lipstick in the mirror.

**"You should get one."**

That was the end of that conversation. I didn't care. I hated her dress, not even a horse would have been seen dead in blue net.

The beginning of a hunt ball always follows the same routine, after you arrive.

## *"At the ball"*

All the ladies troop off and leave their coats in the ladies', and on coming back spend a pleasant half-hour searching (nose to wind) for the gentlemen who have hidden themselves in the bar.

My luck was way out that night. I bumped straight into old Nigel Denthead. Was he pleased!

He beamed at me and grasping my arm with one wet hand steered me on to the dance-floor.

**Dancing with a weed is worse than talking to one.**

That's what hell is going to be like. It won't be torture and groaning, it'll be dancing with a weed for ever and ever. I bet the devil won't be tall and evil, I bet he'll just be a complete weed with wet hands.

And when you jive with a weed he just stands throwing you about, and looking smug while you kill yourself.

That's another thing about hunt balls. There you are in long dresses and tiaras and you're supposed to dance like a beatnik.

The band plays away at all these charlestons and things, and you dance like a fiend looking a nit with all these petticoats and things on.

I'd only been dancing with Nigel for about a quarter of an hour when Michael came up and asked me to dance.

I was so grateful to get away I practically burst being charming to him. He took me down to this nightclub they'd made in the dungeons.

It was meant to be terribly sexy with candles and a crooner groaning away at the microphone.

Actually it wasn't at all sexy. Just pitch-black, so you

Continued on page 66

The world's First Instant sweet!

STILL A FAMILY FAVOURITE

DELICIOUS HANSEN'S JUNKET

5 IN FLAVOURS (AND PLAIN)

Pineapple
Strawberry
Raspberry
Cherry
Almond

NO COOKING . . . NO BEATING

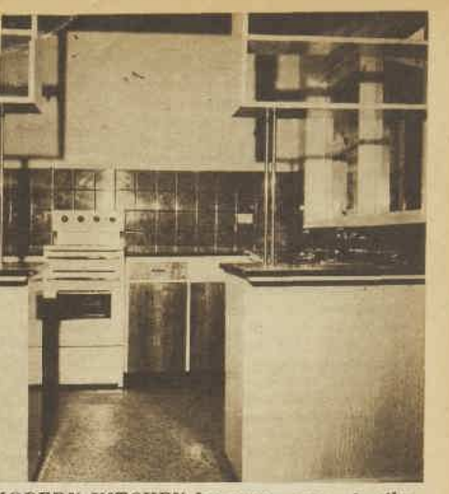
Junket, being a milk-based food, contains all the goodness of milk . . . a variety of nutrients necessary for a balanced diet in an attractive form.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899510

# £3500 HOUSE IS CONTEST PRIZE

*PRIZE HOUSE valued at £3500 will be won at this year's Telegraph Sydney Homes Exhibition. See it at Sydney Showground.*



*MODERN KITCHEN has green ceramic tiles above laminated plastic counter. Cupboard doors are polished wood, range is electric.*

## •At Telegraph Sydney Homes Exhibition

EVERY adult who visits the 1963 Telegraph Sydney Homes Exhibition at the Sydney Showground this month will have a chance of winning the fine, modern home, valued at £3500, which is shown above.

The exhibition will open on June 21 and will continue until June 29.

The splendid prize, a modern three-bedroom Eldorado Shereline "Montana Elite" house, will be erected at the exhibition and will be on display to visitors, who can walk through it and note all its interesting new features.

This "give-away" home is 10¼ squares, of asbestos cement weatherboard, with tile roof. It will be re-erected for the winner on land valued at £1000 on the Great Western Highway at St. Marys, N.S.W.

Water and electricity will be connected, and the house will be complete with paths and fences.

The house is equipped with an electric range and a quick-recovery hot-water unit.

To enter the contest, all you have to do is to complete a simple, missing-letters puzzle. Entry forms will be distributed free at the gates, one to every adult attending the exhibition.

Entries will be judged each night to select a daily competition finalist. The competitor who enters the neatest correct entry will become the day's finalist.

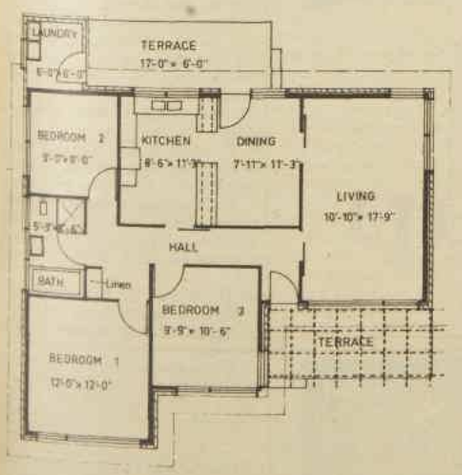
Entries will close on June 28.

All finalists will compete in a quiz on the last night of the Telegraph Sydney Homes Exhibition on June 29.

Finalists will be asked 10 questions about the Shereline home. A panel of judges will select the winner.

**COMPETITION RULES**

- No employee or close relation of the Eldorado Shereline Homes Organisation, Industrial Public Relations Service of Australia Pty. Ltd., or Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. will be allowed to participate in the competition.
- Each competitor will be limited to one entry per day.
- Eldorado Shereline Homes Organisation will be entitled, at the discretion of the directors, to make minor variations to the finish of the "give-way" home when re-erecting it on the site at St. Marys.
- Should a draw occur in the final quiz, a set of five further questions will be completed by the two finalists to decide the winner.




*PLAN of the Shereline "give-away" house with three bedrooms. Living-room overlooks terrace, has two sets of sliding doors.*


WHY ARE S-M-A* BABIES HEALTHIER, HAPPIER, MORE TROUBLE-FREE?

BECAUSE THEY GROW LIKE BREAST-FED BABIES.

S-M-A is patterned after mother's milk by exclusive Wyeth processes. Baby therefore gets milk suited to his special needs.

S-M-A is complete. Nothing extra is needed. You save on vitamin-mineral supplements—and your baby gets the best nutrition for a good start in life.

S-M-A is simple to prepare because it is an instant powder, and S-M-A is easy to feed. But it does cost 1 penny (1d) more per feeding than ordinary cow's milk formulas. Mothers in seventy-two countries think S-M-A is well worth this small difference.

Ask for S-M-A at your chemist's.

WYETH PHARMACEUTICALS (PTY.) LIMITED
Parramatta, N.S.W., Australia *Trademark SMA-2-Ejs





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899511

# CORONET among the WEEDS

couldn't see if you were dancing with the right weed or not, and darn cold.

I think Michael was probably cold too actually, because we went upstairs after half an hour.

The Horse had hired a private room for the evening. When we found it, Nigel and the weed were getting drunk there. Not funny drunk, just boring drunk.

Michael went upstairs for some more champagne and I sat on the sofa. When he came back, he said the cabaret was about to start.

Nigel stopped being drunk and straightened his white tie. This was his big moment. He was in the cabaret. He was going to do a super solo playing the bagpipes.

I didn't take much interest in the cabaret until old Nigel's turn came. With a big smile to all of us he put the pipe-thing in his lips.

Good old Nigel! Sweat poured off him. We waited for a squeak, but there wasn't a squeak.

Then like a balloon deflating, he sank slowly to his knees in a dead faint, and the bagpipes with him.

He was revived with a soda-siphon, and I gave him a glass of brandy to cheer him up.

He was the only amusing thing that evening, he really was. The Horse was disgusted. Didn't speak

Continued from page 64

him again that night. Said he let the Scots down.

The rest of the evening was really boring. Just dancing away with one weed or another, to keep warm more than anything. Then it was bacon-and-eggs time. That's the only thing that's good about hunt balls, the bacon and eggs at five o'clock.

**I suppose it's psychological really, because it means no more weeds for that evening.**

We didn't get to bed till about six o'clock. Then I was practically sick when I saw hunting stuff laid out in my bedroom for me.

I used to be madly brave on a horse when I was about thirteen, but since I'd been going to dances I'd given up horses in favor of weeds.

### Horse sense

Less dangerous really. And a weed will at least take you to the movies, which is more than you can say for a horse.

However I couldn't think of a good excuse not to hunt, so I just thought, if you've got to, you've got to, and there's nothing you can do about it, and got into bed—with my fur stole pinned round my legs.

A nice maid woke me up at nine o'clock. She was a bit surprised to see me wearing my coat and fur stole.

But she agreed it was the only way to keep warm. She helped me into breeches and boots and tied my stock for me.

I don't mind telling you I was shaking up and down when I stomped into the stable yard.

**The first look between you and a horse is the important one. A horse can size you up in a minute.**

Everyone else was mounted and ready to move off toward the meet.

"Your animal's tacked up, we'll start off slowly if you'd like to follow," shouted the Horse.

I looked into all the boxes till I found a rather small square cob. I led it out into the yard, looking it squarely in the eyes.

It wouldn't stand still while I mounted, so I had to hop on one leg halfway down the road before I could get the other one over.

That's the trouble with being small: you always get put on small horses, and they're much more energetic.

The Horse came up.

"Shorten your reins and stick behind me and you'll be all right," she said, "and if you must come off, for heaven's sake come off after old Denthead."

The field moved off and I followed Mr. Boddington Smyth. He was a coward, thank goodness, and went through a gate when he thought no one was looking.

Then the hounds lost the scent, so we sat around and munched sandwiches and talked to a few of these nut-cases that follow on foot.

They're potty. No, honestly, I think they're really nuts, people who follow hunts on foot.

They stomp all over the countryside just to see a few horses' tail-ends disappearing over the other side of a hedge. Then they go home quite happy.

We moved off again, and we were going really rather well when old Boddington Smyth pulled up suddenly.

"There he is," he shouted, "after the rotter."

"Who?" I asked.

"An anti-blood-sports snoop. Taking filthy photographs again. Socialist! After the brute, we'll have his blood."

### "Left to rot"

He plunged his spurs into his horse's sides and I followed him.

**The little anti-blood weed saw us coming and started running toward the road, his camera bouncing up and down.**

Then he fished a bicycle out of the hedge and pedalled furiously up the road, his mac flapping in the breeze. We would have lost him if his mac hadn't caught in his wheel and practically strangled him.

I thought it was jolly bad luck. I didn't think it was fair to throw his camera in the pond after that.

But Boddington Smyth wouldn't listen, and he wouldn't let me help the poor thing unstrangle himself. He said he was to be left there to rot.

The Horse was thrilled when I told her. She said it was the nicest thing she'd heard for ages. Made her day.

When I said it was a bit unfair to leave him to rot, she said what did I want to do, tuck him up in bed with a kiss?

. . . . . .

MIGO hadn't met a superman during the holidays. She'd collected a few new weeds, but nothing much to speak of.

I hadn't either, actually. I went to see my old actor once in his


The star... is you!

*Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10 film stars . . . the mild beauty soap that keeps your skin so soft, so smooth—so beautifully clear!*

Lux Toilet Soap

*the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!*

No film star ever faced such extreme close-ups as *you* face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the film stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. *And you . . .*

L442




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899512

# CORONET among the WEEDS

dressing-room. Migo came with me.

I wanted to look frightfully *femme fatale*, so I wore a black dress.

The bodice of the dress was rather big for me, so I stuffed one or two of my father's socks down my bra to make me look bosomy.

I was hell's nervous in spite of those socks to boost my bust. It was all right during the play, and in the intervals I had a few vodkas, but when it came to actually walking round I kept on thinking of why I shouldn't go. The stage-door man looked very sneery when we asked to see him.

I couldn't bring myself to knock on his door. I kept on dashing toward the fire escape. So Migo did it for me.

He looked **very sweet**, this actor. **He really did.** With holes **in his vest. I** think holes in a **vest can be** very **endearing.**

There was this other woman there, too. I think she was in love with him, too. But I wasn't jealous.

## "Feeble"

I bet she loved him because he was amusing and handsome. I bet she didn't think once about him having an innocent smile.

Anyway he talked more to me than he did to her. I couldn't help feeling triumphant because she was at least twenty-five. She kept on giving me great looks of hate, really as if she could have killed me.

It was a good thing she didn't know about my father's socks.

I made a big resolution not to think about him. It's perfectly feeble to go swooning round the place about someone who isn't there, and anyway isn't swooning over you.

It was about this time that my mother said I had to do a secretarial course.

I wasn't too pleased about that I can tell you. I said I didn't want to do a secretarial course.

And she said, well, what did I want to do? I said I wanted to be "discovered." She said, doing **what?** So I did a secretarial course.

**My real trouble is I'm absolutely normal, and I've got no ambition. I've been completely normal my whole life.**

I suppose it began when I was born. I wasn't purple, and no one was worried about whether I was going to live or anything, and my mother didn't hate me.

It would have been all right being healthy if my parents hadn't wanted me, but they had. That was a bad start.

Then when I got a bit older I was good-tempered and had a good appetite, and did perfectly normal things like running away from school.

It's been a great burden to me, being normal.

And if you want the truth, that's the worst thing about doing a secretarial course. Having to be normal.

It worried me no end, going round with these normal people.

My mother knew about me being in love with this actor, but she didn't do anything about it until one evening when we were alone.

Then she began to ask me what happened in Paris. I didn't know what to say.

When people talk about things they seem to distort them. You just feel an enormous cliche: the eternal young innocent in love with the older man.

You know you're the old, old story, but that's not it. You're not really *innocent*, he's not really old. It's just that he's perfect.

Anyway, after she'd hedged about a bit, I said:

"Oh, well, I suppose I'm in love with him, but it doesn't matter, I'll get over it."

She gave me a worried look.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to try to forget him?"

"Why?" I said.

"I could tell you why, but I don't want you to be disillusioned."

"It's all right, I don't mind being disillusioned. I don't **like** being in love." She paused, then she said:

**"He's going to marry that girl he's acting with at the moment. She saw him off at the airport when he came to Paris. Didn't he tell you?"**

Then suddenly I could hear time rushing by me. It sounds stupid, but I could hear myself talking and watch myself.

"You mustn't be hurt, darling," she said, "men love young girls because they're innocent and flattering."

## "Just in love"

"Oh," I said, "I didn't expect him to take me seriously. I just loved him. Stupid really."

I didn't cry, I just went to bed. I didn't mind about him going to marry that actress, I just minded about her seeing him off at the airport.

It just made when he was in Paris seem like nothing.

It probably was nothing to him. He was probably yawning his head off.

But I remembered that I'd rushed into his arms and laughed and shouted and practically broke his hand holding on to it.

He probably gave that pottery thing we bought in Montmartre to his old actress.

I believed my mother though. But I still had to go and see for myself.

His flat was at the top of a long staircase. The room was full of sunlight, and he was in bed with 'flu. He said hello and introduced me to another man who was there.

I sat on his bed and talked to them for a bit.

He had a photograph of his old actress on the wall. She looked quite pretty. I didn't mind. I just minded about him probably having given her that pottery face.

I looked at him when he was talking to the other man, and he wasn't perfect any more. Just a man in bed with 'flu. The other man went, and he said:

"Can you see my cigarettes?" I had a look round and couldn't, then he said:

"I think they're under the bed."

So I bent to pick them up and my knees cracked. They always do, I used to lose five marks every ballet exam.

Anyway I gave him the cigarettes and said, "I think I'd better go. I'm meant to be at a lunch party."

He said, "I'll ring you up and ask you to a movie one evening."

And I said, "Yes, that'd be super."

And I walked out into Mayfair feeling rather relieved actually.

**He wasn't perfect any more. I wasn't in love any more.**

I suddenly realised I wouldn't have to be nervous or feel like hell any more. Not ever again.

Then I thought: What am I going to **think** about? What was I going to wish for? I couldn't think of a thing.

You've got to wish for something the whole time when you're seventeen.

But when you're depressed I think you should start again — do corny things like changing your hairstyle, and getting a new lot of weeds.

**So I changed my hair. I had this enormous beehive.**

Then I got a few new weeds, but I still didn't feel very jokey.

So I thought, hell, I'll have a go at being a beatnik.

From "CORONET AMONG THE WEEDS," by Charlotte Bingham. Heinemann, London. Copyright.

**NEXT WEEK: Charlotte becomes a beatnik, then a deb.**


**AIR-CONDITION YOUR SHOES**

Dr. Scholl's unique, *air-ventilated* insoles air-condition your shoes. Keep feet cool in Summer, warm in Winter. Schotex foam cushions entire foot — it's just like walking on pillows. 5/9 pr. at Chemists and Stores.

**Dr Scholl's** AIR-PILLO INSOLES

**THE IDEAL GIFT!**

A SUBSCRIPTION TO *The Australian* **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

| Rates | ½ Year | 1 Year |
|---|---|---|
| Aust. | £1/14/6 | £3/9/- |
| N. Guinea | £2/3/6 | £4/7/- |
| New Zealand & Fiji | £2/12/- | £5/4/- |
| Brit. Dom. | £2/12/6 | £5/4/- |
| Foreign | £3/5/6 | £6/11/- |

**THE IDEAL GIFT!**

With Meds you feel free to relax and enjoy yourself any day of the month. Meds make everything so simple because they're worn internally. Perfectly safe too — many nurses choose them. Next time, place your trust in Meds and discover new freedom.

*For a free, informative booklet, mailed in plain wrapper, write to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson Pty. Ltd., Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney.*

**Meds** *tampons* by Modess




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899513

# FEEL THE POSITIVE RELIEF FROM COUGHING WITH...

**NEW NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR HAS...**

*60% More decongestive activity!*
*100% More cough suppressing activity!*

Get positive relief from persistent coughing... heavy chest congestion ... bronchitis! Take NEW **improved formula** NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. Reduces congestion; makes breathing easier; stops irritating coughing; clears phlegm-congested membranes. NEW 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir works faster; relief lasts longer. Get better, faster, with NEW NYAL 'Decongestant' ... **increased effectiveness without increase in price!** 6 fl. oz., **6/9.** 12 fl. oz., **11/3.** 16 fl. oz., **13/9.**

NEW

**Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR**

**Nyal**
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

## Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds—anytime, anywhere with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for four hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue, **6/6**

**Nyal 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY**

## Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!

COLDREX—the unique two-layer tablet—relieves head cold symptoms 3 WAYS! COLDREX combines a powerful decongestive, a pain reliever, and Vitamin C. Acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection. Helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6**; 24 tablets, **8/-**

**COLDREX**

## Build Resistance to Winter Ills

Build resistance to colds and 'flu with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, **22/6**; 90 days, **52/6.**

**PLURAVIT**
MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES

## Pain Relief Without Stomach Upset

You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu. 24 tablets, **3/9**; 36 tablets, **4/9**; 100 tablets, **11/3.**

**DOLAMIN**

Nyal Medicines are manufactured under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists.

**NYAL COMPANY** • *Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals*

## FLAVOURED Vitamin C

Vitamin C in a new, most palatable form—NYAL FLAVOURED Ascorbic Acid Tablets. Dissolve on the tongue ... pleasing to the taste because they have a mild, refreshing orange flavour. Two strengths: 50 mg. (100's), **5/11**; 250 mg. (100's), **15/6.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899514

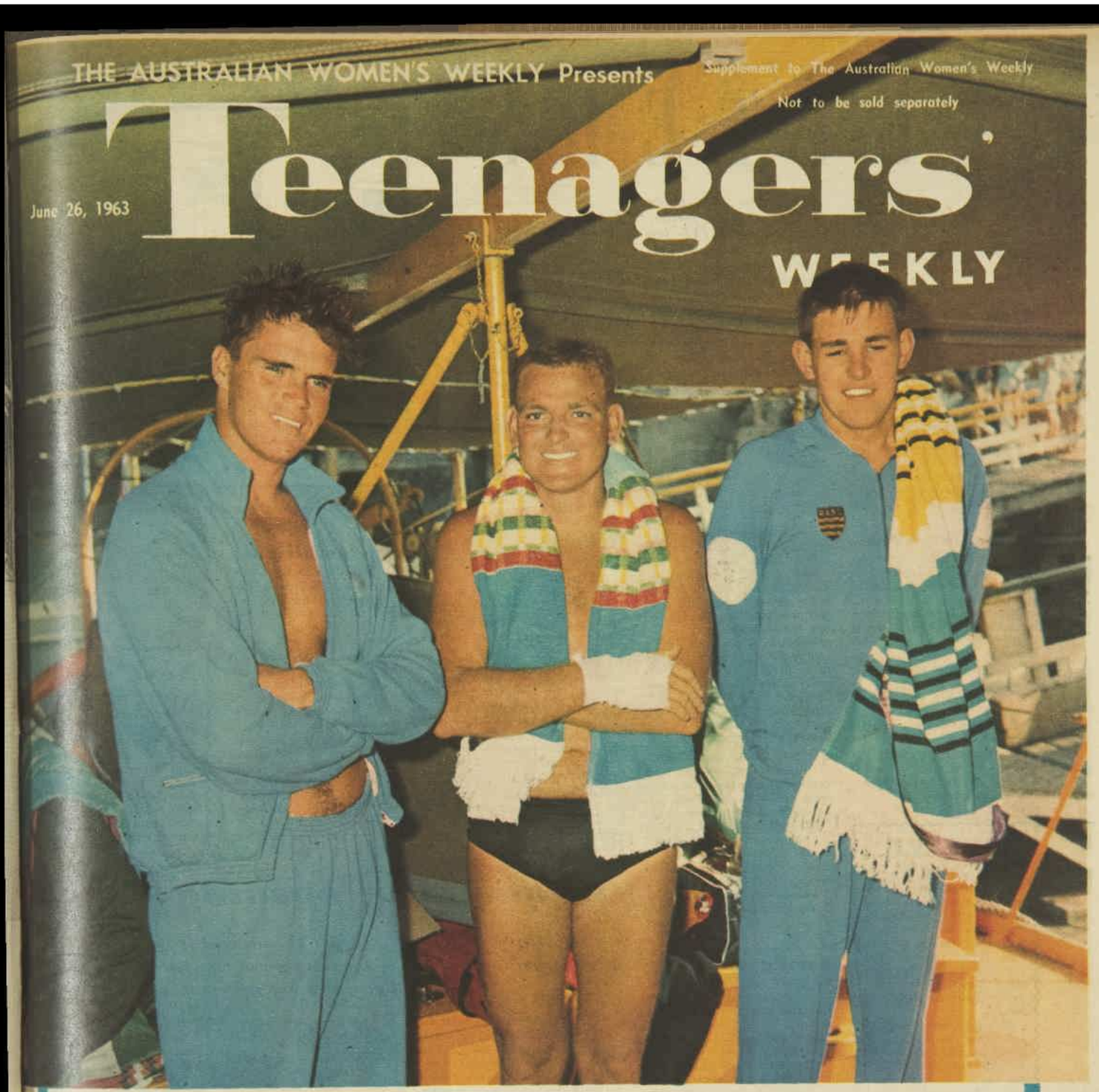
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

# Teenagers' WEEKLY

June 26, 1963



**● These three young swimmers led a field of six in this year's race from Magnetic Island to Townsville, Queensland — Australia's toughest and most unusual swimming contest.**

WINNER of the event was John Rigby (left), Queensland and Australian Surf Champion, who swam the course in 2 hours 3 minutes. Second was Tony Saarinson, of Sydney (right), who clocked 2 hours 7 minutes 55 seconds, and Brian Coomber, of Townsville, was third with a time of 2 hours 10 minutes.

## Australia's toughest swim race

The course is nearly six miles long, and because of the danger from sharks each contestant swims inside a wire-netting cage 16ft. long, 8ft. wide, and 6ft. deep which is towed 50ft. behind a launch.

To regulate the speed of the launches, a coach sits in a punt attached to each cage, and directs the boats by hand signals.

And to make sure that the swimmers don't rest on their cages, an official observer sits in the punt all the way.

The Magnetic Island to Townsville swim was first attempted in 1924 by Douglas Pitt, of Cairns, and again in 1927 by Bert Garth, of Atherton Tableland. The swim was organised properly as a competition in 1954 for the Royal tour celebrations and is now an annual event.

Since then, many surfing "greats" have competed in the gruelling race — among them, Murray Garretty, of Adelaide, who held six Australian Championships, Brian Hutchings, Barry and John Rogers, and John Kissane.

Most people feel the race is too strenuous for girls, but three have entered, and one, Joyce Martens, of Bundaberg, completed the course in better time than many of the men.

Joyce subsequently married her coach, Jim Harvey, who is a member of the committee which organises the race.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899515

# LETTERS

***There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.***

## No half fare for fair lady

I AM a 16-year-old schoolgirl and have a concession pass which entitles me to half fare, but whenever I go out with boys they refuse to buy me a half-fare ticket.

I think they are being silly, because it would save them money. They say they are not taking a child out, so why pay child's fare.

What do other readers think? Am I the silly one?—*P. Mervin, Gymea, N.S.W.*

## Praise for teens

WITH so much written about delinquent teenagers these days, it is refreshing to have an experience such as I had recently when I enrolled at the local Technical High School to learn lettering on Saturday mornings.

I found myself in a class of a dozen boys aged 16 or 17 and one girl of 16, who sat next to me.

"I'm glad you're in this class," she said.

"Thank you . . . why?" I asked.

"Well, if you weren't here I'd be the only girl."

Did I mention that I am a grandmother?

The boys were tops and treated me almost like one of themselves. I say ALMOST, because I came in for many little courtesies not shown among themselves. If I dropped an instrument, one of the boys always picked it up for me. They sharpened my pencils and, if the day was sunny, my stool and desk would be carried out into the sunshine.

These were nice kids, and I believe there are many just like them all over Australia. I was really sorry when my course finished. — *"Grandmother," Kingswood, S.A.*

## PUZZLE

A TEACHER was so busy correcting six test exam papers his pupils had done that he did not have time to copy their percentage marks into his book before returning the papers to the pupils, so he asked them to keep the papers until the following week.

When he was ready to enter the marks in his book, he asked the pupils to call out their results, but when it came to Carl's turn he said, "Gee, teacher, I must have lost my papers."

The teacher said, "Well, Carl, how do you expect me to put your marks on your report card?"

Carl answered, "I do remember this—the marks on four of the six papers were 100, 84, 72, and 60, and the average of all the papers was 69. The other two papers had identical marks, but I don't remember them."

From this, by using each of the processes of addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division once only, the teacher was able to work out the marks of the other two papers. Can you?

(Answer on page 7)

## Confusing

IF you think that French, Italian, or Spanish are confusing languages, pause a while and consider Maori.

In the language the word "kiki" means crowded, "kikiki" means idiot, and "kikikiki" means stutterer.

How's that for confusion? Imagine what would happen if someone wanted to address (in Maori) a crowd of stuttering idiots. — *H. Moully, Highett, Vic.*

## Family ties

LIVING away from home for the first time, I have come to realise how much my family means to me. I saw them at Easter and we had a wonderful time together, because I believe each of us had realised how much we loved each other.

I am glad that I have temporarily left home, because otherwise I may never have known what my parents and my brothers meant to me.—*J.M., Hobart.*

## School hours

WHEN I was at school recently in Germany, we began our lessons at 7.15 a.m. and completed the school day at noon. Our school week extended from Monday to Saturday.

This system is very satisfactory. It discourages laziness in getting up early (even on cold mornings, and there are plenty of those in Germany). Another advantage is that the pupil has the entire afternoon free. What do other teenagers think of this system? — *"J.A.N.," Ivanhoe, Vic.*

## Unjust

AT school recently we held a debate on capital punishment. I found myself on the team arguing for, even though I wasn't sure of myself on this matter.

Although our side won, with arguments like "the world is a better place without murderers," etc., I found myself thinking the whole problem over later.

I have come to the conclusion that I don't think it's just to take a man's life from him—whatever the circumstances.

What do other readers think about this? — *D. Gaynor, Mount Pleasant, W.A.*

## Religion

I AM a religious girl and am currently going out with a boy who practises another religion.

Through his example and influence I have become very interested in his religion, but we never mention our religious differences, as we understand this will lead to quarrels.

I have never thought about religion very intensely before and I have become very disturbed where previously I was quite content.

Should I consult my boy-friend about it and risk ending our friendship — or should I remain silent and keep my worries to myself? — *C.J., Chadstone, Vic.*

## BEATNIK

*"My landlord doesn't understand me."*

## Petty politicians

THE other night I turned the radio on to Federal Parliament, and for the next two hours I listened absolutely fascinated. It was worse than the bickering of little kids.

Apart from the shouting and misbehaviour, the repeated use of trivial standing orders to prevent a bill from being passed made a mockery of parliamentary procedure.

There were countless divisions in which the voting was always the same, and finally the Speaker had to adjourn the sitting because of the uproar, having previously suspended two members.

There is only one word to describe it, and that is petty.

I had thought of politics as a career, but on hearing this disgraceful session I feel I would like to set my ideals a little higher.—*Michael Coper, Sydney.*

## Next week

**ALL the way from Peru has come a new idea for winter sport enthusiasts—ski masks. They are basically Balaclava helmets with a front piece in which there are holes for eyes, nose and mouth. Next week we show them on our cover and give you full knitting directions.**

# Etiquette of opening doors

***● "Demanding" (T.W., 15/5/63) wondered if she were asking too much by insisting that her boy-friend help her in and out of the car. Here's what our readers think.***

I HAVE been going with the same boy for three years, and never once have I had to open the door of the car myself. I am always helped both into and out of cars, across roads, and up steps.

If a boy thinks enough of you he will automatically help you without being asked. He should be proud to do it, not ashamed of what his mates will say. — *"Satisfied," Strathmore, Vic.*

I AM an American girl who has been in Australia for two years, and I can honestly say that every boy I have dated in different towns and cities in Queensland has always extended those little courtesies to me.

Back in the States, the boys are equally courteous — well, the majority of them.

Consequently, I feel that you are not asking too much, and that you are perfectly justified in insisting on good manners from your date.—*Ann Slater, Winton, Qld.*

I AGREE with "Demanding" that the practice of boys opening and shutting car doors is vanishing, or, rather, has vanished.

Australian boys don't seem to know the meaning of the word "etiquette." The only boys who have ever done the gentlemanly thing for me were overseas visitors—one an Englishman, the other a South African. — *"Like It," Sydney.*

MY boy-friend opens car doors for me, although many times I do it myself, simply because I forget to wait for him to get out first.

This is one reason why this little act of courtesy is dying out. We girls are often to blame. We're a little too independent, and sometimes forget to give the boys a chance to be gentlemen. — *Ruth Bostock, Brighton, Qld.*

I HAVE a marvellous friend who always opens and shuts the car door for me, walks on the right side of the footpath, and steps aside to let me go through doorways first.

All his friends are the same, so I don't agree that chivalry is dying out at all.—*R. Johnston, Ascot Vale, Vic.*

YOU are not demanding at all, it is simply good manners (which many young men lack today) to open car doors for you.

If you find your escort rather slow off the mark, walk to the car door and stand there until he catches on. Then, when you're getting out, ask if he would mind helping you.

Most males are quite flattered (even if they don't show it), but they do need occasional reminding. — *"Manners," Adelaide.*





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899516

# NECKLINES MAKE HEADLINES

● *From Paris comes news of a new look for the "little black dress." Attention is focused on the neckline, which is dressed up glamorously for any occasion. The ideas pictured can be quickly made or adapted for clothes in your wardrobe.*

*BASIC DRESS has a round scooped neckline, short sleeves. Worn with pearls, it has an elegant simplicity all its own.*

*CRISP and efficient, the white collar and gingham bow (left) is ideal for the office. Use pique for the collar, which is cut in a wide peter pan. Ribbon can be loosely knotted, as shown, or fashioned into a stiff, permanent bow which clips on to collar. Ring the changes with many different ribbons.*

*FEMININE and frilly, this detachable dicky front (above) is tacked or clipped to the inside of the dress. It is made from organdie stitched into wide pleats and trimmed with tiny jet buttons and velvet ribbon. For special evenings you could have tiny diamente buttons but without the ribbon.*

*STRICTLY FOR AFTER FIVE. Organdie roses (available from most department stores and some milliners) are massed round the neck. They are first stitched together, then tacked to the dress. Crisp white or deep cream are the best color selections.*

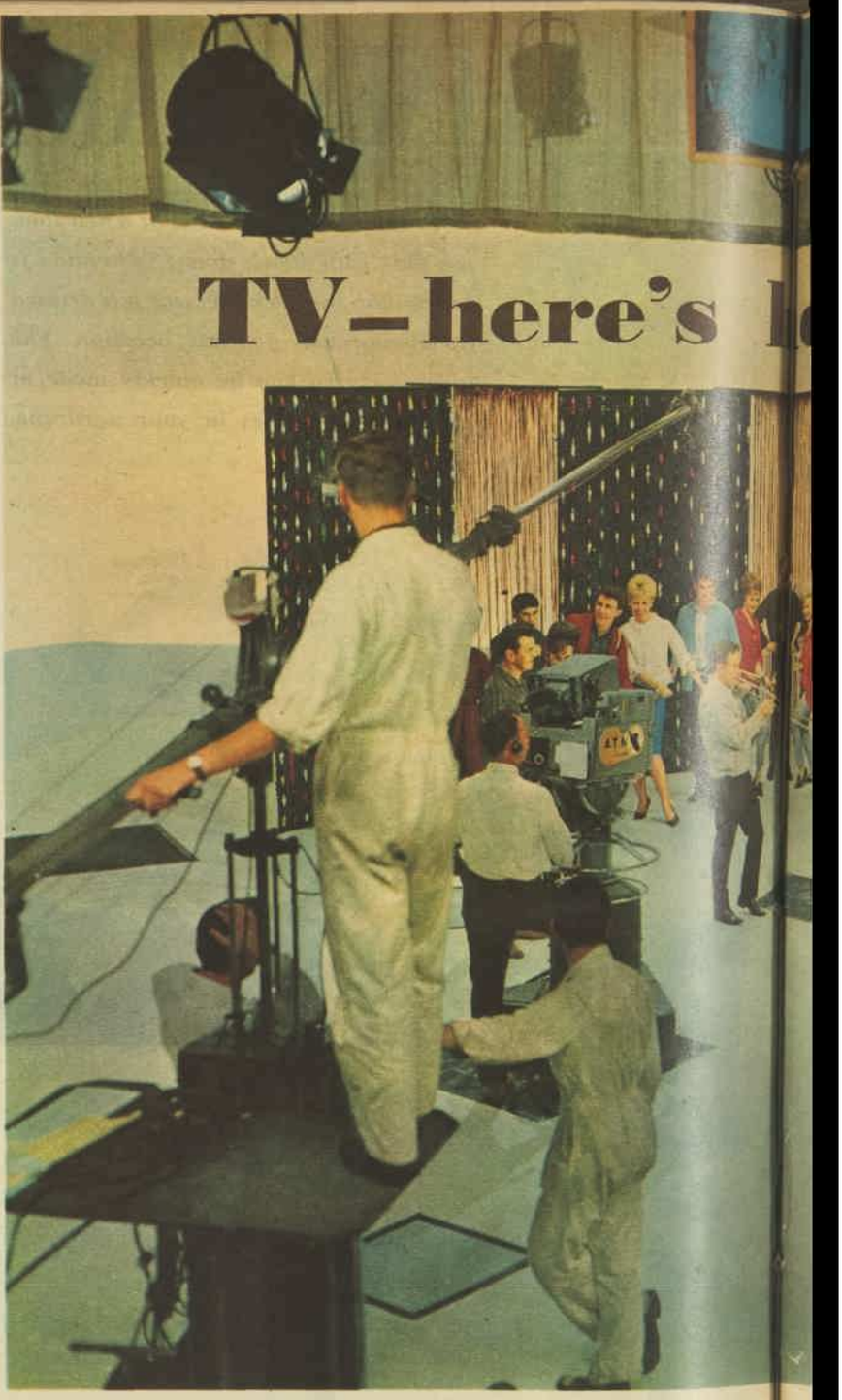
*WARM AND CHIC fur collar can be the real thing or splendidly fake. Buy the collar from a furrier or a length of fur fabric from a department store. A matching fur hat would be an excellent buy to complete the outfit. Best color choice — winter white.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899517

*BLOND SINGING STAR Judy Cannon (21) has been called "another Doris Day." Judy is versatile, too, ranging from sweet songs to the rowdy numbers she belts out with tremendous vigor. On July 29 she leaves for six months in England.*

# TV—here's



*LEFT: Steel guitarist Rob E. G. (on left)—who, at 21, has several hit parade successes—with 21-year-old Melbourne singer Johnny Chester.*

**● The picture above was taken during rehearsals for the national teenage television show "Sing Sing Sing."**

IT shows just a little of the complicated paraphernalia that goes into producing a TV programme: the giant cameras, the microphone booms, lights, and the "monitor" (top, centre) which mirrors the action on the set as relayed by the camera in use.

It shows some of the people involved: the floor crew (foreground) and the cast — also called the "talent"—in front of the cameras. Here it includes some of Australia's most popular young stars of entertainment, who are also shown in close-up on this page.

But our picture can't show all the work and all the preparation that has to be carried out before a television show like [illegible] on screens.

"Sing Sing Sing" [illegible] deota Channel 7 on Saturd[illegible]

After the show i[illegible] ned [illegible] the real work begin[illegible] the [illegible] (the production staff [illegible] M ducer-director Ron W[illegible] endi ing what will be don[illegible] d wh[illegible]

Since the show [illegible] sound has to be rec[illegible] befor plished in two parts.

On Tuesday after[illegible] and and choir (called [illegible] Chor numbers in the curr[illegible] ow.

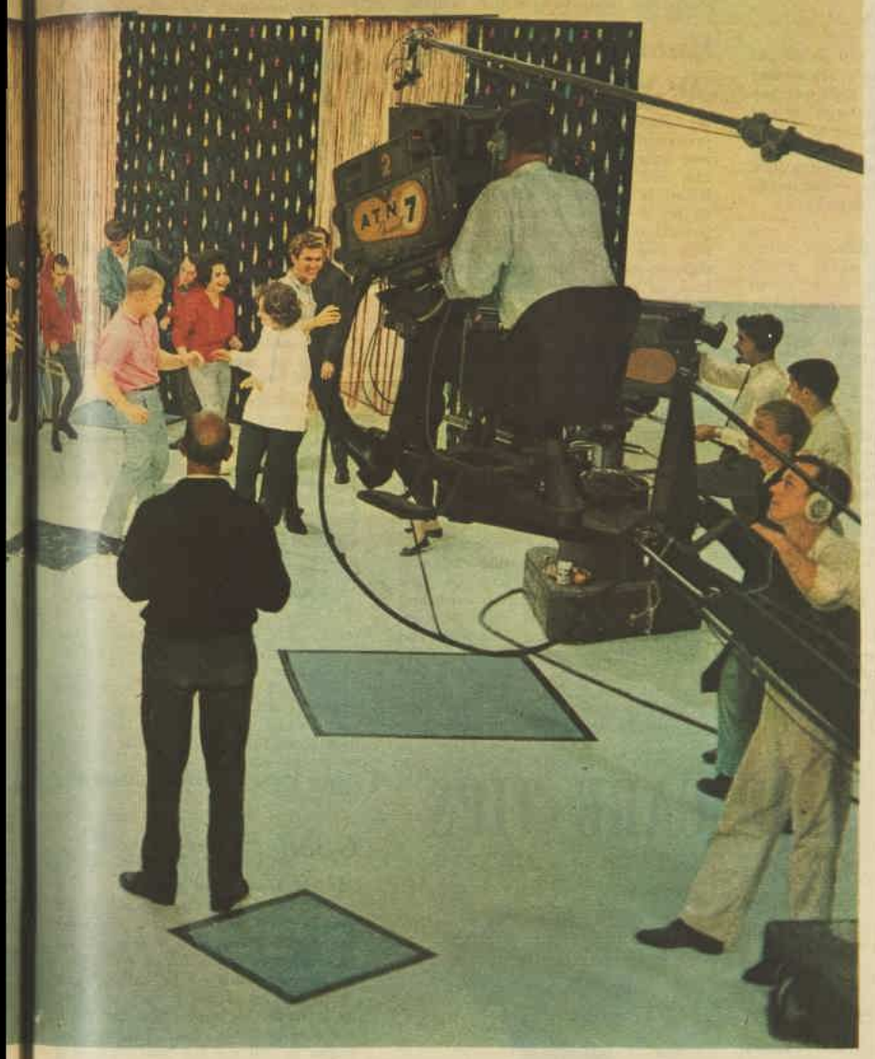
On Wednesday [illegible] g th their voices on to [illegible] nd there's a productio[illegible] eren presentation of the [illegible]

This conference [illegible] nued



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899518

# ow it's done



*JOHNNY O'KEEFE, compere of "Sing Sing Sing," is also its co-producer. He's had a turbulent career; these shows are a "comeback" after two nervous breakdowns. Johnny seems calmer, more thoughtful — but he's still every inch a showman.*

*RIGHT: The singing Taylor sisters — Marilyn, 20 (on left), and Annette, 21 — with the talented jazz and blues singer Candy Devine.*

ne hits the home TV

taped at Sydney's ATN

d and the artists booked, Tuesday of each week Mondays off) with pro- ting, advising, and decid- what won't.

completely mimed, all rehand. This is accom-

d evening the orchestra rus Eight") record all

he featured artists dub d tape. In the afternoon nce to plan the visual

d on Thursday, and the sets are designed and approved. In the afternoon there's a production meeting for the NEXT week's show.

Friday is taken up by more next-week planning, as well as final preparations for the current show.

By 10 a.m. on Saturday everybody is at the studio.

They rehearse and rehearse and rehearse. Producer-director Way commutes between the studio floor and the glassed-in control room high above the set. He confers with co-producer Johnny O'Keefe (who does a fair bit of running round himself), advises the artists, instructs the camera crew—and remains patient, long-suffering, and polite.

After a whole day's rehearsal, the hour-long show is taped in segments of about 10 minutes—the tape breaks to allow insertion of commercials later.

And when it's over, and the show is finished, everyone relaxes and tension disappears. They haven't a worry in the world — till next week.

**Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.**



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899519

# Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

## Cupiditis

"I AM 19 and have had my share of dates and boy-friends, but it was all just fun. Now I have again met a boy I hadn't seen for three years. He is very shy and known to be decent. I know he likes me, and I like him. When he's away I become mopy and bad-tempered. I always tremble when I talk to him, and feel all choked up and can't eat for four or five meals. I also feel cold all over and sweat a lot. Is anything wrong with me?"

M.H., N.S.W.

You are suffering from the oldest (and one of the most deadly) complaints in the world. You've been hit by a dart fired by a mischief-maker named Cupid. If the boy concerned is a victim of the same dart, you've nothing to worry about.

## Mother's boy

"I AM a girl of 18 with normal intelligence and average commonsense. I have a boy-friend who is nearly 20. We are very much in love. My problem is that my boy-friend's mother is very possessive. In her eyes he can do no wrong. Also, my boy-friend's brother, who is married, is still treated by her like a child. When I talked about this to my boy-friend he just shrugged, and jokingly said his sister-in-law had the same problem. We are planning to become engaged in a few months' time, and I'm worried that his mother's possessiveness might cause upsets."

"Anxious Teenager," W.A.

Don't let your worry about the future spoil the present. This should be a time of happy planning and getting to know one another better.

If you worry too much now about your future mother-in-law's attitude—and make your boy-friend conscious that you are worrying—you might even precipitate upsets yourself.

His mother's adoration and coddling has obviously never worried him in the past. And he might begin to suspect the beginnings of possessiveness (and a touch of jealousy) in you.

Just try to keep your relationship with his mother on a tolerant and friendly basis. Your commonsense should help you across future bridges.

## Nursing career

"EVER since I can remember I have wanted to take up nursing as a career. Even though I am only in third year and plan to do my Leaving, I would like to know how to find out about all the different fields of nursing."

S.C., N.S.W.

Write to the Nurses' Registration Board, 52 Pitt Street, Sydney, and mark your letter "Attention Mrs. B. Lyons." Mrs. Lyons will be able to tell you all you want to know.

## Going steady

"I AM 17 years old and I go out with quite a few boys. My mother says I should go steady with one boy and not go out on dates with anyone else. But I think it is better to go out with different boys. Mum said I will be getting the reputation of being a flirt. What do you think is best — one steady boy-friend or different dates?"

"Curley," Vic.

I'm all in favor of different dates. The danger of going steady before you're old enough to think about settling down is that you might stay with a boy who isn't right for you because he has become a habit and you haven't had the chance to get to know different types of boys.

You also miss out on some of the fun of young womanhood, enjoying the company and attention of different boys — and you could regret that later on.

Point out to your mother that you just haven't met that one very special boy yet and that it wouldn't be fair to a boy to go steady with him just to avoid being tagged a flirt.

## Too young at 15

"I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl and have been going out with a boy without my parents' approval for some time. My mother understands, now that I've told her, but as yet I have not told my father anything. He thinks I am too young, and only after a lot of persuasion on my mother's part will he allow me to go out to dances or parties with a group of my friends. He will not hear of me sticking to one special boy. Do you think I am too young, or is my father just being unreasonable and old-fashioned?"

"Pondering," S.A.

Father may be "old-fashioned," but he is not unreasonable. You are too young to concentrate on one special boy — and schoolwork and romance make a bad mixture, anyway.

Occasional parties, dances, and group outings with your friends are quite sufficient distraction for you for some time yet. With mother as your ally, you're not likely to miss out on these.

## Humble but happy

"MY boy-friend and I are both 17. Although I have great plans for the future, such as doing my best to be promoted in my job, getting to know and understand as many people as I can, and travelling overseas, my boy-friend is content to get along as he is; he is not interested in improving himself at all. We have often discussed this, and I think he could do something to improve his education and outlook on other people, but he says he is happy to exist in his humble way. Now I'm beginning to wonder if anything is wrong with his humble existence. Maybe these days people place too much emphasis on getting as much out of life as possible. What do you think?"

"Mixed Up," A.C.T.

People's ideas of "getting the most out of life" differ considerably according to their individual character and personality. It would be a dull world if this were not so.

Lots of people find complete contentment in a quiet, routine existence, others have an inner urge to seek change and excitement, or wealth and position. Still others find personal fulfilment in developing their mind and talents, whether such expression of themselves brings recognition and financial gain or not.

There is nothing wrong with your boy-friend's desire for a "humble existence," but, on the other hand, if you have a lively mind, you should not try to suppress it.

You will probably have to decide whether you want to continue your relationship with him or fulfil your own plans for living. I doubt if you'd be happy with his way of life — or if you could convert him successfully to yours.

## Good "sorts"?

"I AM 17 and am going with a boy of 18. I love this boy very much and he says he loves me. Although he is courteous, well mannered, and in every way respectful of my feelings, he has one fault — he calls all girls "sorts." This is not a very nice title, as it seems to imply that the girl is not a respectable type. Lately he has begun to call me his "sort" instead of his girl. How can I let him know I hate this without making him feel badly?"

"Anno," Tas.

Are you sure he doesn't know already and isn't just teasing you by calling you his "sort"? If you let your ruffled feelings show he might keep it up.

Tell him you don't like the term, but don't worry too much if he continues to refer to girls in general in that way. It's a habit lots of young men have. I don't think it's always meant to be unflattering; it's just their way of showing their male superiority.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

## A word from Debbie

HERE are some tips for looking after your disc collection—just for the record! Dust is the greatest enemy of records, so everything must be done to keep them clean.

When handling records, hold them by the edges only.

Never touch the playing surface of a record. Even the cleanest fingers will leave a residue which collects dust.

After placing a record on the player, always gently wipe the surface with a clean, soft, damp cloth, or with a special cloth sold by record shops.

Before each session, clean the needle of the player with a soft brush. Never touch the needle with your fingers.

Always keep records in their jackets—and put them back in their jackets immediately after playing.

Store them vertically, preferably on racks divided into sections to hold no more than a dozen records.

Keep records away from radiators, fires, or strong sunlight at all times. Heat leads to warp and ruin.

Keep a constant check on the needle's playing time, and replace it as soon as its recommended life is ended. A worn needle will ruin records as quickly as dust does.

## Beauty in brief: HAIR-CARE TIPS

THE three keys for natural hair beauty are brushing, massaging, and regular shampooing.

Obviously, daily brushing and massage are among the best ways to keep young hair gleaming and glowing with health.

A good, medium-stiff natural bristle hairbrush is probably the best, and the old saw of 100 strokes a day cannot be bettered. If you want, make it 50 sweeping strokes each morning and 50 at bedtime.

To make the scalp tingle and bring the blood to the head, bend at the waist, brush with long, rhythmical strokes from the roots down to the end.

A scalp massage for a few minutes is also a great help in keeping the circulation active and the scalp well nourished. The aim of massage is to stimulate the scalp and encourage the flow of blood, but it should never pull or stretch the hair.

Dandruff is the bugbear of many young people, and if it is not treated properly it can lead to other troubles, particularly acne, if scales from the scalp fall on the forehead and set up a skin irritation.

The use of a medicated shampoo

formulated to combat dandruff is essential, and do take care that, having cleared the scalp of every speck of dandruff, you do not start the trouble all over again by using the same brushes, combs, towels, and pillowslips before they've been laundered.

Because dandruff sometimes has nervous origins, it can be helped by a vitamin-rich diet. It is also advisable to cut out spicy and highly seasoned foods.

— *Carolyn Earle*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899520

## LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

# Two gambles pay off for young singer

**● Colin Cook made his first gamble when, as a teenager, he decided to become a musician instead of an art teacher; the second, after he'd been playing with The Sapphires and The Thunderbirds, was to strike out as a solo singer.**

WITH his second disc, "Crying Over You"-"C'mon Pretty Baby," now out on W and G, the decisions seem to be paying off for the 21-year-old Melbourne singer, and the future looks promising.

Recording sessions are nothing new to Colin. As well as making several discs with the instrumental groups (he plays clarinet, sax, and guitar), his was the unnamed voice behind Frankie Davidson's on Frankie's big hit "Have You Ever Been To See Kings Cross?"

Born in Dacca, India, Colin has been living in Melbourne for the past 11 years. He was a featured singer on the Fabian show, and, more recently, the Helen Shapiro show.

A tour of N.S.W., Victoria, and Tasmania with Col Joye, who speaks highly of Colin's singing, gave a boost to his career and led to a date on "Bandstand."

In line with his feeling that this is the year to slightly alter his style to appeal to a more adult audience, Colin no longer appears in the colorful clothes of his early days, but now sings in a plain dark suit.

Slight and blue-eyed, he has in mind an act combining his singing, clarinet, and saxophone — he keeps his guitar for practising and working out chords when he's composing.

**Local talent:** When you think of **Graeme Bell** you mostly think of trad jazz. However, it's a good, spritely, but not specially trad version of "Hernando's Hideaway," backed by some real trad in "Down By The Riverside," on his new Festival single.

UNTIL I played through "Off Shore"-"Toy Balloons" (Leedon EP), I didn't realise what a wide range of moods the **Dee Jays** could turn on. For atmosphere there's "Off Shore," for cuteness "Toy Balloons," and, for zip and zest, "What'd I Say" and "One Mint Julep."

And speaking of contrast, I don't suppose anyone could dream up a greater one than the titles of the Dee Jays' new Leedon single. You can make your choice between "Hoots Mon" and "Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear."

**Pops:** "Soft, subtle, sophisticated sounds," as it says on the jacket notes, seems as good a way as any to describe the music played by the **Lew Davies** orchestra on "Delicado" (Command LP). The numbers are generally romantic in theme, and you'll find among them "C'est Si Bon," "The Way You Look Tonight," "And the Angels Sing"—old, but made of lasting stuff.

FOR anyone who hasn't heard the real **Glenn Miller** band, "American Patrol" (Ampar EP) is made to order. One of the greatest bands of the late 'thirties and early 'forties can be heard in full swing playing two of the era's biggest hits, "Star Dust" and "Sunrise Serenade," plus "Little Brown Jug" and the title number.

REMEMBER "Guitar Boogie"? Well here's the man himself on an Ampar LP entitled **"Arthur** (Guitar) **Smith** And Voices." No need to ask the name of the lead track, but some of the others are "Sioux City Sue," "A Shanty In Old Shanty Town," "Stomping At The Savoy." A mixed offering, of no special character, but agreeable.

CURRENTLY a climber on the American charts, "Hello Stranger" (Atlantic 45) introduces **Barbara Lewis**, a stylish singer who seems to know all about life, love, and recording technique, though she's only 19. Flip is "Think a Little, Sugar," another number in a fairly adult mood for when you're feeling sophisticated.

*COLIN COOK, young Melbourne pop singer, strums his guitar while composing, but also plays clarinet and sax.*

ANOTHER singer who's new to me is R.C.A.'s **Dottie West.** She's only got to keep up the vocal form she shows in "Touch Me"-"More Than I Meant To" (two exceptionally appealing ballads) to have an outright hit on her hands. Keep your ears peeled for Dottie.

ANYONE who missed out on the **Herb Alpert** and **Tijuana Brass** LP can pick up four of its tracks on "Acapulco 1922" (Festival EP). Together with the title tune there's "Never On Sunday," "A Quiet Tear," and "Let It Be Me."

TO get the best out of **Carmen Cavallaro's** "Waltzing in the Dark" (Festival LP), you should be doing just what the title says — and with the right person. However, failing that, "Out of My Dreams," "Melody of Love," and "Paradise" make dreamy listening even if you're alone and are in the mood for something quiet.

**Jazz:** Dixieland clarinettist **Pete Fountain** does the lion's share of the work on "Plenty of Pete" (Coral LP). "Stranger on the Shore" is taken as a clarinet solo with orchestra, so is "Just One of Those Things," while "Blue Skies" is presented as a clarinet solo with rhythm accompaniment. Happy, rather than stupendous, jazz.

### Puzzle answer

HERE is the answer to the puzzle on page 2:

Carl apparently was trying to hide the fact that he had failed the other two papers. Each was marked 49.

The teacher added together the four marks Carl remembered — 100, 84, 72, 60—which total 316.

If Carl's average for six papers was 69, his total marks were 69 multiplied by six, which equals 414.

The difference between these figures, 414 minus 316, is 98, which must be the total of the two missing marks.

Since these were identical, each must be 98 divided by 2, equalling 49.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Frohlichstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

# "SWIFTIES" I SAID GAMELY!

**● Australia is getting in the grip of the American Tom Swift game.**

BRIEFLY, the idea is to create an adverbial link between what is said and how it is said.

Sample Swiftie: "I lost my crutches," said Tom lamely.

The origin of the game, by the way, was Tom Swift, a fictional boys' hero who years ago starred in books riddled with cliches like the ones used in today's game.

This week I tell, in Swifties, the story of a date . . .

"How about a date?" said Tom augustly.

"I'll meet you at eight," said she, at sixes and sevens.

"Let's go for a drive," said Tom auto-matically.

In the car . . . "Stop that," said she, with a start.

"Oh, go on—just one little kiss," Tom pouted.

"I'm more than a match for you," she flared.

"But I've even written a poem about you," mused Tom.

"'All the nice girls love an Ancient Mariner,'" said she tar-tly.

"Good heavens, we've run out of petrol," said Tom pettishly.

"Then I'll hoof it home," said she, hoarsely.

"No, let's neck in a bus," said Tom, in a transport of joy.

"I'll tell the conductor," she said like lightning.

"Oh, well, I'll take you home," said Tom wrestle-less-ly.

"I'd like you to meet my mother," she said mater-of-factly.

"I won't be hen-pecked," crowed Tom.

"Do you know what time it is?" said she, with no alarm.

"It's nearly dawn," cracked Tom.

"Never darken my door again," her father flung out.

"That's how the cookie crumbles," said Tom brokenly.

— Robin Adair

# WORTH HEARING

### Music for strings

PEOPLE who think of Yugoslavia as a land of brigands will be unprepared for the polished and sophisticated playing of the Solisti di Zagreb, a Yugoslav string orchestra which has made a name for itself in Europe and the United States during the past 10 years.

The Solisti di Zagreb are presented by R.C.A. on a new disc containing a selection of works for strings, mainly from the 18th century.

The most substantial of these is Corelli's beautiful Concerto Grosso, Opus 6, No. 4, a work that combines nobility with lively charm. The others include a delightful little divertimento by Mozart, written when he was 16, and another work of youthful genius, Benjamin Britten's "Simple Symphony," put together at the age of 20 from pieces he had written between the ages of nine and 12.

Britten, born in 1913, is now the most celebrated living English composer.

The orchestra is conducted by Antonio Janigro, who appears also as solo cellist in a suite of pieces by 18th-century French composer Couperin, arranged for cello and string orchestra.

— *Martin Long*



buy can-openers that leave a smooth edge.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899521

## TOP TEENS IN SPORT NO. 9

# Swim star for Tokyo

**● A schoolboy who was in Australia's swim team at the Rome Games in 1960, but didn't even get his trunks wet in an Olympic event, is one of Australia's greatest gold-medal prospects for the Tokyo Games next year.**

**By Cynthia Robinson**

HE is Sydney's Bob Windle, the lanky, likeable 18-year-old star who holds the world records for the 220yds. and 200 metres distances and is tipped to be the first to crack the two-minute barrier over these distances.

He is also one of the most versatile swimmers Australia has ever produced, for he is in world class both in sprint and distance events.

Bob first splashed his way to prominence during the N.S.W. championships early in 1960, when he was second to John Konrads over the 1650yds. event.

On the strength of this performance he was chosen in the Olympic training squad, but at Townsville he failed to progress as expected. Though he got to Rome, he didn't get a swim there.

His loss of form at this time was attributed to his sudden increase in stature, for "little Bobbie Windle" shot quickly skywards to become a six-footer.

From 1961 onwards, however, he's improved progressively to such an extent that his current coach, Don Talbot, whose "star-fish" pupils also include John Konrads and Kevin Berry, describes him as "one of the all-time greats."

In the 1962 Australian championships he completed a "hat-trick" by winning the 220, 440, and 1650yds. titles.

In this year's national titles he did even better. He established himself as Australia's top freestyle swimmer by winning the 220, 440, 880, and 1650yds. events, and missed a "grand slam" by just a touch when David Dickson beat him to the 110yds. finishing line.

Bob had disappointed in the Perth Commonwealth Games last November, though he was placed in the distance events to Murray Rose.

Bob's later achievements in the N.S.W. and Australian championships and his triumphs during a recent world trip with an Australian men's swimming team label him as the swimmer most likely to succeed in the freestylers' races for golden loot over the 200, 400, and 1500 metres events in Tokyo.

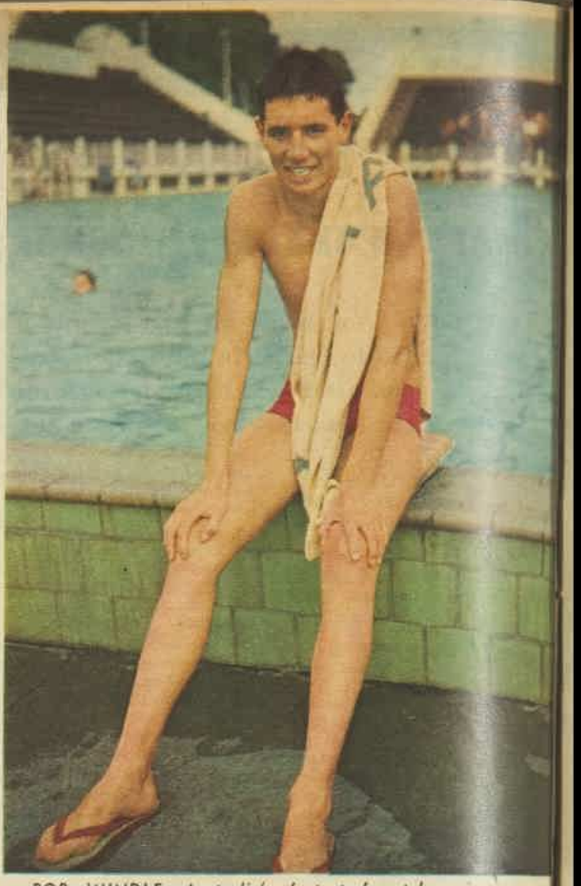
After the Tokyo Games, Bob will go to America to do a course in physiotherapy at Indiana University.

He's been offered a scholarship there, and he had intended to begin the course this year. But while he was swimming his way round Japan, Russia, Germany, England, etc., a few weeks ago, Bob decided to wait till next year.

To Bob, it's the logical thing to do. First of all, he missed out on sitting for his exams last year because of the Commonwealth Games, and he wants to get his Leaving.

He feels that if he went to Indiana without it, he might get a few kicks about swimming his way to University without proper educational qualifications.

Such criticism would worry Bob and could put him off form just at the time when he wants to hit his peak to swim (and win) for Australia in Tokyo.



*BOB WINDLE, Australia's fastest freestyle swimmer over-distances from 220yds. to 1650yds., is "one of the all-time greats" according to coach Don Talbot.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899522